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ON AN ATTITUDE OF MIND.

IN the December number of this Review some grounds were suggested for the belief that India was not otherwise than fortunate in passing under the control of one leading Western Power before the present parcelling out of territory in Africa and Asia by competing Western Powers began. It was not that India has never encountered invasion from the West, but the attack was in comparatively early times, if not early in her history, yet early in the history of Western expansion Eastwards, and her good fortune lay in getting over this onset in the first period of the expansion of modern Europe, as measles and other infantile disorders are better sustained in youth than in maturity. For the action of Western Powers on Eastern was very different in its dimensions and results in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from what it is in the present day. The predominance of Portugal up to the mouth of the Red Sea dwindled to the petty memorials of former enterprise in historic Diu, in Demau and Goa. The Dutch withdrew to the Spice Islands. The French, after a fair fight for supremacy, were fairly beaten out of the field, and the dreams and intrigues of Napoleon only served to confirm British predominance. The insignificant remnants of these Powers have less influence in the affairs of India at this day than their first mercantile establishment had on the Empire of Akbar. Competition was at an end. India rested under the supremacy of one great Western Power.

Now, if British supremacy was established internally by conquest, it was conquest of rival Indian rulers, not of the Indian people. The conditions of that supremacy are peculiar. It is not a case, which has sometimes occurred, where the indigenous population dwindles and dies out. Nor is it possible that settlers of the

dominant race should supplant and eject the native people. When the people whose affairs are to be administered have for centuries had their own traditions, religions, laws, literature and social customs, the foreign supremacy, if wise, will preserve these institutions and will allow the people to develop on their own lines under new influences, holding the balance evenly between all races and creeds. A foreign administration on these principles is a continuation of that of previous dynasties with more toleration and patience. The administration necessarily keeps in its own hand foreign relations, war, internal order, finance. It leaves to the people large freedom as to religious and social ordinances, literature, agriculture, industries and trade, the accumulation and distribution of wealth, municipal management, and, in a word, all things by the judicious ordering of which national character is created and peoples rise to strength and independence. Such a policy leaves to the people a wide field of activity, distinct from that of the supreme power, and the success of this experiment depends on the efficiency with which each of the agencies (which will for a long period be distinct) performs its particular duties. The crowning success would be attained if the two agencies should merge into one.

It is not the intention of this paper to consider whether, in particular instances, the British administration of India has consistently pursued its asserted policy or to take any part in the attack and defence which enlist so many combatants. Whether a war is wisely undertaken or a tax honestly expended in Indian interests is an irresistible theme for an opposition that is never in office, and there is a large expanse of administrative business which the Government would gladly make over to the people, as they show themselves capable, which is chiefly provocative of such controversy as prevails, and the discussion of which, if conducted with sound political judgment, is an excellent training ground for Indian statesmen of the future. But how do people acquire a sound political judgment? That is the question to which some elements of an answer are here offered.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his book called "The Foundations of Belief," tells the readers that his object is "to recommend a particular way of looking at the world-problems which, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to face." He says that he has not tried

to write a Monograph on Theology, "but to delineate and, if possible, to recommend, a certain attitude of mind." His book might be fitly called "Considerations Preliminary to a Study of Theology."

The object of this paper is to recommend to thoughtful Indians a certain attitude of mind, not as preliminary to a study of theology but to a reasonable conception of the duties of citizenship. The world-problems which they have to face can be illuminated only by a wide comparison of their political conditions with those of other communities of men, past and present. Political children cannot arrive at maturity of political judgment by applying uninformed minds exclusively to a criticism of their own political affairs, without the guiding light which can be obtained only from a comparative study of the history, past and contemporary, of other peoples. The facts thus collected as to the relation of rulers and ruled at various times and centres will suggest that if in no case ideally perfect, they are the inevitable result of the character and action of the people concerned, and if the facts which he collates convince the Indian student that the political conditions of the Indian people are not among the worst even of present day conditions, he will perhaps accept them cheerfully and turn to consider how he and his fellows may best take advantage of the opportunities offered to them; and if he does this he will probably come to be convinced that, whatever virtue there may be in a destructive criticism of the Government of his time, that tempting exercise does not exhaust his duty. He will see that while the exercise of supreme functions by a Western Power is one of the inevitable consequences of past history, the building up of an internal structure of national life and strength, on the lines of Japan rather than of China, rests entirely on him and his fellow-countrymen.

Let us suppose that our Indian student, after weighing the disastrous history of Spain from the middle of the fifteenth century (see "The Spanish People," by Martin Hume), or the dealings of the Dutch with Java, or, to take modern instances, the treatment of Finland by Russia, or of Prussian Poland by Germany, compares these and the like of them with the political conditions under which he lives, what suggestions will the comparison furnish towards the attainment of the desired attitude of mind? He will observe that the origin of British supremacy was self-defence rather than aggression,

the restoration of order rather than conquest, the supersession of dynasties by no means national, and not the subjugation of a free people. India was taken over, in the phrase of the market, as a "going concern," and her religious, municipal and social institutions were scrupulously preserved. "Laws and customs which are sanctified by immemorial usage appeal to the sympathy of the Englishman and command his respect. It was the same with the Roman. The broad lines of [England's] policy in dealing with subject nationalities have followed the principle of accepting the existing conditions. In the same way Rome accepted the laws and customs of the Eastern Mediterranean and of Western Europe. She supplied a common law for her Empire, which applied where the local law had no application. She did not insist on remodelling every community over which she held supreme power in terms of her own constitution" ("Tiberius the Tyrant," by J. G. Tarver). There is a certain analogy between British supremacy in India and the Roman Empire in the days of Augustus: the Emperor engaged in ordering the civil administration, with Agrippa or Tiberius as his War Minister and Commander-in-Chief, Mæcenas as his financial adviser, and the legions massed on the frontiers to hold "barbarian" assailants in check. But there are differences. The Roman frontier was very long, the Germans and others were something more than barbarians, and recruitment of sufficient Roman soldiers was almost impossible. On the other hand, the civilised people in the basin of the Mediterranean, "once having accepted the arbitrament of the Roman arms, found acquiescence in the Roman domination the best security of civilisation." And thus cities, tribes and nationalities governed themselves, according to their previous laws and customs, in cheerful obedience to the great central power, the City of Rome, accepting her control as their best support and protection, proud to identify themselves with her greatness. The protection of the core of the Empire by the Roman legions was less durable than the protection of India by a dominant sea power buttressed by colonies of its people in both hemispheres is likely to be. On the other hand, an Asiatic people or concourse of peoples, is sure to take more time to merge its ideal in that of the Government, to accept its activities as their growth, to identify themselves with the aims and measures of the guiding administration. And the process will be especially slow when the

religious and social policy of the people is a policy of political exclusion: when a spirit of concentration on the great purposes of national cohesion has to be infused into a mass of divergent forces. In such circumstances the man who aspires to educate his fellow-countrymen towards maturity of political judgment must be careful in selecting the premisses of his political faith. He will find his premisses in the history of nations, and may be led to the attitude of mind which asks, not why does this strange Government do this or that, or why does it not do it better, but why do we not do it for ourselves?

In the meantime, what is the wise course for a Government which is waiting for the growth of the people towards itself? In India it was and is impossible to plant on the soil a great body of privileged settlers of the dominant race. India is for the Indians by the law of climate. The European merchant at the Indian ports pays his taxes, works for interest on his capital and conducts trade on equal terms with the native traders. The Government collects the revenue, imposes taxes and directs the expenditure, but none of the revenue is diverted to the pockets of corrupt officials, and the expenditure is solely for Indian purposes. There are bills to pay for material and service obtained from abroad, and the money remitted to pay them is what some people like to call "tribute," but the English Government has waived all power over the revenues of India, and does not take a rupee of them for its own uses. India enjoys the benefits of British credit, and is thus able to borrow at very moderate interest. More than half her funded debt is the capital expended on railways and canals, and the railway receipts more than cover the interest on the capital charge. The lower public offices are virtually entirely held by Indians, a fact attested by the frantic struggle for a Government place which perverts public education to the over-production of those *prolétaires intellectuels* whose multiplication M. Béranger deplores in France. The judges of the courts of original jurisdiction are almost solely Indians. Indians sit on the benches of the District and High Courts. They hold high executive offices. They are members of the Legislature under a modified form of representation. There are codes which leave nothing to be desired in securing equality of justice; elaborate legislation to safeguard the rights of the agricultural people; laws for municipal government and

sanitation. The mainstay of the revenue is the share in the produce of land which, in India, has always belonged to the state, and is not, therefore, a tax. Infinite pains have been expended in assessing it reasonably. The other taxes are not numerous or heavy. There is no *likin*, hardly any export duty, and the import duties are moderate. Finance has been largely decentralised, that the provinces may be encouraged to take an interest in revenue and expenditure. There is all reasonable freedom of speech, and criticism is immune if short of treason. Every man is protected by law in his own faith. The army is open to the warlike tribes who are held by military discipline and attracted by military glory. England supplies a force of some 73,000 British troops, chiefly massed in Northern India, a fact which indicates their principal object. Finally, the Indian coasts are secured from attack, and Indian commerce floats safely on the seas, under the protection of the sea power of England.

These are facts beyond controversy, and they are a concrete embodiment of the policy of the British nation in India. If it is asked how such a policy has been evolved out of conduct of a much lower standard which disfigured the earlier history of the merchant adventurers who represented England in India in the 18th century (and some critics are fond of quoting these things as if they were relevant), the answer is, of course, that the moral tone of the people of England is now a high one and that the Government of India on just and generous principles is secured by that high moral tone. The administrators whom England sends out to her great dependency are inspired and controlled by that spirit. It is very doubtful if any other Western Power would rule from a higher plane, if any were to assume England's burthen. For our student will note that it is impossible to put back the clock of history and contemplate India as independent of foreign supremacy. Lord Ripon said very truly (Evidence before the Indian Expenditure Commission, March 18, 1897):—
 "I think all the history of India points to the fact that if she had not become part of the British Empire, she would have become part of a French Empire or of some other Empire. . . But that perhaps, it may be said, is ancient history. I will come down to the present time. . . I do think that if the British power had not been there, in these days of earth-hunger among all the nations of Europe, India would very likely either have been an appendix

to Russia or exposed to that danger ; and, therefore, I do not think that our presence there and our foreign relations are a cause of expenditure which she would get rid of if we were not there." It may be said, and quite truly, that no thoughtful Indian wishes for a change of rulers, but the attitude of mind which we desire should result in active, hearty co-operation in a partnership which cannot be bettered, and not merely cold toleration or disdainful indifference. Matthew Arnold wrote :

The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain,
She heard the legions thunder past,
Then turned to thought again.

But if the legions have come to stay, there is need of a different attitude of mind. There are profound depths in the Vedanta philosophy as a genuine revelation of the ultimate constitution of things, and mankind are elevated by the belief, as an objective truth, that "we can experience union with something larger than ourselves, and in that union find our greatest peace." We know what Max Müller and other savants have written of the Vedanta philosophy ; and has not the late Swami Vivekananda preached it at Chicago ? But we are dealing at present with a more practical, if humbler, phase of experience.

As to religion, a few words may be said. It has often been laid as a reproach against the British Government of India that it has destroyed the native faiths and substituted nothing in their stead. It would be no sound state policy either to destroy or to rebuild. But the Government has destroyed nothing. The solvent is, of course, the influence of Western thought. The administrators sent out from England have nothing to do officially with that influence, and they are naturally reticent about their religion. But this may be said of them—that they are imbued with the high moral tone of their native land. They are incorruptible, impartial, just, laborious, patient, inflexible in duty, manly, humane. A public service animated by a pride in these qualities, as expressing the spirit of its nation, is no bad exemplar of the practical virtues.

The Government has neither attacked and suppressed any creed nor raised any above the rest. But where there is fair field and no favour for all faiths, the truth should surely prevail. If among the

theologies in India one only is true and the others approximate more or less, the one true faith should in time emerge as the only way. If the above reproach were well founded, however, there would be no native faiths to compete. But is it a fact? Is it true that the Indian religions, or any of them, died in the first century of British Supremacy? Rather, has not the air been full of revivals and reforms from the days of Ram Mohun Roy to the Vedanta missionary of yesterday? We have the Brahmo Samaj reform, the Arya Samaj reform by the letter of the Vedas, reform on "Shastric lines," reform by the Parsis, by the Mahometans, reformed Buddhism of the "True Doctrine" in Japan. Who shall say what the end will be? For our immediate purpose it is sufficient to say that from the sacred books of all the faiths, whether the Veda, or the Avesta, or the Quran, or the "great study" of Confucius, may be drawn material for a *consensus* on the right conduct of men and the responsibilities of citizenship. We may well agree with Cardinal Newman:—"It would seem that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion all over the Earth." And our student may weigh this passage from Berkeley's *Lives*:—"However the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated on God, the human mind, and the *summum bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman."

Education has much to do with the acquirement of the right attitude of mind. Our concern at present is not with the thorny subject of educational systems, the apparatus of schools and colleges, which may be left to Lord Curzon and his Commission. Something may be done to reduce the *prolétariat intellectuel*, the present system being somewhat akin to the Chinese. The Vernacular literatures are worthy of more encouragement: and the improved training of teachers would be an immense benefit. But there is something else which the Commission will not touch. In the desired attitude of mind are included sobriety of judgment, freedom from prejudice, control of passion, judicial fairness, modesty, charity, and readiness to enquire and learn. How are the foundations of these qualities to be laid, and by whom? The true answer is, in the home and by the father and mother of the child. It is not by books but by the daily example of domestic life that the father and mother should teach. If the child lives in an atmosphere of reverence, unselfishness

purity, truthfulness, charity, he will form his habits to match. However man attained his high intelligence, it has imposed upon him the responsibility of choice in all his doings, the most trivial and the most momentous. We are pretty well agreed that the will is free and is addressed by opposite motives between which it has to make its choice: some are good, some bad, and the man will follow the strongest. The very essence of education, therefore, is to strengthen the right motives, so that they may outweigh the wrong. And parents cannot begin too soon to keep noble qualities constantly in their child's view, so that they may become matters of habit, absorbed into his life until they resemble the unconscious instinct of the lower animals and are repeated without any effort. But if the domestic atmosphere is of the other kind, there also the qualities prevailing will become habitual, the preferential claim as motives of things good and noble will not be felt, nor the will exert itself to choose, but blindly follow the wrong. The responsibility of the parents for the lesson of the home example is, therefore, great, the importance of the lesson supreme. It is a maxim that the object of education is not the acquisition of knowledge but the formation of character. When people say this they think of schoolmasters. But undoubtedly the foundations of character which can be formed must be laid in the home. Its influences will decide whether the right motives or the wrong are stronger when they come to compete for the favour of the will.

Viscount St. Cyres writes of Francis de Fénelon :

"To him education was one of the most sacred, one of the most terrible of human responsibilities, whose goal lay not in this but in the future world.

"He was bound to believe in the intense reality of sin, in its presence everywhere, in the need for a steady search through all the windings of a childish brain after those hidden roots of evil, which else might some day bear their bitter fruit.

"It is the mother who must make herself God's sentinel, and teach, forestall, correct ; must gain and keep authority over her children, without losing their affection or their confidence.

"The first step forward was to educate the mothers, to purify and sweeten the surroundings of the young, and thus enlist for virtue that faculty of imitativeness given to them, that their hearts might be turned the more readily towards the practice of the Good."

And again, the golden rule of teaching was "to excite the pupil's interest in his studies, let him see the *How* and the *Why* of his education, the bearing of one kind of knowledge on another, the bearing of any kind of knowledge on practical life."

And hear Bishop Creighton :

"Wherever it is possible it seems to me that that is the best method of education which allows boys to remain at home with their parents, under the care of their mothers, and, even in the busy life of a town, objects of interest and attention to their fathers, living in constant intercourse with their sisters, feeling the claims of home life, realising that they form part of the great civic community, and that they are called upon in some degree to take an interest in its efforts and to sympathise with its experiences."

And—"We want a child to be trained so as to be, not in one way only but in every possible way, a useful member of society. The quality most useful and most valuable to society is the faculty of forming a right judgment : and this faculty can only be developed by the discipline which comes from methodical study." ("Thoughts on Education," Creighton.)

Let us add Professor Huxley's definition of a man of liberal education. He is "a man who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will . . . one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience."

Perhaps enough has now been said to suggest what is meant by a right attitude of mind. The modest object of this paper is to suggest that well-balanced political judgment is to be founded only on a large basis of premisses which are to be obtained from a wide study of history, and especially contemporary history. Criticism of measures is all very well, and it would be a mistake to undervalue existing activities as a sign of political vitality ; but it is not useful criticism which is apt to attribute dishonest motives to a Government whose large and liberal policy is open to the world. That attitude will not tend to bring the rulers and the ruled together. Still less will coalescence be promoted by describing the Government of India as an unrighteous system of selfishness and despotism (so it has recently been described by an Indian critic). Such utterances may mislead the careless and ignorant : the student of history will dismiss them with

a smile. When the strength and spirit of "an alien government" are addressed to preserve internal order, to defend from invasion, to establish an incorruptible and independent judicature, to allow great latitude to public speech and liberty to the press, to maintain the rights and religions of all classes, to encourage the growth of education, to open higher administrative offices to Indian subjects as their fitness is proved, and to lend the credit of England in raising capital for public works, to construct them and manage them in the public interest, to bring all its strength to the relief of its people in time of drought, to open Indian ports to the trade of the world, to encircle its coasts with a powerful navy and guarantee to its merchandise safe passage over all the seas, a comparison of historical facts will hardly justify the conclusion, as human experiences go, that a better chance might offer of building up a national life by hearty co-operation with the Government and taking over a part of its burthens by accepting the responsibilities of citizenship.

K. C. S. I.

GOLCONDA.

THE STORY OF A SIEGE AND A GALLANT DEFENCE.

(Concluded from the last number.)

THE siege now began in earnest. The Mughals were harassed in the rear by the field army of Abu-l-Hasan. A heavy and incessant fire was kept up from the fort, and the besieged made almost daily sallies. Firuz Jang was appointed to the command of the besieging army and to him were entrusted all the dispositions for the siege. In the earliest day of the investment both the Emperor and Firuz Jang suffered a serious loss. Qilij Khan, the general's father and one of the most faithful and able servants of the Emperor, was slain by a shot from the fortress. Shah Alam, though still in disgrace on account of his treasonable correspondence with the enemy at Bijapur, was mindful of his former sympathy with Abu-l-Hasan, and now most imprudently entered into correspondence with the defender of the fortress. Informers discovered to the Emperor his negotiations with Abu-l-Hasan, and even accused him of having formed the design of joining the besieged king, alleging that Nur-un-nisa Begam, his chief wife, an accomplished and virtuous lady, had visited Golconda in disguise in pursuance of her husband's treasonable designs. Some of Shah Alam's officers, who were believed to be true to the Emperor's interests, were questioned as to their master's conduct, but replied that they had no reason to suspect their master's loyalty. At the most he intended, they said, to request the Emperor to pardon Abu-l-Hasan and abandon the siege, and to represent himself to Abu-l-Hasan as the most influential of the Emperor's advisers. They were not believed, and Shah Alam and his son Muhammad Azim were summoned to the imperial presence and disarmed. Shah Alam was then deprived of his title, rank, *mansabs*, and *jagirs*. Nur-un-nisa was imprisoned and insulted, and measures were taken to induce both her and her husband to confess that they had been guilty of treason; but they failed of their object.

Aurangzib even had Nur-un-nisa's uncle and some of her principal eunuchs put to the torture, with a view to extracting confessions from them, but nothing was elicited. The prince, however, remained in disgrace and Abu-l-Hasan lost his best friend in the imperial camp.

Meanwhile, the siege progressed and the trenches were pushed forward daily. One day, as Firuz Jang was supervising the working parties in person, the besieged, led by Shaikh Nizam and Abdur Razzaq Lari, made a determined sortie. The slaughter on both sides was great, the Rajputs being the principal sufferers among the besiegers. After a most determined struggle the sortie was repulsed, and shortly afterwards Shaikh Minhaj, Shaikh Nizam, Muhammad Ibrahim, and most of the principal *amirs* of Golconda, realising that their master was doomed, deserted to the Mughals, and were rewarded by the Emperor with honours, titles, and important commands. Abdur Razzaq Khan Lari, who bore the title of Mustafa Khan, was the only one of the principal *amirs* who remained faithful to his master to the last, resisting all attempts to shake his loyalty.

These defections had no immediate effect on the duration of the siege, which continued to drag its slow length along, for the fortress was so well found both in guns and ammunition that the besieged were able to maintain an almost unceasing fire of artillery and rockets, so that, as the historian says, "so heavy was the smoke that it was impossible to distinguish day from night, and scarcely a day passed on which there were not numerous casualties in the trenches. Nevertheless the imperial troops, prominent among whom were the deserters from Abu-l-Hasan's army, displayed the greatest valour and determination, and succeeded in pushing on the parallels to the edge of the ditch." As soon as they had obtained a foothold in this position batteries were thrown up close to the wall, and attempts were made to fill the ditch with large sandbags. A constant cannonade was kept up by the advanced batteries, and at length the wall was breached. But meanwhile, the Marathas and the field army of Abu-l-Hasan, some of whom still remained faithful, had done their work so well that there was a famine in the imperial camp. The satirist Ni'mat Khan-i-Ali gives an amusing description of

the wretched plight of the besieging army. The rains again failed and the Deccan produced no crops. In addition to this calamity a pestilence, probably cholera, broke out in the imperial camp, and numbers died daily from famine and disease.

The tide of desertion now ebbed ; many deserted to Abu-l-Hasan and many more who had not the courage openly to desert, but who heartily wished for an end to the apparently interminable siege, rendered the besieged what assistance they could. We do not read that any of the deserters from the fortress returned to their former allegiance. It would rather seem that Abu-l-Hasan was the loser in this exchange of deserters, for whereas he was forsaken by his principal nobles, no leaders of the first rank, and probably no one of any importance, left the Emperor. The truth probably was that the superior officers knew that whatever hardships they might be called upon to suffer, the result of the campaign was certain. Those inferior to them in rank and intelligence were not so assured of this, and were less patient of hardships which pressed more heavily upon them than upon their superiors.

As the termination of the siege seemed no nearer than when it had first commenced, the Emperor recalled his third son, Muhammad A'zam, who had been sent to Ujjain and Agra to regulate Shah Alam's *jagirs* when that prince fell into disgrace, and had by this time reached Burhanpur. Ruhullah Khan, to whom had been entrusted the administration of Bijapur, was also summoned to the imperial presence. The difficulty of obtaining supplies had in the meantime increased to such an extent that Mirza Yar Ali, an experienced and faithful officer who was appointed chief of the commissariat, declined the appointment in despair of being able to carry out its duties to the Emperor's satisfaction. Muhammad A'zam, who was an old enemy of Mirza Yar Ali, on his arrival in the imperial camp, represented that Mirza Yar Ali's refusal of the appointment was in fact an act of disobedience to the Emperor, and so worked on his father's feelings that the unfortunate officer was beheaded. In his place one Sharif Khan, who had earned an unenviable notoriety in the collection of the *jizya*, or poll-tax on Hindus, was appointed chief of the commissariat.

Heavy rain and the flooding of the river Musi now added a fresh obstacle to the prosecution of the siege and reduced the besie-

gers to a plight far worse than that of the besieged. In the month of Rajab, as the third month of the siege was drawing to a close, Firuz Jang made an attempt to carry the place by escalade at night. Ladders were prepared and were placed in position, and the escalading party began to ascend them. Before they had reached the parapet, a dog, which was wandering round the rampart in search of corpses on which to feed, began to bark. The besieged were instantly on the alert, and ran with torches to the spot whence the sound proceeded. The ropes which fastened the ladders to the wall were cut, and the ladders were overturned, the escalading party being hurled into the ditch, and overwhelmed with a shower of hand-grenades. But so sure of success had the Mughals been that a messenger, one Haji Mihrab, had been posted in order that at the moment at which the escalading party was expected to reach the parapet he might ride off to the Emperor's tent with the news that the fortress had fallen. He carried out his instructions to the letter, and without waiting to see whether the escalade had been successful, galloped off to the Emperor and offered him respectful congratulations on the fall of the place. The satirist Ni'mat Khan-i-Ali has a most amusing poem on the reception of the news by the army. He describes their extravagant delight at the tardy termination of the long and arduous campaign in the Deccan, and the prospect of a speedy return to Hindustan, and then revels in the details of their disappointment when, in the morning, the rejoicing was found to be premature. The dejection of the imperial army on hearing the news of the utter failure of the attempt from which so much had been hoped was, indeed, extreme, and a less determined general than Aurangzib would certainly have abandoned the siege and awaited a more convenient opportunity for its prosecution. But the determined bigot had set his hand to the plough and would not look back. He recked little that his troops were dying like flies from disease, famine and exposure. His resources were practically limitless, and he would not admit that he was defeated. The attempt to capture the fortress by escalade had failed, but the extravagant gratitude displayed by Abu-l-Hasan towards the dog, the saviour of his capital, sufficed to show how narrow had been the line which divided failure from success. The dog received a collar of gold, a jewelled chain, and a coat of cloth-of-gold, and was kept

always in the royal presence. But to the Emperor the failure of the escalade merely suggested a fresh method of attack. Mining was now commenced, and in a short time three mines were carried as far as the wall, and nothing remained but to charge them.

At this period of the siege Abdullah, the chief *qazi* of the empire and the recognised authority on all questions of ecclesiastical law, ventured to represent to Aurangzib that it was unlawful to continue the siege. He might have known that the open expression of his scruples would have no other effect than to bring about his own disgrace. His predecessor had ventured to express a similar opinion with regard to the siege of Bijapur, and the treatment which he had received had compelled him to resign his post and retire to Mecca. But Abdullah did not allow this consideration to deter him from doing what he believed to be his duty. He fearlessly contended that as Abu-l-Hasan was a Muslim who had agreed to submit to the Emperor's authority, and that as the continuance of hostilities involved the daily destruction of a large number of Muslims in either army, the siege was unlawful. He was unceremoniously dismissed from the imperial presence and was ordered to busy himself with the settlement of disputes, and to refrain from expressing opinions as to the lawfulness of that which the Emperor chose to do.

In the middle of the month of Sha'ban, the siege having then lasted for about five months, a deluge of rain fell. The tents of the besieging army were beaten down, and the massive batteries, which had been constructed with infinite labour and at infinite risk in the fierce heat and under the guns of the fortress, were washed away. The troops had no other shelter than "that tent of cloud which is supported by ropes of rain." While they were in this plight the garrison made a most determined sortie. The spirit of the imperial army was now thoroughly broken, and many of its leaders displayed the most contemptible cowardice. Salim Khan the African, after attempting for a short time to withstand the attack of the Dakanis, fled and hid himself in a cave. Saff Shikan Khan, whose reputation for valour was great and who had hitherto displayed unflagging energy throughout the siege, was in command of that portion of the trenches on which the attack was led by the valiant Abdur Razzaq Khan

Lari. He lay down in the mud and feigned to be wounded. Jamshid and Ghairat Khan, the commander of the imperial artillery, fled disgracefully, and though the latter attempted to hide himself he was recognised and captured. Sarbarah Khan and twelve other *mansabdars* were also captured. That portion of the besiegers' position which was attacked was cut off from the camp of the main body of the imperial army by a *nala*, swollen by the recent rain. Endeavours were made to convey reinforcements to the combatants by means of elephants, but the water was deep, and the supports were unable to reach their hard-pressed comrades.

Meanwhile, the Dakanis returned to the fortress with their prisoners, who were led before Abu-l-Hasan. Ghairat Khan was so overcome with terror that he appeared as one dead, and showed no signs of life until a match was applied to his breast, a somewhat rude method of diagnosing his complaint. Abu-l-Hasan treated the captives not only courteously, but generously. The principal *mansabdars* received each a horse, as a present, and all received robes of honour and were permitted to return to the imperial camp. Sarbarah Khan, before he was dismissed, was taken round the store-houses and magazines, when he saw great store both of grain and powder piled up to the roof. It is impossible not to admire Abu-l-Hasan's policy on this occasion. He must have known that the captives had endured and would endure in the famine-stricken camp of the besiegers hardships which would make the lot of a prisoner of war in Golconda appear enviable in their eyes. He must also have guessed that they would be severely called to account by their master for their gross misconduct in the field, and, in fact, his apparently gracious dismissal of them was as ingenious a punishment as could have been devised. His display of his resources in the eyes of Sarbarah Khan was a hint that the Emperor need not hope to reduce the place by mere persistence.

With the returned prisoners Abu-l-Hasan sent to Aurangzib two messages, one written and the other verbal. The terms which he offered were extravagantly liberal, and gave Aurangzib the best possible opportunity of making peace with honour. Abu-l-Hasan began by acknowledging that he was the Emperor's vassal, or, in oriental phraseology, his slave. He besought forgiveness for any fault that he might have committed, and pointed out that

he had already been severely punished. He then agreed to surrender the fortress on condition that he was appointed viceroy for the territories over which he and his ancestors had ruled as independent kings. He sought this favour, he said, on the ground that his people had already suffered much misery on account of the war, and he feared that an unsympathetic stranger would grievously oppress them by demanding imposts which they could not possibly pay. He desired, in short, to satisfy the Emperor's demands from his own treasury, and to save his people from the exactions of an imperial officer who would undoubtedly regard the conquered province as his special spoil, and would, after satisfying his master's demands, bleed the people to the utmost in order to satisfy his own. He then agreed to pay to the Emperor a crore of rupees for every assault that the imperial troops had made on Golconda, and a like sum for every halt that they made within the territory of Golconda, on their return to Hindustan. He also offered to relieve the immediate needs of the besieging army with an offering of five or six hundred maunds of corn. These were terms which the Emperor might well have accepted without disgrace, but with a ruthless disregard of the misery of his troops and a persistent determination to conquer what he affected to consider the pride of Abu-l-Hasan, and to reduce Golconda by force of arms, he declined to listen to any message that might be sent. "If," he said, "Abu-l-Hasan is, as he pretends to be, my vassal, the only course open to him is to come before me bound. Only thus can I listen to him." Henceforth there could be no question of peace, and the imperial army renewed their preparations for continuing the siege. Fifty thousand sacks, which were to be filled with earth and thrown into the ditch were ordered from Berar. The refusal of the generous terms offered by Abu-l-Hasan and the orders for the continuance of the siege, caused the liveliest discontent among the imperial troops, who, longing for rest and retirement after their prolonged and arduous campaigning, gave vent to their disappointment in complaints both loud and bitter.

On the nineteenth of Sha'ban the miners reported that the mines were ready to be exploded. It was accordingly ordered that the besiegers should man the trenches, advancing as close as possible to the walls, and should then utter loud shouts, in order to

attract the garrison to the walls. The shouts had the desired effect, but Abdur Razzaq Lari guessed their object. He accordingly ordered countermines to be sunk as rapidly as possible. His operations were successful, and his miners abstracted from one mine both match and powder, and damaged the charges of the other two mines with water. Ignorant of the damage that had been done the besiegers fired one of the mines, in preparation for an attempt to take the place by storm. But the powder in the direction of the fort was wet, and the mine consequently exploded in the wrong direction, killing over a thousand of the imperial troops, among whom were many officers of high rank. A scene of indescribable consternation and confusion ensued, and the garrison, seizing their opportunity, sallied forth and attacked the besiegers, capturing the trenches. After an obstinate fight the trenches were recaptured with much loss, but they were barely reoccupied when a second mine was fired, the effects of which were even more disastrous than those of the first. By the explosion itself and the stones which it threw up about two thousand of the imperial army were killed and wounded, and the explosion was followed up by the besieged with a second sortie, even more determined than the first. They were met by the Mughal commander, Ghazi-ud-din Khan, Firuz Jang, who was driven back with a loss of nearly three hundred and fifty men. So critical was the position of the imperial troops at this juncture that the Emperor himself found it necessary to come to their relief with the reserves. As he advanced to the attack a heavy storm came on, the *nalas* filled rapidly, and the rain fell with such violence that it was impossible for the troops to manœuvre, and Aurangzib himself was repulsed. The principal battery was completely washed away, and the Dakanis, seeing the demoralisation of their assailants, poured forth from the fortress in ever increasing numbers. They again entered the trenches and rushed upon the siege batteries, capturing and carrying off several of the guns and spiking those which they could not carry away. Having effected so much, they turned their attention to their own defences, and utilised the huge sandbags with which the ditch had for the second time been filled in repairing the breaches in the wall, thus, as Khafi Khan says, using the equivalent Persian proverb, killing two birds with one stone.

In the meantime, the imperial army, floundering in the heavy mud and impeded by the swollen *nalas*, were endeavouring to attack the fortress. They knew that one of the bastions had been battered to pieces. They did not know that the besieged had taken advantage of their successful attack on the trenches to repair the ruined bastion. When the attacking column advanced in the morning under a heavy fire, which carried destruction among their ranks, and neared their objective, the morning light disclosed no breach in the fortifications. Both Ni'mat Khan-i-Ali and Khafi Khan give an amusing account of the argument which ensued as to which bastion was the object of the attack. The argument so facetiously described by both authors was doubtless an accusation of treachery brought by the men against their leaders, met by them and their henchmen with an indignant denial. Many of the storming party believed that they had been betrayed, and led against the wrong bastion, and accused their leaders and those who were in the confidence of their leaders of having led them into a trap. The argument ended in a free fight, which was encouraged by the plaudits and delighted shouts of the garrison, who lined the walls and enjoyed the spectacle. This ridiculous conflict continued till nightfall, when the officers with much difficulty brought it to an end.

There still remained one mine to be fired, and the Emperor, having directed that it should be fired the next morning, rode out to witness the spectacle, which was a miserable fiasco. This was the mine from which the besieged had removed the powder. A match was ignited, but the mine would not explode, and the miners were afraid to inspect the mine so closely as to discover what was wrong, but at last a spy brought information of what the besieged had done. The match had been cut, but sufficient was left to lead the miners to believe that the mine had not been tampered with. The Emperor, bitterly disappointed, announced that the assault had been postponed to the next day, and returned to his tents.

The failure of the third mine was not the only important event of this eventful day. Firuz Jang, the Commander-in-Chief of the besieging force, was wounded in two places, and, as it thus became necessary to fill his place, the Emperor's third son, Muhammad A'zam, was appointed to the command. At the same time

Aurangzib issued a proclamation formally annexing to the empire the kingdom of Golconda. Its issue may seem to have been premature, seeing that the capital had not yet fallen and that Abu-l-Hasan still had troops of his own in the field besides his allies, the Marathas, but it was not in fact so, for the ultimate fate both of the fortress and of the kingdom was assured, and it was by no means too early for arrangements for the better administration of districts in which anarchy prevailed, all semblance of civil administration being of necessity wanting. The latest addition to the empire was styled *Daru-l-jihad-i-Haidarabad*, or Haidarabad, the seat of war! Mughal officers were appointed to collect the revenue and administer justice. The consideration which Hinduism had enjoyed in the Deccan for more than three centuries was exchanged for persecution, and Hindu temples in Haidarabad, now the headquarters of the Mughal administrators, were overthrown, a rigid system of police being inaugurated for the prevention of unlawful rites and unlawful amusements.

About this time Saff Shikan Khan was accused of collusion with the besieged and was thrown into prison, his property being confiscated. It was, however, very soon discovered that the accusation was entirely false, his accusers being some of his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists (he was a Persian and a Shiah) whose religious susceptibilities he had offended by an unguarded expression intended to convey to them his conviction that the siege ought to be prosecuted at all costs. Aurangzib had little regard for Shiah susceptibilities, and much for an officer whose opinions coincided with his own on the great question of the moment. Saff Shikan Khan was accordingly released from prison, and was placed in command of the artillery.

Those of Abu-l-Hasan's *amirs* who still remained faithful to him now began to weary of the apparently interminable siege. They understood, too, by this time, that Aurangzib's determination was unalterable and must sooner or later attain its object. They began to forsake their master and join the Emperor, and the deserters were, as on the former occasion, honoured with titles and commands. Abu-l-Hasan was seriously alarmed at the extent of the defection, and in his panic was foolish enough to arrest and imprison Shaikh Minhaj who was said to be wavering, and to confiscate his property.

The action alienated the affection of the remnant that was left and in a short time the only officers of any importance remaining in Golconda were Abdur Razzaq Lari and Abdullah Khan Pani, the Afghan. The loyalty of the latter was not proof against temptation, as will be seen, but Abdur Razzaq rose superior to all temptation. He was offered the command of six thousand horse, with high rank in the imperial army, but treated the offer with contempt. He produced the Emperor's letter in which it was contained before the troops under his immediate command, and, after acquainting them with its contents, tore it up before them with gestures so contemptuous that the historian shrinks from describing them. Aurangzib, on hearing of the manner in which his message had been received, openly abused "the accursed Lari" for an obstinate fool, but nevertheless expressed in private the greatest admiration for his loyalty, as well he might, for of all who were engaged on either side in this siege Abdur Razzaq commands the most respect, whether for his incorruptible loyalty or for his indomitable valour.

By this time the ditch had again been filled up with sandbags and with the corpses of men and beasts, and assaults, none of which was successful, were frequent. But Aurangzib had now a surer means of effecting his purpose. Abdullah Khan Pani had already been won over, and all that remained to be done was to concoct a plan in the execution of which his assistance would be of service. Towards the end of the month Zi-Qa'dah, A. H. 1098 (October A.D. 1687), the siege having lasted for eight months, Ruhullah Khan, employing as his agent a fellow-tribesman, possibly a kinsman, of Abdullah Khan, arranged with Abdullah that his post at the wicket gate should be insufficiently guarded on the night chosen for the assault, and that the alarm should not be given until the escalading party had effected an entry. The escalade was successfully carried out by Ruhullah Khan, Mukhtar Khan, Ranmast Khan, Saff Shikan Khan, and Jan Nisar Khan, guided by Abdullah Khan in person. Muhammad A'zam, the Commander-in-Chief of the besieging army, was waiting, with the main body of his forces, at the gate nearest to the wicket gate, which was to be opened from within by the escalading party. But by the time that the latter had reached the main gate Abdur Razzaq Khan Lari, to whom the news that the Mughals were entering the fort had been conveyed, arrived on

the scene. Aroused suddenly from his sleep the gallant soldier had no time to arm himself or to assemble his men. Seizing a naked sword in one hand and a shield in the other, he mounted a bare-backed horse, and, calling on all who were true to their salt to follow him, threw himself headlong upon the Mughals. His followers numbered no more than twelve, and with these he attacked all the force that the besiegers could bring into the field. The small but gallant band were soon separated one from another, but Abdur Razzaq threw himself into the midst of the Emperor's troops and fought until he fell, covered with wounds from head to foot. The description of his valour given by the historian Khafi Khan, then serving in the Mughal army, will bear quotation :—"Like a drop of water flowing into the sea, or like a mote of the sunbeam pressing onward to assail the sun, he rushed upon the army, and with valour and bravery beyond mortal comprehension, fought with all the power of valiant manhood, shouting the while, ' My life, while it lasts, is an offering to my master, Abu-I-Hasan.' At each moment he advanced a step farther forward amongst thousands who struck at him with their swords, until it might be said, so severe were his wounds, that he was fighting with his own blood. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he was covered with countless wounds, each one of which appeared to be mortal. But, since his hour had not arrived, he fell not until the gate of the citadel was reached, but gave way slowly, still fighting. He received twelve wounds in the face, so that the skin of his forehead fell as a veil over his eyes and nose, and when it was afterwards raised it was found that one of his eyes had been destroyed by a sword-cut, while the wounds on his body were in number like the stars of heaven. His horse too, smitten with countless wounds, at last stood trembling, when Abdur Razzaq, his strength being now spent, dropped the reins and allowed it to bear him whither it would. It wandered to a garden near the citadel, known as *Nagina Bagh*, and there stood under a cocoanut palm, where Abdur Razzaq threw himself down. On the morning of the next day some of Husaini Beg's men, who chanced to be passing, saw him and identified him. Moved with generous pity for so valiant a foe they raised him, half-dead, on to a bed, and conveyed him with his horse and arms to his house, and his

family and servants busied themselves in attending to his wounds. I have placed on record this account of a fraction of his valour. What more I have to say regarding the loyalty of this most valiant hero will, please God, be related hereafter."

In the behaviour of Abu-l-Hasan, when he received the news that the Mughals had at length effected an entrance into the fortress, there was nothing to recall the craven flight from Haidarabad to Golconda. He first betook himself to his harem, where he was assiduous in calming the fears aroused by the news that the rule of the Qutb Shahi kings was over. Then, having bidden farewell to the ladies, he arrayed himself in his robes of state and repaired to his throne-room, the *divan-i-khass*, where he took his seat, for the last time, upon his throne, and awaited the arrival of his unbidden guests. When his usual meal-time arrived, he commanded food to be brought. The meal had no sooner been ordered than Ruhu-'llah Khan, Mukhtar Khan, and their companions arrived. They saluted the last Qutb Shah in the usual form, and he, "abating not one jot of his kingly dignity," replied "*wa 'alaikum as-salam*." The King and the Mughal officers remained in converse till the morning, discussing principally, it appears, on indifferent matters. The Mughal historian has nothing but praise for the carriage, behaviour and dignified stoicism of the defeated monarch. When the meal which had been ordered was laid, the King invited the imperial officers to join him, an invitation which some accepted while others held aloof. Among the latter was Ruhu-'llah Khan, who was unable to contain his astonishment at the King's possessing any appetite for food at such a time. To him the King replied with quiet dignity that he trusted in God who had given him day by day his daily bread, that he was accustomed to eat at the hour at which this meal was served, and that he saw no reason to forego the enjoyment of the gifts of his Creator.

After his meal Abu-l-Hasan arrayed himself in his jewels and mounted his horse, and was then conducted to the gate where Muhammad A'zam was waiting, in a small pavilion prepared for the purpose, to receive him. The King, removing his necklace of pearls, presented it to the prince who, after accepting it, received him kindly and did his best to console him in his affliction. He then conducted Abu-l-Hasan to the Emperor, who received him graciously, and treated him with due honour. The fallen King was

shortly afterwards sent to Daulatabad, where he remained as a state-prisoner, and was allowed every indulgence till his death.

The discovery of the wounded hero of the defence, Abdur Razzaq Khan Lari, by some of Husaini Beg's men, has already been mentioned. From his house, whither he had first been taken, he was carried to Ruhu-'llah Khan, with whom Saff Shikan Khan happened to be at the time. The brutal Saff Shikan Khan proposed that "the accursed Lari" should at once be beheaded, and that his head should be exposed over one of the gates of the fortress. Ruhu-'llah Khan had the grace to rebuke his ungenerous colleague, and saved the life of the captive, reporting the capture to the Emperor, by whose orders two surgeons, a European and a Hindu, were appointed to have charge of him. The faithful servant's loyalty to his master moved the unwilling admiration of the conqueror, who remarked, with good reason, that if Abu-l-Hasan had had one more servant like Abdur Razzaq the capture of Golconda would have been a more difficult undertaking than it had proved to be. The remark was evidently levelled at the traitor Abdullah Khan Pani, but it is far from improbable that Aurangzib wished it to be laid to heart by his own officers, for there were few, if any, among them who merited the trust that Abu-l-Hasan had been able to repose in Abdur Razzaq.

The two surgeons examined their patient and counted in his body nearly seventy wounds, besides which, they said, there were wounds over other wounds, which could not be counted. One of his eyes was destroyed, and though the other had not actually been injured it was feared that it would be impossible to save its sight. After thirteen days the wounded man was able to utter a few indistinct words. As soon as the Emperor heard that he was able to speak he sent him a message to say that he was forgiven, and that if he would send for his eldest son, Abdu-l-Qadir, and such other of his sons as might be fit for service, they would be honoured with commands. The message also conveyed to Abdur Razzaq himself the offer of a command, which the wounded man respectfully declined. He had, he said, little hope of life, and even if he lived his shattered body could be of little service to the Emperor, apart from the consideration that he regarded the short span of life still remaining to him as due to his master, Abu-l-Hasan, for whom he would cheerfully undergo again all that he had suffered. Aurangzib, on receiving Abdur Razzaq's reply, displayed

some petulance, but his displeasure was of short duration, and gave way to sincere admiration of the sufferer's inflexible devotion. Abdur Razzaq's scruples were at length overcome and after his recovery which, considering the condition of the healing art in those days, was little less than miraculous, he entered the Emperor's service, having first obtained his old master's permission to do so, and all his personal property, except a small portion of it which had fallen into the hands of plunderers, was restored to him.

The spoils of Golconda were enormous, and the imperial treasury was enriched to the extent of 61,51,000 golden *huns*, Rs. 2,00,53,000, a large quantity of jewels and plate and 1,15,13,00,000 copper dams.

Thus, after eight months' duration, ended the siege of Golconda, and thus Aurangzib at length plucked the fruit for the ripening of which he had so long waited. Making his religion a pretext for his designs, he had, in contravention of that religion, sent into captivity two fellow Muslim sovereigns, destroying the last vestige of rivalry to his authority. The Mughal empire had now well-nigh reached its utmost extent, and though as yet perhaps the signs of that fearfully rapid decay which led to its disintegration in the course of the next century were barely apparent, they were none the less present. The Marathas were as yet far from the zenith of their power, but were already a thorn in the side of the Emperor, whose bigotry fanned their patriotism and whose ceaseless warfare inured them to arms and hardship. The forerunners of those ambitious and turbulent *amirs* who became virtually independent rulers of the provinces which Aurangzib's enfeebled successors dared not withhold from them, and in whose hands the great Mughal himself, before another century had passed, became a puppet, were indeed serving the old *padishah* with indifferent loyalty and moderated zeal, but the end was not far off, and when in 1707 A. D. the last of the house of Timur, who commands our respect, died, worn out with warfare, the vast empire which he ruled was already in danger of falling to pieces with its own weight. Well would it have been for Aurangzib, and better for his successors, could he have resisted the temptation to bring the whole of India under his sway, could he have sacrificed, in some small measure, his pride, and dealt less harshly, and we may add, less meanly, with Abu-l-Hasan, the last King of Golconda.

WOLSELEY HAIG.

THE THIRTEENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS AT HAMBURG.

THE bounds of East and West seemed to be obliterated, and Far to meet with Near, during the week of September 4th to 10th in the reunion of the Thirteenth International Congress of Orientalists at Hamburg, in Germany. This cosmopolitan city of Europe appeared to lend itself peculiarly well to such a reunion of savants, representing in their interests so many phases of human life and such different ages of mankind, language and tradition. The spectacled professor, the promising young student, the staid antiquarian, and the energetic traveller in the land of the Dawn, joined hands with the turbaned Hindu and the tall-fezed Mohammedan, or with the almond-eyed Mongolian in discussion of questions relating to Oriental antiquity and problems of Eastern lore.

Wednesday, September 4th, was appointed for the preliminary gathering, and the large Concert Hall of the great Hanseatic city was filled that evening with new guests constantly arriving from different lands to enjoy an hospitable hand-shake, music and good cheer. The formal welcome was extended on the following morning, when the President of the Congress, Senior E. Behrmann, and his Hamburg confreres officially greeted the assembled members and received in turn messages of good wishes and congratulations from various countries, delivered by their delegates or representatives. The tone was happy and bright; each had some word of interest in the Orient to express, and all were ready for work at once.

Promptness was the order of the hour; there was no delay; and the various divisions proceeded immediately to arrange for their scientific sessions to begin on the same afternoon.

Some idea of the comprehensive scope of such a congress, and of Western interest in the East, may be gathered from a glance at the list of sections into which the members of the Congress divided themselves. A section, for example, was formed at the outset for the general discussion of linguistic questions and of scientific contributions in the line of Indo-Germanic philology. India and Persia, as sister lands in ancient times, found themes to discuss individually or in common; while farther India and the Isles of the East had also some tribute to bring. The less known field of Central Asia and the extreme Orient were represented by a number of interesting articles and reports, among which may be mentioned a communication from Dr. M. A. Stein, of Rawal Pindi, concerning his recent important discoveries in Eastern Turkestan. The largest section, perhaps, was the one devoted to Semitic languages and literature, combined with studies in the domain of the Moslem world. Texts, manuscripts and inscriptions, clay tablets and stones, were called upon to contribute their share of information or to illumine some bit of forgotten lore. And Ancient Egypt, with monuments and antiquities of hoary eld, had likewise some story to tell of ages past, through the lips of scholars present—a message often to the living from the dead, delivered by faithful labourers in this attractive field of research.

Nor need it be thought that Africa, in the Eastern Hemisphere, was forgotten. The best proof of this is the fact that the Congress decided to hold its next triennial session, in 1905, at Algiers; and in one of the general meetings especial attention was called to the growing importance of the study of African languages. The hope was expressed that greater opportunities may be given to facilitate researches in this particular branch. Last, but not least, arrangements were made for a section in which general questions bearing upon the relations between Orient and Occident, in ancient times, could be taken up and discussed by skilled investigators; for lessons in this way are everywhere to be learned from researches into the past.

It would be quite impossible to give a detailed account of the learned articles that were presented, or of the results laid before the various sections by scholars interested in each particular line; but a notion of their number at least may be gained when it is stated that over one hundred and fifty such communications were made during the

week in which the Congress was in session. Many of these papers or communications were followed by lively debates and discussions which lent spirit to the gatherings and contributed considerably to the advancement of our knowledge of matters oriental. The whole Congress seemed to be animated by a spirit of activity, work and helpful rivalry, so that it may safely be said that no previous Oriental Congress has really accomplished so much in promoting a knowledge of the East in times gone by.

For Indian friends it may be interesting to add that there were a number of special articles contributed on subjects relating to Buddhism, and there were meetings of the members of the Committee on Indian Archæology and the India Exploration Fund. Particular attention was given to plans for a new edition, very comprehensive in scope, of the Mahabharata. Reports regarding this will be made at the Congress in 1905. Mohammedan lore was treated with considerable detail in the section devoted to Islam; and fresh light on the history of the Parsis may come when the transactions of the Congress are published, and the communications on the Avesta, the Ancient Persian Kings, and matters Iranian are issued in the proceedings of the Persian section.

But the hospitable city of Hamburg did not allow that no time should be left for rest and recreation. The charming evening reception by the Senate in their stately Council Hall was marked by an ease, grace and dignity that impressed every one who was present. An excursion by steamer through the harbour out to the North Sea was arranged for the guests, and another on the river Elbe.

The latter, as some light-hearted wit jocosely suggested, was especially designed for orientalists who might fear seasickness or did not wish to arise too early in the morning! This will at least show that the spirit of good-fellowship and good cheer was not missing in so learned a gathering. Quite oriental or fairy-like was also the feast of lanterns on the Alster Basin where the shore was ablaze with many coloured lamps, and the water astir with gaily decorated and illuminated boats. A farewell banquet to the guests was also given by the city on the eve of the departure of the orientalists to their various homes.

In closing this sketch it is interesting to add that the two special invitations which came for the next Congress were from

outside of Europe—the first from Algiers, the second from Japan, which shows the growth of interest abroad. As the former invitation came first, it was cordially accepted, and the next International Congress of Orientalists will take place for the first time in history on African soil, which makes all the more clear the closer relations between Orient and Occident, East and West, the Near and the Far.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON.

THE PROPOSED MOHAMMADAN UNIVERSITY IN INDIA.

THE idea of founding a separate University of their own is not quite new to the Mohammadans. In the palmy days of Islam, when its followers had carried the conquest of their arms far and wide, and established their dominion on one-half the then known world, they founded great colleges and schools, and threw open their doors to the representatives of every race and religion. The names of Cordova and Granada, of Baghdad and Damascus, will always be recorded in history as the great Islamic seats of learning of the mediæval times.

Whatever may have been the system of the Islamic government, the Islamic Universities were based on quite democratic principles; in the republic of letters caste had not found a recognition. To the Islamic Universities of Spain had flocked thousands of Christian scholars from all parts of Europe, to drink of the fountain of knowledge at its source, and carried the arts and the learning of the Arabs to their distant lands. Gerbert, afterwards Pope Silvester II., who did much to introduce the science of mathematics in Europe, had been a student at Cordova. Roscellinus, a canon of Compiègne, the founder of the Nominalistic School of Philosophy, who for the first time systematically expounded the difference between classes and the individual of classes in the University of Paris, and under whose influence Peter Abelard learnt the first principles of Scholasticism, of which later on he became so daring an exponent in the beginning of the twelfth century, is said to have repaired to Spain to study the science of Dialectics which the Arabian scholars had preserved and interpreted from the works of Aristotle. Even in these degenerate days the great University of El-Azhar at Cairo, where some twelve thousand students have gathered from all parts of the world to acquire know-

ledge, is a sufficient testimony of the fact that the corporate life of a University where teachers and pupils living together come into a daily and hourly communion with one another is what the Mohammadans have always considered to be the essential requisite for the true cultivation of knowledge.

It is no wonder, then, if, being the inheritors of such traditions of learning, the Mohammadans of India, coming under the quickening influence of the enlightened English rule, should shake off the lethargy of ages, and aspire to founding a separate University for themselves, for the proper education and training of their future generations, on lines best suited to the *genius* of their race. And though they have hitherto been slow to appreciate and avail themselves of the educational facilities which the British Government in India has placed within the reach of every community, the Mohammadans have stolen a march, so to speak, upon their more advanced fellow-subjects, in so far as they have formed a *nucleus* for a future University in the Mohammadan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, the chief feature of which is the *residential system*, which distinguishes it from all other colleges in India, and which is also the essential feature of a University properly so called. Even as early as 1876, when laying the foundation of the College at Aligarh, the idea of a Mohammadan University, floated before the minds of its founders. In their address to Lord Lytton, on the occasion of his performing the ceremony of laying the foundation stone, they spoke about the future University somewhat fervently in the following words :—

And looking at the difficulties which stood in our way and the success which has already been achieved, we do not doubt that we shall continue to receive, even in larger measure, both from the English Government and from our own countrymen, that liberal support which has furthered our scheme ; and that from the seed we sow to-day there will spring up a mighty tree whose branches, like those of the Banyan of this soil, shall in their turn strike firm root into the earth and themselves send forth new and vigorous saplings ; *that this College will expand into a University whose sons shall go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to preach the gospel of free enquiry, of large-hearted toleration and of pure morality.*

The italics are mine. Indeed, the idea has been receiving such a continuous encouragement at the hands of every Viceroy and Gover-

nor who has visited the College from time to time since the days of Lord Lytton that it has now become with Mohammadans a permanent item in the scheme of their national advancement. On this head the eloquent words of Sir Antony Patrick Macdonnell, which by this time have become classical in the literature that has gathered round the proposed University, will aptly bear quotation. In his reply to the address of the Trustees of the College presented to him in 1896, at Aligarh, His Honour Sir A. P. Macdonnell said :—

It is not too much to hope that this College will grow into the Mohammadan University of the future ; that this place will become the Cordova of the East ; and that in these cloisters Mohammadan genius will discover, and under the protection of the British Crown, work out that social, religious and political regeneration of which neither Stamboul nor Mecca affords a prospect.

The italics are again mine. The death of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, the founder of the College, gave the Mohammadans a fresh impulse to put his long cherished scheme of founding a Mohammadan University into practical shape, and thereby to perpetuate the memory of their revered leader for all time. They held memorial meetings at various places, which were in most cases presided over by English officials of high position. The president of the meeting, held at Aligarh shortly after Sir Syed's death, was the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, where a letter written to him by Lord Elgin was read by him, in which His Excellency fully sympathised with the object of the movement and contributed Rs. 2,000 to its funds from his private purse. A central committee has been established at Aligarh under the presidentship of the Nawab Mohsen-ul-mulk, and it sends out agents to all parts of the country to collect funds and organise local committees for the purpose at different places. Other zealous promoters of the movement have in their own way been straining every nerve to collect funds and educate public opinion on the point, and their efforts have to a considerable degree been crowned with success. Therefore, judging from the present rate of progress which has been made in this direction, it is not too much to hope that the scheme of founding a Muslim University in India will not remain, for a long time to come, a mere beautiful vision, an unrealised Utopia.

What form this University will ultimately take it is not safe to predict. In its initial stages it will be a development of the present

College at Aligarh. As the funds increase, fresh additions will from time to time be made to the teaching staff in every branch of knowledge, until there are some twenty or twenty-five European and as many, if not more, Indian Professors, who are specialists in their own lines of study, on the staff. The buildings of the College will also receive enlargements corresponding to the influx of students, so as to provide accommodation to one thousand or more students in one place. The University, or for that matter the College, will continue to prepare students for the examinations of the existing Indian Universities till it reaches its full development in all its departments and entitles its promoters to approach the Government for the grant of a charter by which it will be authorised to confer its own degrees on its *alumni*.

The need for such a University has arisen from various causes, the most important of which is that the existing Indian Universities do not satisfy the educational requirements of the Mohammadan community. These Universities were founded without any consideration for the difference in manners, customs, moral and mental habits, national and religious ideals prevailing in the various communities of India, which are in quite different stages of development. While providing but insufficient means for intellectual development, they wholly ignore the necessity of the development of character in those who come under their influence. Religious neutrality is one of the fundamental principles on which these institutions are based : indeed, what else could have been the official Universities of India ?

It has now been recognised on all hands that no system of education can be complete without being supplemented by religious instruction. In fact, the natives of India are the only people on earth who have submitted, without protest, to a system of education which is wholly divorced from religious instruction. The Mohammadans have not availed themselves, to any desirable extent, of the present Universities, because owing to their frankly secular character, these "godless" institutions, to borrow Cardinal Newman's favourite expression, have not been quite an object of attraction to them. For a long time after their establishment the Mohammadans kept away from these Universities because for them to join these institutions was to choose between education and religion. They have now begun to resort to them as they find that the University diploma gives an easy passport to the service of the Government and to the learned profes-

sions. And now, since the Universities Commission have not made provision—in fact, they could not—for moral and religious along with intellectual education, it has become more imperative for the Mohammadans to have a University of their own, which should satisfy all their educational needs.

In all other civilised countries where the Government and the people are of the same race and religion, higher education is more or less free from the control of the Government. It should be more so in India, where the Government, differing as it does in race and religion from its subjects, cannot for that very reason appreciate and understand their educational needs. By reason of this, the Commission have failed to appreciate and understand the educational needs of the Mohammadan community, and we see that they have discouraged the idea of the formation of a Mohammadan University even if resources for it be forthcoming, on the ground that it would be a denominational institution. What difference the Commission perceive between a denominational University and a denominational College—for they have supported the establishment of the latter—is not quite clear.

The reasons which can be given in support of founding a denominational College can with double force be applied to the formation of a denominational University. After all, is not a big denominational College with a residential system, having one thousand students on the rolls—and the College at Aligarh bids fair to be that in the near future—a denominational University in *essence* if not in *name*? And surely, by a University is not meant that it should be a collection of colleges in one place, as at Oxford and Cambridge, or that it should have a large territorial jurisdiction as the existing Indian Universities have. For are there not Universities in Europe and America which consist of only one or two colleges? The University of Dublin, in Ireland, is one instance in point. Therefore, if a large denominational college come to possess all the requirements of a University properly so called, why object to its prescribing its own courses of study according to the needs of a given community, and to its conferring its own degrees?

This recommendation of the Commission, which they were not called upon to make, has given the Mohammadans a rude shock. The Mohammadan member of the Commission owed it to his

community to place before his learned colleagues the whole facts of the case, the causes which have retarded its progress in education, and the imperative need of such a University as is proposed to establish at Aligarh, which will meet all its national and religious requirements.

MOHOMMED HAYAT.

KEEPING CASTE IN ENGLAND.

THERE is a great wish amongst the younger men of India to visit England and to learn there by a serious study some of the secrets of her greatness. Many of the wise fathers of India quite approve this aspiration of their sons and they too would be willing for their boys to go to the West and to gather thence all the virtues of honesty and manliness and tenacity of purpose which characterise Britain's bravest heroes.

But great difficulties stand in the way. Two of these are ever present. The first difficulty is Caste. If our sons go to England, they say, they will have to eat meat and to drink wine; they will sit down to table with men of lower caste and thus they will fall from the purity of the life of their father's family, and the difficulty of getting back again into caste will be so great in such cases that we do not like to contemplate the expense and trouble that they will have to undergo.

The second difficulty is a still more serious one, and one which goes to the root of the matter, and which applies as much to Mahomedans as to Hindus, to Rajputs as to Jains. Many an Indian father has said to me, "I should very much like to send my son to England, but I am afraid. I have seen so many cases of young men coming back with the vices of the West and none of the virtues added, with the practices of the West which are abhorrent to us and with none of those glorious attributes which we earnestly desire. We are afraid, therefore, to send away our sons to England, lest worse and not better shall come to them."

And with this hesitation and fear I have the greatest sympathy. I have watched more than one fine young Indian come to London, honest, truthful, sober, industrious, religious, and I have seen him

later on with many a virtue replaced by a foppery and many a simple trait replaced by an artificial mannerism. I have said to myself as I saw the change, "Were I a Hindu father I would never send my son to England." And yet when I visit India and see that servile weakness of the young men, that inability to stand up and look any man in the face and say, "I will," or "I will not," clearly, frankly and decidedly, that lack of breadth of character which is essential for Empire-building, I say to myself, "Would that every family could send its ablest and its best representative to England to gather something of her spirit of manliness and of independence." How then can these conflicting claims be harmonised? How can the spirit of caste be satisfied? How can evil be avoided and good secured? Before I explain the method which to my mind seems best calculated to the end in view, let me digress for a moment to show why the present system tends to fail.

In the first place, it is not the *best* men who are sent to England. The majority of young men who come to England to go to the Bar do so because they are failures in India. If a young man finds the university course and the law course in India very hard, he says to himself, "What is the use of wearing myself out with all this toil and study? If I can't get my law degree here or if I find the examination for pleadership here too stiff, I can quite easily get through the bar examination in England." And so it is not the brilliant men who are, generally speaking, attracted to England, but just the reverse.

Again, when a young man decides to come to England, there is always the very serious problem of expense to be faced, and when the father has even at times to borrow money to send his boy, it is clear that the greatest pressure is put upon the boy's mind to be as economical as possible. In a large number of cases the young fellow finds in every letter from home the same message, "Come back as soon as you can and spend as little as you can."

Now, in India, the cost of living is much less than in England, and men are accustomed to live so simply at home that when they are bidden to economise they naturally turn to this item of expenditure and economise upon board and lodging. Now this is a cardinal error for a stranger who wants to learn English life and manners. It is all right for a young English student or for a young Scotch student to live, if he likes, in a garret and feed on bread and onions,

with a red herring thrown in as a treat once a week, but it is hopeless for a young Indian to go to a second rate boarding or lodging house in England if he wants to get into real touch with English society. The young Englishman can make friends and acquaintances among college chums and can often get the entrée into English family life while he is living like a hermit in a garret cell, but to the young Indian all this would be impossible until he had spent years in England learning his way about.

A large proportion of young Indians come to England without any friends; they go to a boarding house; they live this entirely un-English life and have as their intimate companions one or two other young Indians with whom they talk in Gujarati or Hindustani or what not, and their lady friends are the landlady and her daughters, and their passing acquaintances are the ladies who live a boarding house life or who are on a short visit to London, and who are full of their own business.

At the Bar dinners these young Indians generally sit together, and as they have not learned of any of the things which interest their English comrades they have no topics of conversation in common, and so here too they miss that most important part of English education—the clash of mind on mind and the independent opinion trained to support itself by sound evidence against those who care nothing for the who and the how, but only for the what and the verity.

These young men, when they get an invitation to a public function which includes Mr. — and lady, know no one else, and so they take the landlady or her daughter, and English society, as soon as it discovers this, forgets to ask the reason, but only sees the offence and invites Indians no more.

Thus spending their three or four years in London in the company of fellow Indians, and in the small circle of a boarding house family or two, and having no one to guide them and no one to keep them straight by the strong, kindly hand of a friend, and no one to warn them about the pitfalls of the West, it is no wonder that, when they go home again and say that they have spent their time in good English society, their kith and kin wonder what English life is like which has taken from them all their simple virtues and has given them none better in exchange.

Some people have suggested a central home or club for Indians in London where they might all reside under supervision, but I look upon this as quite subversive of all the best reasons for their coming to England. Indians do not come there to talk to fellow Indians and to keep up their knowledge of Hindustani and live an Indian institution life. They come to England to mix with English people and to talk English always, and to live an English society life; and so I would not have them reside together in a club or institution, however well managed it might be and however good the supervision. I have lived some little time in India and I have lived in the houses of Brahmins, Kshatryas, Vaishyas and Jains, and I have learned just those points of caste custom to which they attach so much importance. And now that I know just where the shoe pinches, I say that there is nothing in all their caste requirements which a man cannot carry out on the voyage and in England if he so wishes. Personally, I do not advise the carrying out of the *letter* of caste, because it is better for a man to mix freely with English people while he is in England, and not to create difficulties unnecessarily so long as he is true to the *spirit* of his faith, but none the less I point out that, however scrupulous he may be, he can, if he wishes, carry out the letter as well as the spirit of his caste.

In the first place there is the journey to England. Now, if a man selects the slack time of year he can—even if one man goes alone—have a cabin to himself, and where two go together they could always secure a two-berthed cabin if they booked well ahead. The man could arrange to have all his meals in this cabin alone, or if he preferred he could have a small table, entirely to himself, in the saloon, quite some distance away from any of the others. That is as to *how* he should eat; the next point is as to *what* he should eat. I have no hesitation in saying quite definitely, in answer to the first question which will always be put, that a man need not eat meat or fish or eggs, either on the voyage or in England, if he will only be careful to select a proper dietary suitable to the climate.

With regard to water on board ship, he may either drink the distilled water which he will get there, and which—like pipe water—is allowed to most Brahmans to use, or he may take a cask of water with him, sufficient to last for the fourteen days of the

voyage. Fruit he can get on board in plenty and this is always allowable to the strictest Brahman to use.

Bread is the most serious difficulty, but this can be overcome in one of two ways. The man may take a number of small tin boxes, with their contents done up in the usual air-tight way, of Brahman cakes or biscuits and he can then open one box at a time and so keep them fresh and good to the end of the voyage; or he may get the ship's cook to bake him bread with flour and *milk* instead of flour and *water*, and thus he will avoid the ceremonial forbidding of eating flour and water baked by other than a caste-fellow.

If he comes over at a slack time and can either cook himself or can take a Brahman cook with him, some companies will allow him special little privileges as to preparing his own food, so that whether he lives on ship fruit and his own bread alone, or whether he adds to this rice and *dhal* and vegetables cooked by his own or the ship's cook, or whether he takes nothing at all with him but lives on distilled water, fruit, milk, bread, vegetables, rice, butter and pickles, the result is, in a way, the same—he can keep the spirit of the caste in any way and he can even keep the letter of it too if he is willing to take the necessary trouble.

What can be done on board ship can be done still more easily in England. Fashionable and busy hotels would be unwilling to make any arrangements that would cause extra trouble, but hotels and boarding houses could always be found where Indians could take one bedroom and one unfurnished and empty room. The latter could easily be used as kitchen and dining room by putting in a little oil or gas stove and the necessary *pâtis*, and thus a cosy warm room would be provided answering to all that was required for cooking, bathing and eating. Of course some little extra would have to be paid, but not a great deal, and in many provincial hotels nothing beyond the actual expense incurred.

On the other hand, in a private house in the country or in the suburbs the difficulty would be still less. The accommodation required for an Indian kitchen and eating room is so primitive that an ordinary out-house or coach-house, a summer-house or even toolshed would be quite equal to many a rich man's kitchen in India. The only difficulty is one of weather, but with a coke or oil stove any place could be made warm enough, and from what I have

seen of India, I have no hesitation in saying that if a man wishes to cook for himself or has a Brahman cook with him he would have no difficulty in arranging in any gentleman's house in England for everything essential to his food and water being prepared, eaten and drunk according to the strictest rules of the strictest caste of Brahmans. Fruit, vegetables, rice, milk, legumens and grains are plentiful all over England, and if the Indian will take proper advice as to his dietary he will be able to live well and increase in strength and health during his stay in England without breaking any of the principles of his caste.

This advice applies not only to the young men of high caste who come to England for study, but it also applies to those older men who would love to spend a few months in the great land of the West, but upon whom the dignity of their caste hangs so heavily that they feel they dare not risk the injury to it which a visit to England would involve. They have heard that they *must* eat meat there, that they *must* have their food cooked by meat-eating cooks, and that they *must* sit at table with meat-eaters. None of these things are compulsory. A man can see all the life of England; he can join in her social gaieties and mix in her political turmoil; he can be present at her learned disquisitions and enjoy the light nonsense of her theatres, and yet he need not eat anything or in any way that is objectionable to him. If he wishes to do it, he may gather all that is best from English life without losing either his creed, his caste or his self-respect. The matter, however, which affects all fathers and even those to whom caste is not important, is the question of moral deterioration.

It is hardly fair to send young men at the most impressionable period of their life to a strange city and to a strange land all alone. We all of us need the support of strong friends and comrades and the bulwark of public opinion at times, and young Englishmen in England, whether at public schools, universities or in business, get them to a greater or lesser extent; but the young Indian feels that he knows nobody and that nobody knows him, and there is little wonder then that he tends after a while, however good he may have been, to slide a little lower into the enjoyment of forbidden pleasures which undermine the status which he held in India.

Habits begun secretly and diffidently, when they produce no

protest from anybody, soon become permanent, and before a man's period of residence in England has expired, he has often contracted what at any rate his own people will look upon as bad vices, and when he returns he will find them so firmly fixed upon him that he will either brave the indignation of his family and continue them publicly, or he will bow in public to the dictum of his caste but in private will continue them as secret habits. It is difficult to say which is the worse.

The whole fault lies in the loneliness and the irresponsibility of his position and it is herein that the remedy must be applied. I am of opinion that no young man should be sent to England excepting and unless he be sent to some one who will stand to him *in loco parentis*. If an Indian father will arrange with an English gentleman and will say, "I don't want to spend more than so much on my son, but within that limit use your own discretion absolutely as to what is best for him to do and to see," I think that little difficulty would be experienced in getting the Indian youth adopted, as it were, into an English family. There he would be as the son of the house. Where the family went he would go. In their games and amusements, in their parties and their visits, in their holidays and recreations he would be as an English son would be, and what is more important, he would be always under the protective ægis and the fatherly and motherly eye of some one responsible for him. He would be encouraged to hold fast to his ancient faith and to reverence his father's creed. He would be helped to practise the rites of his religion and to learn the spirit which underlies all ceremonies. He would live in an atmosphere which would say to him, "It is always good to be good and it is always well to practise the highest good you know." I further think that it would be wise and would tend to prevent that loneliness which comes upon those who are far from home, if in the same suburban town or village three or four such ones were adopted by three or four separate families. In this case they could meet regularly once or twice a week and dine together in Indian style and have a little reunion and comparison of notes, while all the rest of the week they would be living with English only and speaking English only and learning of things English. I shall be happy to advise further any Indian father who would like to write to me at Carn Brae, Bromley, Kent, or at 5, Harley Street, London, W.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

BENGAL UNDER THE HINDUS.

THE early home of the Aryans is a matter over which hangs a thick cloud of doubt. Although the subject has had some light thrown upon it by recent linguistic researches, still there is no likelihood of its ever enjoying the broad daylight of certainty. It seems destined never to pass beyond the region of dim probability. This being the case, it is no wonder that there should have been very conflicting opinions on the subject. But the current opinion which, as Professor Sayce writes, has commanded the assent of eminent names, places the primeval Aryan community in Bactriana on the western slopes of Belurtag and Mustag, and near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes. Thus it seems that the dear old land lay far to the east of the Caspian sea along the range of the Hindu-kush. Here, it is said, was "the Aryan seed," of which mention is made in the Vendidad, as the first "creation" or country whence the Aryans advanced in their memorable wanderings through the then unknown world. The early Aryan home was a comparatively cold region, since the only two trees whose names agree in Eastern and Western Aryan dialects are the "shaft-making birch" and the "sapling pine," while winter was familiar with its snow and ice. It was in close proximity to noble rivers and nobler mountains, but the "wide, wide ocean" was far distant. How long the Aryans dwelt in their early home, it is impossible now to determine, nor is it possible to say precisely when they first began to emigrate. As they multiplied in numbers, they felt the necessity of seeking distant abodes, and resorting to "fresh fields and pastures new." Accordingly, a considerable body of them, bidding a long, long adieu to their "Home, sweet Home," proceeded towards the south-west, and after travelling miles and miles together arrived in *Ariana* (modern Afghanistan and Beluchistan), where, finding ample pasture ground for their cattle, in which their wealth principally consisted, they made their settlement for good. But, at length, with the increase of numbers, dissensions again broke out among them, necessitating further change of residence, where-

upon a pretty large band who were on terms of peace and amity among themselves, crossed over the great Sindhu (Indus) to the splendid *Panchanada-desa*, or the land of the Five Rivers.

When the fair-looking Aryans passed into the Panjab, they were opposed by the dark-complexioned aboriginal tribes who were in possession of it. As these fierce barbarians were strong enough to hold their own, the war which ensued raged loud and long. At last, however, the blacks were defeated by the whites. Most of them retreated into the hills and forests which their descendants still inhabit; while some submitted to the conquerors by whom they were reduced to a state between which and slavery there was not much to choose. After conquering the Panjab, the Aryans proceeded towards the south-west. They were repeatedly attacked in their march, but though sometimes compelled to fall back, they ultimately triumphed over their assailants. In this way they got to the banks of the Gandak. A body of them crossed over to the other side and founded the kingdom of Mithila. Years after, they extended their conquests over to the other side of the Ganges, and established in succession the kingdoms of Magadha and Anga; and from these parts as the base of operations they further spread their power over what they called Banga. At the time of the Bharat war, all these countries were more or less in the enjoyment of the blessings of civilisation. As for Banga, however, it never made any mark in the history of ancient India.

The system of caste was quite unknown to the primitive Aryans. Like the ancient Greeks and Romans, they knew only of two *Varnas*, or classes, viz., the nobles, meaning themselves, and the ignobles (non-Aryans). In course of time, however, after they had settled down in peace, class-divisions gradually sprang up amongst them, the functions which in times of necessity were assigned to certain persons were continued to their descendants, thereby giving rise to something like a hereditary right; and in this way what at the outset was intended to be only a functional, became in the end a class, distinction. Thus the Brahmins, who were the repositories of learning and religion, formed the priestly class; the Kshatriyas, who were charged with the defence of the country, the military class; the Vaisyas, who were employed in cultivating land and tending cattle, the industrial class; whilst the subdued aborigines formed the Sudra or the servile class. The first two classes, which were respectively in charge of the judicial and the executive department, strove hard for supremacy, and in this internecine contest which lasted long, many thousand lives were lost. At last, a compromise

was effected, whereby the Kshatriyas were made the rulers of the land and the Brahmans their priests and counsellors. But though the lines of the several castes were well defined, still it was not seldom that they were over-stepped. In fact, there was no prohibition of intermarriages between the castes. Such was substantially the state of Hindu society when the Aryans first made their settlements in Bihar and Bengal. The authority of the Brahmans was supreme, though the ruling power was in the hands of the Kshatriyas. As for the Vaisyas and the Sudras, they were becoming more and more lifeless. In the matter of religion, however, the Vaisyas fared much better than the Sudras, who were not permitted to perform Aryan rites, or to acquire religious knowledge. The position of the women was much higher than it is now. They were not confined within the four walls of the dwelling-house, nor were they kept in the darkness of ignorance. In fact, the zenana system was quite unknown during Hindu rule; and in the matter of the acquisition of knowledge the weaker sex enjoyed almost equal rights and privileges with the stronger. Indeed, some belonging to the gentler sex very highly distinguished themselves in the republic of letters, and actually composed a goodly number of the Vedic hymns. The maidens were also given the right of choosing husbands for themselves—from this circumstance one might fairly infer that infant marriage was not in vogue. But though women enjoyed such rights and privileges, the men were not prohibited from taking more than one wife. As a matter of fact, there was no law or custom forbidding polygamy, and it is an undisputed fact that even such a holy and learned Rishi as Yajnavalkya did not hesitate to take a second wife during the lifetime of the first.

The ruling power, as stated above, was in the hands of the Kshatriyas. Monarchy was the rule, republican government being an exception. The king possessed ample powers, and governed the country with the assistance of wise counsellors, who were mostly taken from the Brahman class. Some kings were little better than ordinary chiefs, while a few only could aspire to sovereignty. Banga was an instance of the former, and Magadha that of the latter. Indeed, Magadha made a very remarkable power, and brought under its sway the whole of Northern India including Banga and Kalinga. Some of its kings well deserved the proud title of Emperor, and very properly assumed it.

Before the time of Manu, the Shastras of the Hindus had lain in a state of confusion and disorder. It was he who collected the scattered fragments and formed them into a handy Code. He was not a reformer but a compiler, and his Code is an exhaustive digest of the traditional

laws of the *Hindus*. The chief interest of this Code to the historian consists in its presenting a picture of the state of society at the time to which it refers. In this picture the division of the people into four classes forms a marked feature of Hindu society. Of these classes the Brahmins occupy the highest place, and the Sudras the lowest. Although the whole executive authority is with the Kshatriya king, he must have a Brahmin for his prime minister, and rule the country according as he is advised by him. The industrial class are to cultivate land, carry on trade, and keep herds of cattle. As for the Sudras, their duty is to serve the three higher classes, more especially the Brahmins. Besides the four original classes, many mixed castes have sprung up in consequence of intermarriages between the castes.

Somewhat analogous to the division of the people into castes, is the division of the country into many unequal states independent of one another. The king has absolute power. He is above civil laws, but is subject to laws divine. His duties are to act with justice in his own dominions and to chastise enemies from abroad. A king who does not protect his subjects is considered the worst of criminals; the laws of war are honourable and humane, and the army is maintained by assignment of land to each individual soldier; the revenue consists of a share in the produce and taxes on trade and commerce; and forced labour of a day in each month is also required of handicraftsmen. The sovereign's share of the produce ranges from one-sixth to one-fourth. The Code also speaks of Sudra kings, and territories wholly inhabited by Sudras. These probably represented the unsubdued parts of India over which the Aryans could not extend their sway. The religion taught in the Code is that of the Vedas, of which the main doctrine is monotheism or belief in the unity of God. Of the Vedas the Rig was held in such high esteem that a priest who had it by heart was absolved from all guilt. Brahma is more than once mentioned in the Code, but Siva and Vishnu never. Immemorial custom is very highly respected. It is described as "transcendent law" and "the proof of all piety." The effect of the religion of the Code on morals was wholesome, and the people generally bore a good character.

The arts of life are far from being in a rude state. Gold and gems, silks and ornaments are spoken of as being in all families. Elephants, horses and chariots are familiar as conveyances for men, as are cattle, camels and waggons for goods. There were, perhaps, a few great cities, the rest being no better than agricultural townships.

Men are enjoined to honour women; there is not the least mention

of Satis in the Code ; widow-marriage was common and was certainly not prohibited.

Generally speaking, the Code presents the picture of a peaceful and flourishing community. The Vedic religion had for centuries exercised great authority in India. But about the eighth century before Christ, an attempt was made to put it down. This was done by Kapila, who flourished in Magadha about that period. His Sankhya philosophy, which, as the first closely reasoned system of mental philosophy, has elicited applause even from the savants of Europe, is a direct attack upon the Vedanta ; the Sankhya was followed in the next century by Nyaya, or Logic, the founder whereof, Gautama, was also a native of Magadha. In the sixth century before Christ, Buddha who, like the other hero, also flourished in the same country, added to and improved upon the Sankhya philosophy. He was a religious reformer. Owing to the religious tyranny of the Brahmans, men's minds had been alienated from Hinduism, and were quite prepared to receive a more popular faith. The sage of Kapilavastu, rightly reading the signs of the times, promulgated his religion of humanity, and it is, therefore, no wonder that it was eagerly adopted by the people at large. Buddhism made rapid progress, leaving Hinduism far behind. From Magadha, which was the home of the new religion, it extended its influence far and wide until, in the third century before Christ, it reached the height of its power and glory. The Emperor Asoka made it the religion of the state. He also sent Buddhist missionaries to different parts of the world, and not only Asia but also Europe, Egypt and Africa resounded with the praise of Buddha and his doctrines.

With the invasion of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century before Christ, India came into direct contact with Europe. Seleucus, who had got Persia and the Indian provinces in the partition of the vast Macedonian Empire, made a treaty with Chandragupta, the emperor of Northern India, and stationed an agent in his court at Pataliputra. This agent was the well-known Megasthenes, who wrote an account of India as he found it. From the fragments which have been preserved to us it would appear that in his time India stood divided into many kingdoms and a few republics ; that Chandragupta exercised sovereign powers in Northern India as Porus did in the Panjab ; that the Indian people were broken up into several classes, and that these classes were fixed by hard and fast rules which did not allow inter-marriages between them ; that the practice of self-immolation by widows had been recently introduced ; that the Brahmans had commenced

to be employed as soldiers; that the monastic orders had only lately, sprung up; that the servile class had been completely emancipated. Of these changes which had taken place since the time of Manu's Code, the last was certainly an improvement. Megasthenes speaks highly of India and its people. According to him, the police was in excellent order; justice was well administered; and commerce had made considerable advance. The national character had not deteriorated, and the people extorted his praise by their courage, veracity, simplicity and integrity. The land revenue amounted to one-half of the produce, and this was because the land was the king's, and the farmers were his cultivators only. The village affairs were looked after by the heads of villages, and the town affairs by the heads of towns. Besides Surya, the god of light, and Indra, the god of rain, the Hindus worshipped the Ganges and other local divinities.

Chandragupta had conquered the whole of Bihar, but he could not extend his sway further eastward. This was done by his grandson, Asoka, who brought Bengal, Orissa and Kalinga under his rule. As the king was a staunch Buddhist, he tried to introduce his favourite religion into all his dominions. He succeeded in most places, but East Bengal clung to the old faith, Missionaries were, as usual, also sent to Orissa, but the bulk of the people remained Hindus. With the death of Asoka, Magadha began to lose its power and importance. At length, in the fourth century, it fell a prey to the powerful Gupta kings of Kanouj. Samudra Gupta, the bravest of these brave princes, extended his rule far to the east. Even the distant kingdom of Kamrup obeyed his commands and paid him tribute. In course of time the White Huns dealt the death blow to the Gupta power, after which Harshavardhana Siladitya became the sovereign of Northern India. His capital was Kanouj, where he was visited by the celebrated Chinese traveller, Hiouen Tsang, in 640 A.D. Before Hiouen Tsang, another Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, had passed some years in India. Both of them have left accounts of their travels, which are of very great value to the historian. Indeed, their accounts throw for the fifth and seventh centuries *after* Christ the same side-light on the actual state of India that the Greek accounts throw for the third and fourth centuries *before* Christ.

Fa Hian's accounts are, it is true, confined to details about Buddhist India, but nevertheless they give some insight into the state of the country through which he passed. Magadha was, as before, ruled by its own king, but its power was nothing in comparison with what it was in days

gone by. The seat of Government had been removed to new Rajagriha or Bihar. The old capital, Pataliputra, though deserted, was not in ruins. Here Fa Hian stayed for three years. Thence he went down to Champa, the capital of Anga, which, like Magadha, was also ruled by its own king. The traveller did not pass into Banga, but he visited Tamralipti in the south, which he describes as a great seaport. Here he remained for two years, after which he sailed to the island of Ceylon.

Hiouen Tshang's travels had a wider range. He made the circuit of the whole of India, and the accounts he has given of it are very interesting. Harsha-vardhana Siladitya was then the king of Northern India. He was a very mighty monarch, to whom no less than twenty-one princes paid homage. Even the king of Kamrup found it necessary to court his favour. Magadha as a kingdom had become a thing of the past. Pataliputra was then in ruins—a sad relic of its former power and prosperity. Champa, too, was not what it had been. But there had sprung up a new kingdom in Hiranyaparbata, which has been identified with Monghyr. Bengal was divided into five kingdoms, namely, Paundra-vardhana, Kamrupa, Samatata, Tamralipti, and Karna-suvarna. The first corresponds to Northern Bengal. East of Paundra-vardhana is Kamrupa, which apparently included in those times modern Assam, Kachar, Mymensingh, Sylhet, and probably also Manipur. The king, Bhaskar Varma, was a Brahman, and he bore the title of Kumar. South of Kamrupa was Samatata, which corresponds to East Bengal. To the south-west lay Tamralipti, which included modern Midnapur. Karna-suvarna corresponds to Western Bengal, and included also modern Murshidabad. Its king, Sasanka (Narendra Gupta) had defeated the former king of Kanouj.

Hiouen Tshang mentions the four castes among the Hindus, and describes the Vaisyas as merchants and the Sudras as agriculturists. He also notices several mixed castes. Like the Greeks, he was favourably impressed with the truthfulness and honesty of the national character. He praises the administration of justice. The produce of the royal lands was divided into four portions: the first went to pay the expenses of the kingdom; the second supplied the jahgirs for the officers of the state; the third was given to learned men; and the fourth was expended in gifts to Buddhists and Brahmans. He describes the taxes as light. Everyone possessed and cultivated some hereditary land, and paid a sixth part of the produce to the king who advanced the seed. There were transit duties at the ports of rivers

and on the highways, and the king possessed no right of forced labour, but was obliged to pay reasonable wages. There was a small standing army employed in guarding the frontiers and the king's person; the rest was levied in time of need; the governors, ministers and magistrates all received a certain portion of land, and were supported by its produce.

He also gives some curious details respecting the current literature. He particularly mentions the five branches of knowledge, viz., grammar, fine arts, medicine, logic, and metaphysics. He notices the four Vedas and devotes a short chapter to the several systems of philosophy. He also speaks of special functionaries who were charged with the duty of recording royal edicts and the narrative of events: this record of annals and royal edicts was called Nilapita—"the blue collection." It is very curious that every trace of these records should have vanished from India with Buddhism itself. This circumstance probably gave rise to the notion that historical writing was quite unknown to the ancient Hindus. Though the Buddhists were in the ascendant, the books of the Brahman̄s were also studied, as the traveller himself did during his five years' stay at the world-renowned monastery of Nalanda. Panini's grammar was in high repute, and no scholar could be said to have completed his studies who had not gone through it.

Harsha-var̄dhana died in 650 A.D. After his death India was devastated by war and famine; then followed a long period of darkness of which very little is known. In the ninth century the Palas conquered Magadha and ultimately extended their sway as far as the Bhagirathi. They never possessed East Bengal, which continued to be ruled by its own kings. Paundra-var̄dhana, in which they established their capital, they seemed to have wrested from the descendants of Jayanta, who ruled it in the eighth century. The Palas were in the plenitude of their power when in the tenth century Adisura, coming from the Deccan, took East Bengal and became its king. His successors drove the Palas out of Bengal and extended their power even over Mithila, where Lachsman Sen's era is still in use. The Yavanas (Buddhists) ruled in Orissa for a considerable period. They were at last expelled by Jayanti Kesari who began the Kesari line of kings. This dynasty reigned till the first quarter of the twelfth century, when they were superseded by the Ganga dynasty. The Kesaris were Saivas, while their successors were followers of Vishnu.

Like the Chinese traveller mentioned above, Abu Rihan, better

known as Alberuni, has left an account of his travels. This eminent scholar, who flourished in the eleventh century, was a native of Khiva. When Mahmud of Ghizni conquered Khiva, Alberuni was brought to Afghanistan as a prisoner of war. On being released he passed into India, and travelled over a considerable portion of it. His accounts of the Hindus are very interesting. He found the Vaisyas fast degenerating to the rank of Sudras; below the Sudras there were eight *Antaja* castes. As for the Haris, Domes and Chandals, they were considered as being outside the pale of the caste-system. The writer quotes largely from the Puranas and appears to entertain a favourable opinion of the Hindus. Indeed, he never withholds praise where praise is due. In his time the year commenced with the month of *Chaitra*.

In the beginning of the twelfth century we find India divided into many kingdoms, most of which were antagonistic to one another. Of these kingdoms, Delhi and Kanouj were most powerful, but as they were always at feud, they became weaker and weaker until, towards the close of the century, they were overpowered by the brave Afghans. Bihar was in the hands of the Palas, but their power too had long been on the wane. It is true, Bengal was ruled by the powerful Senas, but somehow or other king Lachmana had come to believe that Hindu rule was soon to give way to the Mussalmans. Thus all circumstances combined to pave the way for the Mahomedan conquest which was effected by Bukhtiar in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

It is an undoubted fact that the Hindus were once in a much higher position, both morally and intellectually, than they hold now, and that they had attained a state of civilisation not surpassed even by the most favoured of the nations either of antiquity or of modern times. Much of this improvement was effected in Bihar. Most of the hymns of the Rig Veda were certainly composed while the Aryans were in the Panjab. But law, logic and philosophy had their origin in Bihar. It is not known where the Code of Manu was compiled, but there is no doubt that the Institutes of Yajñavalkya, which are only next in importance to the Manava Dharma Shastra, were written in Mithila when it was ruled by Janaka. King Janaka was a very learned man, and the Pandits and the Rishis of his time were only too glad to receive instructions from him. His court was the resort of savants and sages, with whom he discussed questions as to the being of God and the nature of the soul. These discussions gave rise to what are called the Upanishads, and these Upanishads formed the basis of the six systems of philosophy. Both Kapila, the author of the Sankhya philosophy,

and Gautama, the author of Nyaya, flourished in Magadha. The religion founded by Buddha also originated in the same country. Buddha was a native of Kapilavastu, within the limits of Nepal, but the field of his labours lay in Magadha. Buddhism is an improvement upon the Sankhya philosophy. In the sixth century before Christ, Pythagoras had come to India and learned the Hindu system of philosophy. In fact, his science of numbers bears a close affinity to the Sankhya philosophy. Some European writers are of opinion that the Hindus borrowed from the Greeks ; but the fact is, that in the matter of philosophy, if not also in some other respects, the Hindus were, to use the words of Colebrooke, "the teachers, and not the learners." Buddhism made rapid progress ; but it did not become the State religion until the time of Asoka. Indeed, this Emperor, who was himself a zealous proselyte to it, raised it to the height of its glory. The third Buddhist council was held under his auspices in 242 B.C., in which the Buddhist Scriptures were settled once for all. The fame of Magadha and its king spread far and wide. Buddhism got the better of Brahmanism, and the Hindu Shastras ran the risk of being destroyed. The Sanskrit language received a severe check, and gave way to Pali, which was the language of the Buddhist scriptures. But in the first century before Christ when Vikramaditya ruled in Malwa, the Hindus recovered a considerable portion of their former influence. This celebrated monarch was a patron of learning and learned men. His court was graced by many poets and pandits of whom Kalidas was the most distinguished. But the influence of Vikramaditya was not much felt in Bengal or in Bihar.

Bihar distinguished itself not only in philosophy and religion, but also in science. It gave birth to the famous scientist, Aryabhatta, who flourished in the beginning of the sixth century after Christ. In his time the science of Algebra seems to have reached its height. Both Brahmagupta and Bhaskar-Acharjya, who lived in the sixth and twelfth centuries respectively, drew the materials for their works from him. Buddhism had held its own up to this time, after which it began rapidly to decline. But the persecution of the Buddhists had not commenced before the end of the eighth century. The path was shown by Kumarila Bhatta, and it was followed up by Sankara-Acharjya. Modern Hinduism was finally re-established when the power of the Palas was terribly shaken by the Senas. With the revival of Hinduism, Sanskrit learning took a new lease of life in Bihar and Bengal. The five Brahmans brought by Adisura from

Kanouj were all learned men, notably amongst whom were Bhattanarayan and Sri Harsha. The former was the author of *Veni Sainhara*, and the latter of *Naishadha*. Some of the Sen Rajas themselves were well-read Sanskrit scholars. Ballala Sen was a really learned man and his knowledge of the Shastras was much above the average. This appears from the several works which were composed by him. But his reputation as a literary man seems to have been eclipsed by his reputation as a social reformer. The order of nobility (Kulinism) established by him still exercises its influence in Bengal, and however deeply one might lament the baneful consequences which have flowed from it, it would be quite unjust to lay the blame upon the shoulders of its royal founder. Strictly speaking, the system has much to recommend it, and its abuse lies in the fact that what was intended to rest upon merit has in later times been made to rest upon birth. Ballala's son, Lachsman Sen, was also a learned man, but he was no equal of his illustrious father. However, his fame as a patron of Sanskrit learning stands higher than that of Ballala. Jagdeva, the author of the well-known lyric, *Gita Govinda*, was the first poet of his court, and it was on him that he very properly bestowed the title of Kabiraj—"prince of poets." Several other poets also adorned his court. His prime minister, Halayudha, was a great scholar, whose *Brahmana Sarwasya* is still held in high esteem. Indeed, during the dominance of the Sena dynasty, Sanskrit was largely cultivated and improved upon. Prakrit was the language of the common people. Pali, which was confined to Buddhist scriptures, had, with the decline of Buddhism, almost disappeared. Bengali was still in the womb, or had only just seen the light when the Afghans entered Bihar and Bengal as conquerors.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

THE ETERNAL MOTHERHOOD.

FAR back in the misty ages of the world the first man-child was born. And lo ! a beautiful Angel led him through the exquisite world of a child's ideal fancy. And he held her hand, for the love between the Angel and the child was great.

But as he grew, he waxed strong, and despising childish things, he essayed to walk alone. And the Angel said : " I am Life ; and thou wilt see me no more till thou meet death." And she left him.

Then the boy laughed, for the world was before him. And so he passed from youth to manhood, from manhood to an old age, and everywhere he sought for Life, and found her not.

And when the bitterness of old age was on him, and only the Past remained with him, he cried in his despair : " I am dead while I live ! Better far is it to find Death." And, trembling, he went out alone to meet her. And he met her face to face. But behold ! She was the long-lost Angel of Life, and he was once more a little child ; and holding her hand, he learnt of her the road to Immortality.

Which things are an allegory for the man who understands, and whose eyes God has opened.

In the Archaic Ages the East spoke to the West. And what was the message ?

Ever, through all the sublime imageries of the ancient Faiths stand forth in a halo of beauty and purity the figures of a Mother and her Child, the Celestial Virgin of all time, bearing in her arms her immaculate Offspring. The Archaic doctrine taught that the male principle (Jod) emanated from the female principle (Eva), the birth of the male was from an immaculate source, from the immaculate conception of the self-procreative feminine principle. The Mother precedes the Father. The universe, the manifestation of the Feminine Spirit of Creation, lies first concealed in the Divine Thought, the supreme Wisdom, the Logos.

"In the beginning, before Mother became Father-mother, the Fiery Dragon, the cosmic fire-mists moved in the Infinite alone," pre-supposes Hindu philosophy.

"I am all that is : I am all that hath been : I am all that will for ever be"—was the inscription on the temple of the veiled Isis of the Egyptians.

The earliest manifested Logos was always female. The Gods were the Sons of the All-Mother, before they became Sons of the Father. The Logos in China was Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, or the Manifested Voice, the Divine Mother of the Seven Sons of Elemental Forces.

"I, Wisdom (Sephira), was sent up from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was," is the Hebrew dogma.

Jav, the male manifestation of the hidden and supreme Shekinah, is the androgynous Deity of Judaism.

The Gnostics regarded the Holy Ghost as feminine, and Mother and Creator of all.

"My Mother, the Holy Ghost, took me," said the Christ, in affirmation of the instinctive intuition of mankind. Thus, in the childhood of the human race, the clear unbiassed mind of man, in touch with the Eternal Verities, intuitively recognised the Supremacy of the Feminine Principle throughout Creation. "Ancient life and philosophy was Femininity," says Professor Bjerregaard, "and as such it was in union with the Original, hence both great, good, true and beautiful." This then was the message the mystic inscrutable East, watching over the cradle of mankind, gave in the primal natural simplicity of human thought to her child of the far-distant West ; and now, gathering strength with the intervening æons, comes back from the daughter the echo of the mother's voice, with the wisdom of the ages and the research of the modern science superadded to substantiate and emphasise the supreme Truth revealed from the beginning of the world.

For every system, ancient or modern, religious or scientific, philosophical or materialistic, has presupposed a centre of force, of supernatural energy, as the source of cosmic activity. This supreme Central Will was primarily regarded as Feminine ; in the more modern theories, as the pristine intuition was obscured or lost, it was designated as Male. But it is only by discarding this illogical differentiation of

the One in a duality of Being, and definitely and irrevocably recognising the Cosmic Will, Principle or Energy as Feminine, that the great mystery of the Oneness of Sex, of the Alpha and Omega of existence, will be approximately understood by our finite minds. It is the One Life, the One Spirit, the One Creative Force; and in its separation *from itself*, in its varied manifestations in matter, commences the chain of necessitous changes upon which hangs the cosmos of evolution. The supreme diremption was the Son, the male principle, that to Eternity brought Time, to Life brought Death, to Light Darkness, to Construction Disruption, to Growth Decay. Part of herself, the All-Mother, it was, as it were, at war with herself, and the whole scheme of creation is based on the ultimate return of the Son to the Mother, for the separated Life to be re-absorbed, purified and perfected, into the Life. The creative Spirit has to permeate, imbue and inspire all matter; to cleanse, refine, transmute and purify the grosser elements to the finer, the grosser forms to the higher, to contend with and to conquer the elements of decay and death; and it is, in proportion as the creative Principle is imprisoned in the lower forms of matter, that its labours are most arduous, its power most limited by environment, and the contest most keen and prolonged. It sinks from pure Spirit in an endless chain of gradations to the elemental forms of inorganic matter, it rises on the ascending scale through organic matter to the sublimity of pure Spirit once more, and to union with its own Eternal Source.

Now, to demonstrate this statement, we will glance at the book of Nature, which it is well to emphasise is the *only Book* that has, as yet, been incontestably revealed to us as the manifested law governing the Universe. And what do we find? That throughout, the Feminine Principle and the Feminine organism are supreme. The Male Principle being the element set apart for ultimate elimination, and the Male organism of secondary biological importance, as a rudimentary development of the feminine.*

As before said, the history of evolution is the manifestation of Spirit in matter, of thought in form; the slow development of the cosmic Soul through all the varied phases of inorganic and organic life. For everything lives in Nature. "Raise the stone and there

* "Males are rudimentary females."—Professor Albrecht. *Anomalo*. February 1890.

thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I," the universal-gestating Spirit, forming, transmuting, evolving new combinations, new species, new developments, gradually, continuously, insistently.

"Out of the small beginnings the great doth grow," and organic life commences in a single protoplasmic cell in which are centred the varying constructive ascending processes of material growth, and also the descending destructive series of waste and change, consequent on things temporal. It is the register gauge of the dual manifestation of life—the primal source—the force that conserves and the force that expends. Construction and ascent to a certain point, then disintegration and descent to the primal elements, to rise and fall anew. And underlying all the outward manifold change is one basic purpose, viz., the perfectibility of the unit to a given standard.

It is, therefore, self-evident that these two life forces should always work according to the harmonious sequence of natural laws, or disorder would ensue. Taken broadly, the constructive tendency in the primordial cell is the factor working for good; the destructive tendency the factor working for evil; as good is by its very nature constructive, a building-up, strengthening, growing process, the causation of production. Evil is its antithesis, a disruptive, variable, destructive change, the product of waste and decay. Yet in Nature's mighty scheme is the evil to be overcome by the good—Siva the Destroyer shall be himself destroyed.

Now science has diagnosed the anabolic or constructive element as feminine, the creative maternal Principle, the katabolic or destructive element as masculine; and thus all organic life is a "continuous antithesis between two sets of processes—constructive and destructive metabolism."*

The female element, daughter of the All-Mother, first predominated† and controlled, by its inherent property of self-procreation, the masculine element of disintegration; for what was engendered of waste was re-absorbed, and any superabundance of growth in the primary organism was thrown off by the parent to become another self-producing daughter-cell of precisely the same composition and characteristics as the primal one. Like produced like. This was

* *The Evolution of Sex*, Geddes and Thomson, p. 26.

† The ancestral germ-plasms were of necessity in asexual reproduction wholly composed of the female element. See *Germ Plasm*, Wiesmann, p. 21

continuity of standard, the ideal culmination of Perfection. But Nature at this initial stage of evolution required something more ; an agent that should stimulate variety, and aid in making construction also development.

At some remote period of Life's history, the waste product was not reabsorbed, it separated from the parent cell and, possessing no inherent constructive properties, perished. Again the process was repeated, and the undeveloped cell, mobile and active, when exhausted, united itself to a larger constructive anabolic cell, thus renewing its existence. "The more anabolic or female cells are fertilised by the more katabolic or male cells, which have now gone too far for the possibility of independent development."*

The male organism was, therefore, Nature's initial failure in creative power. It was the extreme outcome of the expending Life-Force, the supreme act of diremption of the Feminine creative element. The male factor throughout the whole scheme of amphigonic reproduction of kind is thus made of necessity dependent on the female, first owes origin to her, and returns again to her to escape extinction. Therefore the variation that is attributed to the masculine element is truly a variation of the primordial creative feminine element, transmitted first by the mother to the son, and returned by him, to a female organism, as a chemical stimulation towards a fresh development, having acquired in the male organism a certain metabolic individuation for good or evil. The male is inherently errant, restless and variable, having no continuous specific sphere of action assigned by nature ; while on the female organism is thrown the whole responsibility of construction and production of species. Again, the female organism is the selector ; it is the main factor, through its individual metabolism, in determining the change that shall be of service in future developments, discarding and eliminating those growths that appear of no utility, and evolving to greater functional powers any nascent organ necessary for constructive purposes. These latter, moreover, depend upon other determining factors, such as environment, temperature and nutrition. Generalising broadly, deficiency of food, light, heat and moisture induce a preponderance of waste over repair, or katabolic

* *The Evolution of Sex*, Geddes and Thomson, p. 128.

disruptive processes, tending to the production of males ; while abundance of nutrition, light, moisture, heat, conduce to constructive anabolic habits and result in the production of females. In any case, it is the individual metabolism of the female that determines maleness or femaleness, and controls or evolves changes of structure. For, as the representative on the material plane of the one supreme Feminine Principle, the whole of inorganic and organic life passes through the female organism. As Darwin long ago pointed out, it is through the instrumentality of the lowly worm that the surface of the earth is influenced hygienically by light and air, so as to render it habitable for man. In like manner the female factor is the chosen medium by which nature transmutes the exhausted, materialised magnetic force of the male into the psychic electric constructive force of the feminine element. For, from the initial appearance of the male organism, the katabolic habit was kept within bounds by an *unconscious* obedience to a natural law of limitation. Construction, *i.e.*, the fruition of seed, the formation of the embryo, implies continued, resistless, persistent growth of anabolic cells undisturbed by katabolic influences. In plant life these conditions are insured. A similar provision is made for the development of the animal species through the long intervals of latent sexuality. Nature laid the human race under the same wise restrictions, to which man, through the agency of free will and reason, was to render *conscious* obedience, and thus keep in subjection those fundamental tendencies in his nature militating against his further physical, ethical and spiritual advancement ; which latter was dependent on the conservation of the feminine creative force within his own organism.

Now if we recognise that the aim of Creation is the harmony of the Whole, through the perfectibility of the unit to the Supernal Standard, we shall find that to attain this end Nature—the feminine principle, works in two ways: (1) by the elimination of that which is incongruous, useless and deleterious ; or (2) by the assimilation of the various to the One.

The perfection of the individual depends on complete harmony with environment, and in the present phase of mundane evolution, this state has only been approximately reached by the lowest organisms. First, in the unicellular asexual *Amœba*—given its natural habitat in the muddy shady pool—virtual immortality is the result,

as it divides and divides again in unceasing reproduction of itself. Thus this humble Protozoon is the incipient precursor of eternal life, and its condition is co-incident with the non-existence of the male element, and the complete absence of the male organism.

Rising in the scale to more complex organisms we find the Aphides, where, when food is abundant, assimilation active, temperature normal, and income above expenditure, parthenogenetic reproduction of females occurs for generation after generation, until hard times set in of mal-nutrition, and males again appear.

Relative harmony of the organism with environment thus involves the elimination of the male element, and consequently of the male organism. If we study further the life-history of the bee and the ant, those remarkable insects that have developed and perfected industrial, mechanical and social aptitudes still embryonic in man, we must be struck by the fact that it is the female alone which has attained to this height of instinctive efficiency; and that, amongst the bees, the elimination of the katabolic element is yearly brought about by the wholesale massacre of the males, the drones "who have a mother and no father."

With the ants, who have solved the struggle of economic existence by establishing community of interests, *i. e.*, mutual aid instead of individual competition, the same phenomenon occurs. The Queen-mother is supreme in the nest, the workers are non-productive females, the short-lived males come into existence for the nuptial flight, and then and there are excluded from the social industrial life of the gynarchic community.

The termites permit only one adult male within the precincts of the royal palace; the undeveloped males perish at the end of the summer, while the sterile female workers live on.

Thus we see that, where among the lower animals the ideal form of society, the *peuplade*, has been approximately reached (and after which polity all communities of men are more or less striving as the panacea for existing social and economic evils), the male element is an infinitesimal quantitative factor, and the male organism is virtually atrophied.

In every species of fish the female is the larger, stronger and longest-lived, while the fecundity of the maternal organs is proverbial.

If we turn to bird-life, where, as has been rightly said, the only true love idyls of the world are found, it is soon made apparent that upon the female devolves most of the nest-construction, the patient care of incubation and the feeding of the young. While the King of the feathered tribe should be correctly called the Queen, as the female of the Royal Eagle is the larger, stronger and fiercer of the two sexes.

Taking the mammalian group, of which man, though the most complex of organisms, is the latest addition, and, compared with the hoary antiquity of the ant and the bee, is but the child of the universe, the study of sociology has brought to light a number of indisputable facts corroborating the assertion that, in man, as in the lower species, the feminine element has throughout been the motive force in the development and higher civilisation of the race, through the medium of woman, the female organism, that has attained the greatest totality of functional complexity. As an American sociologist writes: "To give the feminine element its hard-earned but eternal supremacy of the masculine element has been the secret inspiration of all past history."

And in the human race, the most casual observer will discover how this end is being attained through the irresistible law of evolution, in spite of the short-lived usurpation of the human male over the natural rights of the female. I repeat, short-lived; for the spell of some few thousand years during which we can trace the rise of the patriarchy from the long preceding ages of the matriarchate, to the period of its apotheosis a few centuries back, and its rapid disintegration at the present time, is as a moment in the history of the race. And, upon this deviation from the natural law, mankind, in the coming ages, will look back as on an evil dream, and as the bitterest and most fatal of the many aberrations in the varied cycles of human experiences. The supremacy of the Eternal Feminine will be gained, not through the elimination or the extinction of the male organism by the crude and violent expedients of Nature among the lower species, but by a gradual and persistent assimilation of the many to the One, an integrating development of mankind to one ideal standard of perfectibility. Viewed in this light we see the truth of the mystic saying that the archetype "Adam, the first man, He was a woman." And, re-echoed by St. Paul in that little understood sentence, "The woman is the glory of the man."

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected," cannot by the logic of evolution leave her offspring the Son on a lower plane to herself.

And I would emphasise this aspect of the cosmic process now taking place before our eyes, by turning to the natural history records of the past; where we find that the chief aim of organic creation has been, with the gradual elimination of the male element of instability, decay and death, to bring the male organism to the same efficiency as the female. Beginning a separate existence as an undeveloped cell without even an alimentary canal, then as a parasite of the female, and the short-lived lover of an hour, the male, through all the ascending scale of organic life, has culminated in the Son of the Woman. The Son, who in a brief moment of physical and psychological obsession has spurned and enslaved the mother who bore him.

For taken in its widest, deepest, and most far-reaching significance, we must recognise how completely the scientific differentiation of sex has been worked out in the varied vicissitudes of mankind. For mark the inherent distinction between the two methods by which the female and the male elements influence and direct the subtle forces and changing conditions of existence. The Feminine Principle, through the female element and its representative, the female organism, works for the future to which the present is subordinate. Her goal is Eternity. Love for others is the keynote of the mighty cord which vibrates through the long ages of her self-diremption. Her aim is the perfection of that which is to be beyond the touch of change and time. The male element works only for self-salvation, for self-development, for self-expression for the present and for time. And, primarily, in the male organism, instead of conquest of self, the main object is conquest for self: the positive material objective of personal needs to escape death, instead of the conceptive spiritual subjective of future efficiency to perfect life.

Thus in the first dawn of sociology, when the matriarchal rule was supreme, and monogamy universal among the prehistoric races, life was restful, peaceful and progressive. Man was a tiller of the ground and a keeper of flocks. The brute reign of force had not begun; the female element kept within bounds the destructive kata-

bolic tendencies of the male through the exercise of mother-rule and feminine influence. Under that benign ægis were slowly and surely developing the industries, arts and sciences tending towards man's highest good, material and spiritual.*

As Professor Starr remarks:—"The world's industrialism and militancy began then and there. Man has been cunning in devising means of killing beasts and his fellow-men—he has been the inventor of every murderous art. The woman at the fireside became the burden-bearer, the basket-maker, the weaver, potter, agriculturist, domesticator of animals—in a word, the inventor of all the peaceful arts of life."†

"It is to women, I think," says Elie Reclus, "that mankind owes all that has made us men."‡

"It would not be difficult, had it been my task, to multiply examples of the ways in which women are leading evolution," is the conclusion drawn by Havelock Ellis in his exhaustive study of "Man and Woman."§

"For the highest ideals in civilisation, in humanitarianism, education and government, the way was prepared in savagery by mothers and by the female clan groups,"|| is the testimony of an eminent ethnologist to the worth of the creative principle in woman. Thus in the primal matriarchal ages woman was the Leader until man made himself the Master; and as love is the final goal of the universe, the human race would have found greater happiness and would sooner have evolved to a higher standard, if it had followed a Leader willingly, instead of being driven, exploited and ruled under compulsion by a Master.

In the archaic faith of Persia, upon which Zoroaster based his ethical code, there is a strange confirmation of the conflict between the two elementary factors, the good and the evil, the constructive

* "Potentially every woman, be she a mother or not, bears children, and in these children she attains the new life: self-consciousness and self-realisation. The names of these children are our sciences, arts, philosophies, industries; our homes, manners and morals, and our thoughts and deeds in the great, good, true, and beautiful; in short, the whole human life and activity.....these come from women, be they mothers, according to the flesh or not."—*The Eternally Feminine*, Professor Bjerregaard.

† *Woman's Share in Primitive Culture*, Professor Otis Mason, p. viii.

‡ *Primitive Folk*, p. 57.

§ *Man and Woman*, p. 393.

|| *Woman's Share in Primitive Culture*, p. 284.

and the destructive, in the allegory of the battle between the agriculturists, or the keepers of the kine, who were worshippers of Ahura the life-giving, all-glorious Light, and the wild men dwelling in waste places, the devotees of the powers of darkness, devastating and unproductive, thus portraying the feminine and masculine elements contending for supremacy. And History but too sadly reveals how, as the feminine factor was gradually despoiled of her kingdom and came under the subjection of the male, the reign of force and rapine began.

The katabolic tendency in man gained the upper hand, and leaving the Golden Age behind, as a tender mysterious memory of the world's childhood, the race entered upon the horrors of war, of violence, of sensuality, of greed, of conquests, and of the subjugation of the spiritual factor to the iron grip of the grossly material. From that time the progress of mankind was retarded, for every system of civilisation, painfully raised by men upon this fundamentally false basis of male ascendancy, bore within it the germ of its own destruction. Being opposed to Nature, being intrinsically artificial, man's autocratic usurpation of feminine prerogatives revealed its unstable origin in its futile experiments in social evolution. Society was always in a state of flux and reflux; of destroying one day the efforts of the last, of rising to a certain meretricious standard, and then falling back into the mire of physical and moral degradation. The superficial might of Nineveh, Babylon, Greece and Rome shrank and withered under the fatal disintegrating tendency of the male element, accentuated tenfold for evil through the violation of woman's eternal rights, and her consequent reduction to sexual slavery. "It was the spirit which was representative of the epoch of force; the true world-spirit of the era of the merciless, material, but omnipotent present"—the reign of brutal self-interest.

But throughout these dreary centuries of evil, the feminine factor, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," hindered and dwarfed in her constructive processes, restricted in the bestowal of her beneficent gifts, imprisoned and surrounded by katabolic influences, could only patiently endure, until by her own inherent vitality and creative powers she had brought the masculine element again under her

* *Principles of Western Civilisation*, Benjamin Kidd, p. 173.

control. And over the Western nations shines once more in ever-increasing brilliancy the star of woman's ascendancy.

"True civilisation," says an American writer, "is nothing more than the womanisation of brave men." In spite, therefore, of the enforced subjection, repression and degradation of the female organism, the feminine element, persistent as the vital constructive nucleus in man and woman, has yet worked slowly, insistently, to its destined goal; ever tending to make the male element less destructive, less aggressive, less brutal, less variable and restless in each successive generation, rendering humanity, as a whole, in greater or lesser degrees, nearer to the ultimate union of the creature with the creator, to the promised victory of the spiritual over the material, of Life over Death. Womanhood has in truth been put through a terrible probation of suffering during the katabolic supremacy of the male factor; the very Psyche of mankind placed under the heel of darkened, loathsome matter, which only through her instrumentality could be vivified, cleansed and regenerated at the primordial fount of health and life. We thus gage upon what strictly scientific grounds the Christ enunciated the mystic and significant doctrine, that unless a man be born again, *i.e.*, the katabolic or destructive tendency of his nature be eliminated, he could not enter the "Kingdom of God." His whole nature having to undergo a fundamental transmutation from the lower, grosser form of chemical affinities, to the higher combination of pure psychic activities.

And here there are obvious qualifications requisite in applying this definition to *man*, the term being used in the generic sense. Yet the most casual observer can detect in men of the highest civilisation an ever-increasing assimilation to womanliness, and a pronounced tendency towards the cultivation of feminine virtues. And as man approaches the great industrial age, of which the perfected social instincts of the bee and the ant are the precursor, this racial development will be more marked. The thoughts and aims of mankind will tend to peace; the feminine qualities will have precedence over the masculine attributes extolled in the reign of force. With the wisdom of serpents, men will yet be as harmless as doves.

Moreover, when the supreme truth is once fully grasped, that the feminine element, be it developed in men or in women, is the constructive, evolving, inspiring and spiritual force in the world, the

centre of human activities will be raised to another plane of thought and purpose, immeasurably higher than that which up to now has been one of shifty expediency and ephemeral impressions on the sands of time. The aim of all well-wishers to the race, of statesmen, patriots, philosophers and workers, will be to bring this knowledge of the basic causation of progress to bear practically on the science of life. All ranks will welcome the advent of women, as the organic representatives of the supreme Principle, into the wider arena of political and national activity; being assured by convictions founded on immutable and natural laws, that with their free co-operation in all the varying interests of the race, is interwoven, in an inextricable manner, both the social development and the consolidation of the civilisation that will endure the onslaught of Time and the crash of Worlds. Of the many changes to be foreseen, first and foremost will be a radical revolution in the whole system of education, which will be co-ordinate for both girls and boys, and formulated upon the inculcation of the feminine virtues as the one and only standard for perfectibility of character, for in them are included the so-called masculine without the gross materialism and brute force of the male element. Further, parents will study from infancy the katabolic, destructive tendencies of the masculine nature, whether appearing in boy or girl, and, by counteracting and eliminating them, foster the growth of anabolic or constructive faculties of body, mind and spirit. We see, as a rule, that from early childhood the dividing line between the two factors is strongly marked. The girl fondles her doll, the boy breaks his drum; the girl pets her kitten, the boy pulls off flies' legs. But, as generalisation always presses hardly on individuals, it is only necessary to emphasise the axiom that the supreme ideal is one for both man and woman. The false and illogical assumption that there can be a duality in the Perfection of the unit, or that Nature's aim can be focussed upon two points, has been at the root of man's futile efforts at self-development. But the dawn is at last breaking that will light the world to a better and fairer day, "to the opening of the Divine eyes in man," when, unhampered by an unnatural, antagonistic complexity of purpose and of desire, juster systems and purer codes will pave the way to the unity of the diverse parts, the absorption of the many in the One. Thus will commence the true evolution of the race; the con-

tinuous growth of spiritual faculties ; of the physical and psychological construction in the human organism of the highest and purest natural forces ; then will the creative functions complete their perfect work ; then will the true significance of attributes be recognised and understood of all men. For strength, the conservation of force—the basis of the Eternal Motherhood—will be protection ; courage, the expenditure of Force, will be conquest of self ; liberty for the unit will be service for all ; meekness will be fulness of inheritance, and renunciation be victory. Peace will reign through community of interests ; and Law will be Love, that seeketh not her own, and worketh no evil.

To sum up : From both the East and West one voice answereth the other. One gracious Spirit hovers over the human wilderness of dead ideals, and breathing upon them the breath of Truth, gathers the hopes and aspirations of the ages into one transcendental Form, the long-lost Soul of the World, waiting, as of yore, to regenerate her children, and to lead them on the upward path towards the Eternal Good and the one Divine Completeness.

FRANCES SWINEY.

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE.

An Interview with Dr. Patrick Manson, C.M.G.

IN the early part of 1901 the writer of this paper was under Dr. Manson's treatment for several weeks. During this time he had many occasions for conversation with the talented physician, whose name has lately been so much before the public in connection with that of Dr. Ronald Ross. After his convalescence, Dr. Manson took the writer over his school and hospital situated near the Albert Docks and also very kindly supplied him with a good deal of the literature on the subject. This information and that derived from the many conversations on the subject was afterwards embodied in the form of an interview and submitted to Dr. Manson for his supervision. The corrections made and suggestions added were very few, and the paper may therefore be fairly held to represent Dr. Manson's views on the subject, which cannot fail to be of interest, especially as he has added some personal reminiscences. The author has been careful to distinguish his own remarks from those of the Doctor, and the reader will therefore be able to see for what the latter is responsible.

What first gave you the idea of starting a School for Tropical Medicine?

The wish that I have always entertained that I myself had had the advantage of a course of training in tropical diseases, before I was sent out to treat them face to face.

But surely the principles of pathology, of diagnosis and of treatment are the same all the world over? What you had learnt in England would apply equally well to Hong Kong?

Ah! that is an objection which is often urged, but it is one that can

be easily answered. The application of these principles to practice in a tropical climate differs widely from that obtaining in a temperate one. Let me give you an example: a scientific Aberdeenshire agriculturist may be a successful grower of turnips in Aberdeenshire; but without special training and experience, notwithstanding all his science, he would, you will probably admit, be very likely to prove a failure as a coffee planter in Ceylon—just so with medicine. It is the knowledge of detail, special experience, special training, in addition to scientific apprehension of principles, that enable the tropical agriculturist to succeed in his special climate at his special work; it is equally the knowledge of detail, the special training and the special experience, *plus* a scientific apprehension of principles, that will enable the tropical practitioner to deal successfully with tropical disease. I speak with bitter experience of my own failures and of the mistakes I constantly see in others when I say that a physician may be competent to deal with disease in England, but sadly incompetent to deal with disease in Africa.

Can you tell me the tropical diseases for which such a special training is required?

Alas! I fear not. Some of them, of course, we know—by name chiefly, such as malaria, yellow fever, leprosy, elephantiasis and the other branches of filariasis, guinea-worm, black water fever and beriberi, &c., but unless a man is resident in the tropics, face to face, so to say, and in daily contact with them, what does he, what *can* he know of their nature and pathology? Here in England he has seldom an opportunity of seeing patients suffering from such diseases. There are, no doubt, frequent cases, principally amongst the shipping population of the docks, brought to England by ships from various quarters of the globe. From these a few practitioners may obtain some knowledge of the nature of the disease and may be able to diagnose it correctly; but what do they know of its origin? They may, perhaps, examine the blood from such patients and find therein bacteria and parasites, but they know nothing of the source they came from, of their life history, and of the effect they have upon the human body. These are instances of tropical diseases with the names and *diagnoses* of which the profession here in England has—of late years only—become more or less familiar, but there are others as deadly and as devastating in their effects for which there are not even recognised names, much less any definite knowledge of their nature and origin. Take for instance the so-called sleeping sickness, known also as the sleeping sickness of the Congo,

and sometimes as "negro lethargy." This is a disease so deadly in its effect that all who are attacked most surely die. We know of absolutely no remedy; and Corré, a French writer, who studied the disease in Senegambia, tells us that in some districts of the Lower Senegal it sweeps away whole villages at a time, half the people dying, and the remainder fleeing from the pestilence. The only knowledge that we have of this disease in England is derived from three cases sent by the benevolent enterprise of Dr. Grattan Guinness for purposes of study. But our knowledge goes no further than certain symptoms noticed in the treatment of the cases and from certain *post mortem* results—for all the cases proved fatal. At present we know absolutely nothing of its origin and still less of its cure.

With all due deference, Dr. Manson, it seems to me that on the old principle of *quis custodiet custodes*, the teachers in your tropical school will have to go through a course of study equally with the pupils.

No doubt that is correct. There are, of course, some subjects regarding which, specially of late years, we have acquired definite knowledge, which we are in a position to impart to others; this may be said to be true as regards malaria and filariasis; but there can be no doubt that as regards others, we, together with our pupils, are still groping in the dark; but could there be any stronger proof than this of the necessity of an institution where the diseases which affect nearly one-half of our enormous Empire with its hundreds of millions of inhabitants shall be thoroughly and exhaustively studied?

To what do you attribute the comparative ignorance of the English profession as to tropical diseases in general? We have been intimately connected with various parts of the tropics for hundreds of years, and medical men without number have been sent out during the last 200 years, who should surely have had ample opportunities of studying the various diseases on the spot.

In a great measure it must be attributed to the want of experience in these diseases amongst the leaders of the profession at home, amongst those who fill the professional chairs, who form the examining bodies, and who write the various text-books. Of course they can only write or teach about what they have experience of, namely, about those diseases with which they are brought into daily contact in the hospitals and in their general practice. The students, on the other hand, know that the questions that will be asked them in their examinations will have reference only to such diseases. They devote themselves, therefore, exclusively to their study and pass over whatever scanty information may

be available in the text-books. In this way hundreds of young men qualify every year as medical practitioners, who are absolutely ignorant of the diseases which are only to be found in tropical climates, and yet no less than one-fifth of this large army of doctors are either sent out to, or are liable to serve in, tropical climates, either in the Government services, in the employ of missionary societies, of trading corporations and companies, or as private individuals.

But once arrived in the tropics, and brought into contact with diseases peculiar to those climates, surely they have means of gaining experience?

No doubt that is true, and speaking from my own knowledge I can say that they gain that experience only after a series of failures and mistakes, but you must remember that even then they have not the same facilities either of mutually comparing their experiences or of publishing them for the information of others, that we have in England. In the first place, a medical man in the tropics can rarely call in the aid of a specialist when he is in trouble about the treatment of a disease, the symptoms of which may be new to him. He has to blunder through as best he can. Then, when he has gained his experience, it is more or less confined to a circumscribed local area; he has few opportunities of publishing it to the medical profession generally, for it is to Europe chiefly that all medical men look for light and leading. Moreover, you must remember that these men are hardly represented on the medical teaching, graduating, or legislating bodies, and so it comes about that their opinions do not make themselves felt and a much needed reform is delayed. Again, the medical man in a lonely tropical station has scarcely any of the facilities for microscopical study and research—even if he had the time—which his brethren enjoy in Europe. No, a thorough knowledge of tropical diseases can only be taught in a large central metropolis like London, in which not only can tropical cases be treated, but to which its *alumni*, sent out into different quarters of the globe for that very purpose, can send their reports where they will be studied and criticised and eventually be made use of; an institution which will be furnished with all modern appliances and scientific instruments, by means of which the student can learn what to look for and to recognise it when found.

What advance, may I ask, has your new London School of Medicine made towards this goal during the fifteen months of its existence?

Well, of course, as yet the school is only in its infancy; but still we have some important results to show, which, if we are able to follow

them up, may lead to a revolution in the knowledge of at least one of the most deadly of tropical diseases, viz., malarial fever, but before I touch upon that, I would mention that up to this time 96 students have joined the college. These are all graduates, and come from or are destined for nearly all parts of the world. They belong to almost every branch of the profession, and amongst them we have army and navy doctors, missionary doctors, private practitioners, lady doctors, Germans, and Swedes, American and even a Japanese graduate. Two of them have been selected and appointed as Lecturers in Tropical Medicine, namely, Professor Guiteras in the University of Havannah and Staff Surgeon Bassett-Smith, R.N., in the Naval Medical School at Haslar. Not only has the school attracted the attention of foreign scientists, since we have been honoured with visits from Professors Ehrlich, Blanchard, Calmette, Dantee, Niemann, Nocht and the Inspector-General of the Japanese Navy, but Germany has followed our example and has recently instituted a similar school in Hamburg, whilst France, not to be left behind, has decided to establish two Tropical Schools, one in Paris and the other in Marseilles.

Yes! No doubt imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but what about malaria? I have read a good deal lately about the influence which the mosquito has upon malaria. Has this new departure anything to do with your new school?

Indeed, it has a very great deal to do with it. The idea of some blood-sucking insect being a transmitting agent in malarial fever originated some years back from some researches which I was conducting regarding the life history of *filaria* in filariasis. I started the hypothesis that this might possibly be the mosquito, since that insect is generally found in regions where malarial fever prevails. The idea that I had formed from microscopic examinations of the *filaria* had for some time been prevalent elsewhere. Thus the negroes of the Usambara Mountains, who acquire the disease when they descend to the plains, use the same word to denote the disease and the mosquito. In Assam, Italy and in Southern Tyrol, the belief in the mosquito origin of malaria obtains. Experienced travellers have frequently advised the use of mosquito curtains, though it is probable that they did not think of them as a protection against the insect so much as a kind of filter for the supposed miasmatic poison. There, however, the matter rested, and would probably have remained had it not been for Surgeon-Major Ross of the Indian Medical Service, to whom I propounded my theory in 1894. Ross was returning to India and promised to take the matter up. He knew exactly

what he had to look for. It is now some years since Laveran discovered in human blood what has since been called the malarial parasite, and is now universally recognised as such. Ross's task was to try and discover whether this parasite was to be found in the mosquito. Now this was by no means an easy task, for there are several hundreds of different kinds of mosquitoes, and it was scarcely to be supposed that every kind of mosquito was equally capable of spreading the disease, since we know that there are many regions, such as the north of Sweden and Norway, which are infested with mosquitoes but which have no malaria. This is indeed what proved to be the case. For more than two years Ross examined almost every kind of mosquito he could get hold of under the microscope, but could find no trace of the Laveran parasite. These examinations were principally carried on at Secunderabad in India, which is not a pronounced malarial district, but where undoubtedly a good deal of malaria exists. Most men would have given the matter up, but not so Ross. I would refer you now to an article in the October number of the *Quarterly Review* for 1900, which gives a very correct account of Ross's research, and which has been the first lay organ to publicly give to him the credit which is undoubtedly his due for courage and perseverance. Dr. Ross was on the Nilgiri Hills, one of the approaches to which on the Mysore side is known as the Seegoor Ghat. It has a deadly reputation for malaria and no traveller ever ventures to spend a night on the ghat but always makes the journey by daylight. On this ghat for the first time Ross noticed a mosquito with spotted, or as he calls them dappled, wings, which lays boat-shaped eggs. Later, he caught several specimens of this mosquito and allowed them to bite a malarial patient. These insects were afterwards microscopically examined organ by organ. Six of them yielded no results, but the seventh and eighth showed the characteristic black pigmented cells of malarial fever. Ross's next step was to catch a number of sparrows and cause them to be bitten by a special species of mosquito infected by a kind of malaria parasite special to birds. In due course the sparrows suffered from malaria, and their blood showed the characteristic bodies. Ross then allowed some uninfected mosquitoes to have access to the infected sparrows, and after a short time an examination of these mosquitoes showed that they had become infected with the malarial bodies and parasites. *Culex*, as this genus of mosquito is called, then stood convicted of being the medium through which the malarial parasite can be carried from one bird to another, and the chain of evidence was complete. The theory I had started in 1894 seemed now to be an established fact,

but there still remained wanting the practical test and its application to human malaria. The Italians worked out the details of the mosquito life of the human malaria parasite. They are identical with those of bird malaria but require a different kind of mosquito—anopheles. I was enabled to give striking confirmation of the theory by means of the Tropical School. Owing to the munificence of the gentleman whose name it bears, a sum of money yielding £ 300 a year has been set aside for the endowment of the Craggs travelling scholarship. This scholarship had been awarded during the year to Mr. G. C. Low, M.B.C.M. Having received the support and sanction of the Colonial office, to the aid of which we owe our existence and to which I shall allude later on, Mr. Low and Dr. Sambon were sent to spend a malarial season in the Roman Campagna. This was during the autumn months of last year (1900). These two observers took no precaution against malaria other than the avoidance of mosquito bites. They went out freely during the day time, slept with their windows open, and inhaled the reputedly pestilential marsh air. They invariably went indoors before sunset and this was the only precaution they used. The windows and double door of the hut, especially built for the experiment, were protected by a fine-meshed copper wire gauze, with the result that although they could see numbers of mosquitoes trying to effect an entrance these were unable to do so. The two English observers and their companion experimenters remained in this hut during the worst time of the malarial season, August, September and October, and although practically everyone in the neighbourhood contracted a severe form of malaria and in one house not more than 50 yards away everyone suffered intensely from the disease, they remained absolutely untouched by it. This experiment, which could not have been carried through without considerable courage and self-sacrifice, proves that—absent the mosquitoes—the reputed pestilential marsh air is unable to communicate the disease. The next step was to ascertain what influence the infected mosquito would have upon a healthy Englishman in a country where malaria is not endemic. Accordingly, a special species of mosquito (*anopheles claviger*) was allowed to feed on patients suffering from malaria in the San Spirito Hospital at Rome. These insects were then transported to London in specially made cages, and on arrival were fed on two healthy young Englishmen (one of whom was my son Mr. P. T. Manson, of Guy's Hospital). These men were thoroughly bitten by three separate batches of infected mosquitoes, and were duly attacked by malarial fever of a severe type. After the fever had lasted for three days, the characteristic malarial

parasite was found in the patients' blood. Its presence was verified by myself and several other medical men. Quinine was then exhibited and the patients duly recovered, the malarial parasites disappearing from their blood with the disappearance of the disease. This second experiment proves conclusively that—absent any supposed poisonous marsh atmospheric influence—an infected mosquito is able to communicate the disease to a thoroughly healthy individual.

I am afraid, Dr. Manson, that after these experiments any jury would find the *anopheles* guilty. So I suppose your theory is now proved and your opponents are dumb.

I think we can say that we have proved our case as far as the mosquito is concerned, but our campaign against the disease malaria is by no means over. In fact it has only just begun, and it is to my Tropical School that I look for reinforcements to carry on the war to a successful termination.

How so?

It becomes clear that before our knowledge of malaria and filariasis can be anything like complete, a number of other researches must be made and experiments undertaken. I will only indicate a few. For instance, certain countries, with apparently suitable climates and offering suitable hydraulic conditions, are nevertheless free from malaria and free from filariasis. Does this immunity depend solely on the absence in these countries of appropriate species of mosquito? Certain countries are malarial, but are free from filarial disease. Does this depend on the presence of malarial mosquitoes, and the absence of filarial mosquitoes? Other countries are afflicted with filarial disease, but have no malaria. Does this depend on the presence of the filarial mosquito and the absence of the malarial mosquito? Finally, in some countries we find malarial and filarial disease flourishing side by side. In such countries both kinds of mosquito must be present. How are these things to be explained? The correct solution of all these problems can only be arrived at after a series of experiments in the different countries themselves. They should be conducted by men trained in our school who will be sent out for the purpose, who will know what to look for and have learned how to treat it when found, who will communicate the results of their experiments to headquarters, where all the information thus acquired will be tabulated, compared and properly arranged. These are but a sample of the many problems in tropical disease which at the present moment cry for solution. Not only does their solution demand enormous and earnest labour, but also the constant and syste-

matic expenditure of large sums of money, for whilst these experiments are being carried on the operators must be maintained. We must have special operators, whose principal if not exclusive duties will be to conduct and report on their experiments. We cannot trust to the casual researches of men, however able and zealous they may be, who can only carry on their experiments at intervals occurring after the discharge of their ordinary duties. I will give you one example. If we were able to offer a solution of the problems connected with the mosquitoes of malaria and filariasis, which I have just described, it might lead to results, as regards the prevention of these diseases, of the highest practical as well as epidemiological importance. Such an investigation would extend over a considerable period of time, say one or two years. With this object in view, I suggested some months ago, after the important results of the Campagna experiments, that an expedition should be sent to several of the Pacific Islands. In some of these, as in Samoa, there is no malaria, in others malaria is known to be endemic and plentiful. In the one the investigators would study the local mosquito fauna exhaustively and in the others they would do the same. They would then transport stocks of malarial mosquitoes from the malarial island to the one free from malaria, and then endeavour to breed them, of course under laboratory conditions. They would then, by placing in their aquaria various plants and animals peculiar to the immune island, endeavour to find a something inimical to the malarial mosquito, and in this way we might be able to find out what favoured and what repressed them.

Is such an expedition likely to be sent ?

I am glad to say that it is now within the reach of possibility. The estimated cost of the expedition is £2,000 and an appeal having been made by the Epidemiological Society for this sum, a gentleman (who does not wish his name to be disclosed) has promised £500, and we trust that before long the remainder will be collected. What, however, is essentially necessary is that our Institution should be sufficiently endowed so that we should not require to make a special appeal whenever such experiments have to be carried out, but should possess funds of our own from which to meet them.

What at present are the funds of the Institution ?

They are exceedingly limited. Mr. Chamberlain was one of the first to recognise the want and the importance of such a School, and he and the Foreign Secretary of State gave us a contribution of £3,350; the Secretary of State for India has given us £1000, and contri-

butions have been received from H. M. the King of the Belgians, and from many of the large trading corporations having commercial interests in the tropics, as well as from private individuals. Altogether we have received about £6,000 besides the endowment of a travelling Scholarship to which I have already alluded.

How has this money been spent?

In the equipment of the School, in providing the necessary appliances, and in building residential chambers for the students.

Where is the School located?

At the Albert Docks in close proximity to the Seaman's Hospital. Our branch hospital is, in fact, part of that Institution, and is under the same board of management and paid for out of the same funds. The school is secured, in a sense, by the hospital, though as regards its teaching fund it is distinct. So far we have managed to pay expenses from students' fees, but of course the teachers have no payment, and the permanent staff only a very meagre stipend. This is not sound business, but we live in the hope that the public will come forward when they know more about it and put us on a proper and more liberal basis, so that we may be enabled to get the very best men, and an adequate residential staff and appliances.

What is the total sum which you estimate is required to make the School thoroughly efficient?

About £10,000 or £15,000 for the thorough equipment of the School and a hundred thousand for the endowment of chairs and studentships. This would yield about £3,000 a year, surely a very small sum for our enormous empire to contribute towards such an object. In a commercial sense it would be a better paying investment than the Suez Canal shares, and as a stroke of statesmanship it would rank higher than I should like to say, lest I should be deemed a monomaniac. I speak of it as a paying investment, apart from the enormous benefits which accrue from it to tropical humanity in general. Would you like to have some idea of what the present cost to the Empire is from tropical diseases?

Indeed I should.

Well, here are the figures for one of our colonies. Multiply them by 20 and you will form some faint idea of the annual cost to the Empire from sickness amongst the higher European officers. These figures do not include the rank-and-file of Europeans. Chief of the endemic diseases is malaria. It is the great disease of the tropics. It is the principal cause of sickness and death there, and of social stagnation. It is the king there, and, like some brutal

tyrant, it blasts its subjects and its kingdom. It, and practically it alone, is the reason why Africa is the Dark Continent; why some, in fact most, of the fairest and most fertile regions of the earth are but howling wildernesses covered with worthless jungle and inhabited only by wild beasts and a sprinkling of wilder men. Five millions die annually of fever, principally malarial, in British India alone. That figure, heavy though it be, conveys no idea of the amount of suffering, of invalidism and poverty entailed on India by this one disease. Over one-third of our soldiers there, European and native, suffer annually from malaria. Apply this proportion to the whole civil population, and we can get some idea of the aggregate amount of suffering malaria means to India. It is even worse, in this respect, with many other tropical countries. When we describe a tropical country as "unhealthy" we really mean that it is malarious. West Africa is unhealthy. Apart from humanitarian considerations, see what this fact means to our Colonies in tropical Africa. It more than doubles the cost of government. Here is a table kindly prepared for me by Mr. Turton, of the Colonial Office. It shows the invalidings and deaths during the year 1896 among the Government servants in one of our West African Colonies—the Gold Coast. Of 176 European officers, 25 were invalided to Europe and elsewhere, 10 died within the Colony, 5 of those invalided died after leaving the Colony in consequence of diseases contracted there; thus, between death and invaliding, the services of 28·4 per cent. of the Colonial officials were lost to this Government. The death-rate was 85·2 per thousand—about 1 in 10.

In India alone, out of 6,980,785 deaths in 1892, 4,921,583 were ascribed to fever. During the year 1897 over 5 million deaths were attributed to the same cause, and out of a total strength of 178,197 men in the British army in India 75,821 were treated in the hospital for malaria. Amongst natives the average death-rate from malaria is 18 per thousand, and out of every thousand soldiers in India in 1897, 420 were attacked by malaria, though only one in a thousand died. In Sierra Leone, a district much more fatal than any in India, the average death-rate of the white troops, based on hospital records extending from 1892 to 1898, is estimated by Major L. M. Wilson at 42·9 per thousand, whilst that of the coloured troops is 5·9 per mille. From the statistics it appears that of our soldiers in India three out of every seven suffer from an annual attack of malaria sufficiently pronounced to temporarily incapacitate them, whilst our soldiers on the coast of Africa have an average of at least two attacks a year, and

a considerable number of them die. These figures alone will give you an idea of the annual loss to the Empire in money and in wastage of power due to malaria. Think for one moment what would be the gain to our colonies and dependencies were this ever floating cloud of malaria, that hangs over them, dispelled. What I maintain is that this cloud can be dispelled, and that it is in our power not only to mitigate, but ultimately to reduce to a minimum, this awful loss of life and money.

What! Disease surely arises from climate: can you change the climate of a continent?

No! But you are wrong in supposing that disease does arise from climate. It is a common and misleading fallacy to think that it does. *Disease may be influenced by, but it cannot be caused by climate.* Disease is caused by beasts and plants and we have dominion over these. To compete successfully with beasts and plants all we require is knowledge, and the skill and the will and the opportunity to apply it. We can cut down the mightiest oak, and we can draw forth leviathan with a hook. If we can do this, surely we can subdue the feeble bacterial and the feeble protozoal germs of disease.

All that you want, therefore, is the means of acquiring, disseminating and applying knowledge. That does not seem much to ask for; and when the world-spread interests of our Empire are considered, it is surely what you have a right to expect. But tell me, why did you establish your school in such an out-of-the-way place as the Albert Docks?

No doubt, from the student's point of view, a more central position would have been desirable, but as a matter of fact no more suitable spot in Great Britain could have been selected, since at the docks ships arrive from all parts of the tropics in larger numbers than elsewhere. The proximity of the hospital and school to the docks allows of immediate admission, thus affording ready opportunity for the treatment of patients, and the observation and study of tropical diseases in their acute stages, and as Lascars, Negroes, Chinese and all other coloured natives object to be taken far away from the ships they arrive in, and regard removal to a distance from the Docks with suspicion, if not with actual fear, it was necessary, in order to secure the presence of the "native" class of patient, to sacrifice the convenience of the student to some extent. After all, it is not so very far removed. It is within two minutes' walk of the Connaught station, G. E. R., which is reached from Fenchurch Street in about 20 minutes. The residential system has proved very advantageous to the student. It has enabled him to take

every opportunity of observing the acute cases of tropical disease in the wards, and by living with the Superintendent and others having tropical experience, the young practitioner has been able to obtain advice on many matters which cannot fail to be helpful to himself and of benefit to his future patients. The school is gradually becoming a centre for those interested in tropical diseases. Trading and other corporations apply for advice on matters affecting the health of their employees, and select their medical officers as far as possible from among the students. Nor have the students themselves shown any want of interest, as may be gathered from the fact that their average attendance at lectures and demonstrations has been over 90 per cent. No; I have every reason to be satisfied with what has been accomplished during the last eighteen months since the school was founded. The school has shown what it is capable of accomplishing and all that we now want is the liberal support of Government and of the public to enable us to accomplish the task that lies before us, from which, as we hope, will flow an incalculable benefit to the world in general and to our Empire in particular.

I cannot help admiring the pluck and devotion of the small body of men, who have thus banded themselves together to compete with the giant forces of tropical disease. You certainly deserve help and eventually success.

We are fully aware of all the difficulties that lie before us, and in fact we have chosen for our seal the device of Hercules strangling the Hydra. The task before us is a Herculean one, but I see no reason that we should on that account be afraid to grapple with it. All that we ask is that as there are men who are willing to devote their lives to this work, the least that the public can do is to provide them with the necessary facilities. Who would have thought a couple of years ago that we should be able to prove that there is no such thing as the deadly miasma of the Roman Campagna, and that any one may live there throughout the worst part of the year, immune from malaria, if he will only take the most simple precautions?

By the way, although Mr. Low and Dr. Sambon were the adventurous knights on this occasion, and your son here in England, the actual success of this experiment seems in a large measure to be due to the patient researches of Surgeon-Major Ross. If I may ask, how did you first come across him?

I first met Ross in England. He was home on furlough and came to see me about the malaria parasite. He had been working most diligently in India on the malaria question, but could not get ahead. We

soon got on sound lines with the result that you know. Ross is a very good worker; self-reliant, original and bold. He thinks for himself and has his brains in the points of his dissecting needles. He is generous in acknowledging the work of others, never claims what is not his own, and above all he is strictly truthful. I know no man who has followed the light of reason through so many difficulties and with such persistence. It has always puzzled me why India, when she had him, did not keep him. We are not so rich in original talent that we can afford to part with it so lightly. Ross never degenerates into the mere microscopical preparation maker or forgets the purpose of the preparations, but forges steadily ahead every day, adding some new fact to the pile which by and by, culminates in the discovery of a principle. The Indian Government should have retained Ross on his own terms. They did not exactly stone the prophet, but they went very near ignoring him.

You too have been following up the malarial parasite for a great number of years and must have many an anecdote to relate about him.

Yes ! I was led to the pursuit of the malarial parasite by Lewis' discovery of the *filaria sanguinis hominis*, the mystery and romance of which fascinated me so much that I set to work to find out if this parasite occurred in China. I made up my mind to examine the blood of 1,000 natives. I trained Chinese assistants to help me in this tedious task, and when I struck upon the singular fact that the filaria comes into the blood during the night and leaves it during the day, I trained two natives who were themselves the hosts of this parasite, to work out, during six weeks, the march of the periodicity of their own blood-worms. As I had to attend to my practice I could not myself afford the time or do without sleep at night as well as during the day. This parasite and a similar parasite have on two occasions nearly cost me my life. Early in my acquaintance with the filaria I recognised that the animal as seen in the blood was only an embryo, and inferred, therefore, that the parent worm must be present somewhere in the tissues. Post-mortems in China are not to be had. I thought I saw my opportunity. A native Christian was dying of heart disease. I knew he had blood-worms and I knew he was poor. He had a wife and children who were unprovided for. I made him an offer of two hundred dollars (about £40), if he would direct that after his death his body should be given to me for dissection. He agreed, and a proper document was drawn up. Shortly afterwards he died. His widow claimed the money and I was allowed to dissect the body. The house was in the middle of a large Chinese town. I had hardly commenced the dissection when

my brother and I were alarmed by a growing noise outside the house. The noise grew louder and louder. We were told that a mob had gathered and was anxious to know what the "foreign devils" were doing. Needless to say we left our dissection and left as quickly as possible by a back door! Again, a year or so after I came to London, I found a peculiar blood-worm, *filaria perstans*, in the blood of a Congolese. I tried to find other Congolese in order to ascertain whether in their blood they carried the same parasite. I heard there was a Congolese in Hanwell Asylum—a lunatic. I went there and found in his blood the parasite in question. I paid several visits to the Asylum, pricking the man's finger and examining the blood on each occasion many times. One day I had been very intently engaged on this, and had not observed that the patient—a big muscular negro—was becoming very impatient. I had just got a drop of blood arranged under the microscope and was pressing down the tube, when the lunatic shouted out "Have you not enough yet?" and seizing the microscope by the heavy brass stem and raising it above his head, he was about to brain me, when the Superintendent of the Asylum, who was writing beside the bench at which I was working, grasping the situation, seized the infuriated lunatic's arm and saved me from a fractured skull. Attendants, hearing the scuffle, came in, and removed the man, struggling and shouting and smashing the pictures as they hurried him through the gallery! This search of mine to find out what became of the *filaria* during the day strangely enough led me to another discovery of a quite unexpected nature. I had an idea that possibly the *filaria* took refuge in the lungs, but had no means of testing the truth of this theory. All I could do was to examine the sputum of blood spitters whom I might come across. One day a Chinaman came into my room about some trifling skin disease he was suffering from. While speaking to him, he began to cough and brought up a little blood, which native-like he did not hesitate to deposit on my floor. I picked some up with a forceps, and placed it under the microscope, in the hope that it might contain the worms I was looking for. Judge of my astonishment when I found that instead of worms it was full of minute eggs. On inquiry I found that this man came from a place where blood spitting was common. I sent to friends for specimens of the expectoration of such patients, and had the satisfaction of finding that in every instance the sputum contained the eggs. In this way I discovered a hitherto unrecognised disease—*endemic hamoptysis*—which is very prevalent in Formosa, Japan and Corea, and doubtless elsewhere. Eventually I found out what became of the worms during the

daytime, and this also by a mere stroke of luck. A patient, the subject of filarial infection, committed suicide at 8 a.m. one morning. That is just the time when the worms leave the cutaneous circulation in order to hide somewhere. When conducting the post-mortem I found that what I had merely suspected was quite true, and that the lungs were full of them. Why they should do this I cannot tell ; but this is the fact.

The clock struck eleven and I rose to go, after first thanking Dr. Manson for the mass of interesting information which he had given me.

The foregoing gives much food for thought and there are some points which are especially deserving of notice and would seem to at once strike a layman.

First of these is the happy-go-lucky way in which the Government has treated a science on which so much depends, not only financially but also morally. The stability of our Empire depends in a very great measure upon the health and physical efficiency of our troops. If at any given crisis three out of seven of our soldiers are incapable of active service owing to sickness, it means that we are bound to maintain an establishment four-sevenths larger than would be required, if such sickness were absent. If, then, such sickness is capable of prevention or of alleviation, no expenditure of money or of labour would seem to be extravagant. But, as a matter of fact, research is discouraged, and too often in the Indian Medical Service an energetic officer is at once dubbed a faddist and a nuisance. Originality is not encouraged, but rather the reverse, as is exemplified by the treatment which Surgeon-Major Ronald Ross received for the splendid work he did in India. "It makes my blood boil to think of the way that the Government of India treated Ross," writes a member of the I. M. S. to the author of this paper, and there can be no doubt that this feeling of indignation is largely prevalent throughout India. The next thing that strikes an outsider is the fact, that although so large a portion of our Empire is spread over tropical regions, so little is done towards the training of the medical officers in special knowledge. In the same way that we have drifted into Empire, our doctors are allowed to drift into a knowledge of how to deal with tropical disease. It seems absurd that all the Government aid given to an institution like the School of Tropical Medicine should be something under £5,000, and that the encouragement of research is almost entirely dependent upon private liberality ! The

investment of half a million sterling would mean an annual burden of some £15,000, and what would this be to an Empire extending over the whole world and comprising some 600,000,000 of inhabitants? All credit to Mr. Chamberlain for his far-sightedness and public spirit in daring to make a beginning, but if this is all the Government can do, is there no private millionaire philanthropist who will follow his lead and establish for himself an undying name and reputation as a benefactor of the human race? * It would seem that without some such aid as this, even the Hercules of medical science will have to relinquish the struggle with the dragon of tropical disease as a task beyond his power!

After all that has been said and done in the matter of malaria alone, the men who with scanty thanks have devoted their lives to research are still more or less groping in the dark. There are still some missing links which must be forged up before the chain is complete. Granted that the mosquito spreads the disease, what is it that causes the germ which the mosquito carries from one human being to another? The *anopheles* exists in England, where malaria is not endemic, and malaria exists in places where the *anopheles* is not to be found. These missing links can only be forged after years of research and after the sacrifice of much money and many lives. The men are there, ready and willing to devote their time and to risk their lives in the cause of humanity; is there no one who will come forward with the necessary money? What better object could there be in this Coronation year than the ample endowment of an Imperial Institute for the study of tropical medicine? The time is ripe. Surely the man will be forthcoming!

J. D. B. GRIBBLE.

* Mr. Bomanji Dinshaw Petit has since presented to the London School of Tropical Medicine the princely sum of Rs. 1,00,000.

THE CHRIST-IDEAL IN THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

I.*Views of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy.*

THE Brahmo Somaj movement is a concrete development of the principles of pure, spiritual Theism, allying itself with all that is best and noblest in the great world-religions, and while aspiring after the attainment of a Universal Faith for all mankind, it has been aiming at a thorough and conscientious readjustment of the social factors of Indian life, based on truly national lines and at the same time consistent with the exigencies of the times. Founded in 1830 by the famous Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, whose vast learning and subtle intellect combined with sincere piety and remarkable public spirit not only raised him to a superior position among his own countrymen but attracted the interest and admiration of many leading men in Europe and America, the Brahmo Somaj first became an organised institution under the guidance and protection of Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore, who joined the Somaj some years after the Rajah's death, which took place in England, in 1833. The Maharshi, who is still alive and is esteemed as the patriarch of the Brahmo Somaj, has been for about sixty years devoting to its cause an ample portion of his princely income, and he has also contributed to it the far greater wealth of a calm, deeply meditative spirituality. In the prime of his life, Maharshi Devendra Nath found an ardent disciple and co-worker in Keshub Chunder Sen, while the latter was still a very young man. Their union gave an unexpectedly vigorous impetus to the movement. The fine spiritual mould of Keshub's character, with its well-marked individuality, already strongly formed under the stress of a singularly scrutinising self-examination and a passionate prayerfulness, was now fired up with a burning enthusiasm which

found for some time full play in a hearty and loyal co-operation with the deep-souled elderly man who looked upon him as his own son and seemed to rest all his hopes in him. But this happy union did not last. After a few years they separated, the Maharshi practically retiring from active work and Keshub chalking out for himself an independent career.

It is needless to enter here into any details as regards the various causes that led to this rupture, which was apparently so unfortunate, but which was actually the means of raising the Brahmo Somaj to an immensely higher position than it had ever attained before. Suffice it to say, that the ideals of the two men were intrinsically different. Keshub Chunder Sen had from the beginning of his religious life largely assimilated the spirit of Christ, but the Christ-Ideal in him was never welcomed by his leader. Keshub displayed a marvellous many-sidedness of religious culture, but the one thing which overruled all and harmonised all was this Christ-Ideal. He believed that the Brahmo Somaj movement was a Dispensation of God; there had been many other Dispensations from time to time, and this one was the New Dispensation, which came to harmonise all prophets and all scriptures, but Christ was to him the Prince of Prophets, in whom were all prophets harmonised. The Christ-Ideal was to him the Ideal of Universal Son-ship; it was the Ideal of universal, practical religion, and the corrective and regulative principle which could rectify all aberrations and external accretions of religious systems.

Raja Ram Mohan Roy had likewise the Christ-Ideal in him. There are men even inside the Brahmo Somaj who seem to think that the first two leaders of the movement had neither of them anything to do with the life or teachings of Christ, and that it was Keshub Chunder Sen who spoiled the cause with an outlandish innovation. There are others again who overlook the significance of the Christ-Ideal even in the life of Keshub Chunder Sen, and are pleased to accuse his friend and successor, Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, with an alleged attempt to place Christ in a position which had never been accorded by the late leader. Such views are all gross misconceptions or misrepresentations of actual facts in the history of the Brahmo Somaj. What I propose to do is to state the actual facts as proved by the writings and utterances of both Rajah

Ram Mohan Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen, as well as those of Mr. Mozoomdar, and in doing so I shall endeavour to acquaint the reader with the beauty and grandeur of the Christ-Ideal as painted by them. I will, therefore, quote very largely from what they themselves said and wrote, adding very little thereto, for my own words can have but little value and less weight. I shall confine the present article to the writings of the Rajah.

Ram Mohan Roy was learned in many languages, including Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Arabic. Deeply versed in the ancient wisdom of India, as contained in the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Vedanta, he was equally well acquainted with the Jewish, the Christian and the Mohammedan scriptures in the original tongues. A Bengali, born about the commencement of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, who could, after cultivating the Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic literatures, and after teaching himself the English language and literature late in his youth, again study Greek and Latin and Hebrew to such advantage that, keen controversialist as he was, he could hold his own against Christian missionaries in matters of Biblical criticism, quoting the original texts, even commenting on the distinctive peculiarities in the various grammatical and idiomatical forms and constructions used in the Greek and Hebrew texts and their significance as bearing on the questions at issue, he was a wonderful man indeed. He was a scholar, a thinker, a controversialist and a reformer of whom any age and any country would feel proud. We have not seen the like of him again in Bengal.

The founder of the Brahmo Somaj, who used to attend Unitarian divine services, while at Calcutta, and who subsequently associated most intimately with the Unitarians in England, was regarded by some as a Unitarian Christian himself; but others looked upon him as a Hindu Vedantist, while there were Mohammedans who claimed "Moulvie Ram Mohan," as they called him, as one of their own persuasion. He was nevertheless a pure Theist, holding on to the national basis of pure Theism as revealed in the reason of man as well as in the lives and teachings of inspired prophets and sages in divers lands and times, more prominently and fully in Christ Jesus than in others. The apostolic fervour, fervid oratory, adamant faith, habitual prayerfulness and ascetic devotion of Keshub Chunder Sen, as well as his deep spiritual experiences and inspired authorita-

tive utterances, which were the manifestations of an intense, lifelong personal communion with God, were absent in the Rajah, and Keshub had in his turn nothing of the masterly erudition, critical scholarship, subtle dialectic skill, and varied worldly experiences of the first leader. They were each of them great in their own way, and it would be an act of sheer folly to pit one against the other. In the economy of Providence, the work commenced by the scholarly Ram Mohan Roy against innumerable and almost insuperable difficulties was entrusted after him to the hands of the meditative Maharsi, who succeeded in firmly planting the principles of Theism on the noble national basis of the Upanishads, and it fructified at last in a marvellous measure under the leadership of Keshub Chunder Sen.

It was the universality, sublime morality and practicality of the religion of Christ which chiefly appealed to the heart of Ram Mohan Roy. Before drawing from the more elaborate and systematic writings of the Rajah, I shall first quote from letters written by him to America. Writing to a gentleman of Baltimore, U. S., on October 27th, 1822, he said :—" I wish to add, in order that you may set me right, if you find me mistaken—my view of Christianity is, that in representing all mankind as the children of one eternal Father, it enjoins them to love one another, without making any distinction of country, caste, colour or creed." (*Last Days in England of the Rajah Ram Mohan Roy*, 1875, pp. 47-48.) In another letter, dated December 9th, 1822, he wrote :—" We confidently hope that, . . . the period will be accelerated, when the belief in the Divine Unity, and in the mission of Christ, will universally prevail." (*Last Days*, 1875, p. 48.) We find him again writing to the Rev. Dr. Ware, Professor of Divinity, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. of America, in his reply to the Professor, dated February 2nd, 1824 :—" I presume to think that Christianity, if properly inculcated, has a greater tendency to improve the moral, social and political state of mankind than any other religious system." (*Last Days*, 1875, p. 52.)

In 1820, Ram Mohan Roy published extracts from the Four Gospels, under the title of "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness," with translations into Sanskrit and Bengali. In the Introduction to the Precepts, alluding to "a due estimation of that law which teaches that man should do unto others as he would wish to be done by," he said, that although it was "par-

tially taught in every system of religion," it was "principally inculcated by Christianity." (*English Works of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy*, First Edition, Vol. II., p. 3.) I give below the concluding portion of the Introduction in full :—

I feel persuaded that by separating from the other matters contained in the New Testament the moral precepts found in that book, these will be more likely to produce the desirable effect of improving the hearts and minds of men of different persuasions and degrees of understanding. For historical and some other passages are liable to the doubts and disputes of freethinkers and anti-Christians, especially miraculous relations, which are much less wonderful than the fabricated tales handed down to the nations of Asia, and consequently would be apt, at best, to carry little weight with them. On the contrary, moral doctrines, tending evidently to the maintenance of the peace and harmony of mankind at large, are beyond the reach of metaphysical perversion, and intelligible alike to the learned or to the unlearned. This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate man's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which He has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and to society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form. (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol. II. pp. 4-5.)

On the publication of the Precepts, the Rajah's views were violently assailed in the *Friend of India* (No. XX) by "A Christian Missionary," and by the Editor, Dr. Marshman, himself, whereupon in the same year Ram Mohan Roy published "An Appeal to the Christian Public in Defence of the Precepts of Jesus." Dr. Marshman, however, wrote again on the subject (*Friend of India*, No. XXIII., May, 1820), and also in the First Number of the Quarterly Series of the *Friend of India* (September, 1820), and the Rajah wrote a second Appeal, to which there was a fresh reply from Dr. Marshman (*Friend of India*, No. IV. Quarterly Series, December, 1821.) This called forth the Final Appeal, published in 1823. These three Appeals, which now occupy 430 pages of the second volume of the *English Works*

(First Edition, 1887), were, together with the "Precepts of Jesus," published in England in a collected form in 1824 by the Unitarian Society of London, and the collection was reprinted in America in 1828, and also in July, 1834, about a year after the Rajah's death. They are masterpieces of Biblical controversy and criticism, directed against the ordinary Trinitarian dogmas and doctrines; and, written throughout with great courtesy of manner and in a calm, patient spirit, eager for the Truth, the three Appeals are left to us as monuments of profound scholarship, patient research and keen logical acumen.

A few passages from the Appeals will show the reader how great was the influence of the Christ-Ideal on Ram Mohan Roy. There was necessarily a good deal of destructive criticism in his writings, but what the Rajah really wanted to do was to present positive truths before his countrymen and others, and it was only the over-zealous antagonism of Dr. Marshman and other Trinitarian Christians which compelled him to engage himself in this Biblical warfare. Referring to the term "heathen" applied to him by Dr. Marshman, and quoting his own views as expressed in the introduction to the Precepts, the Rajah wrote in his First Appeal: "These expressions are calculated, in my humble opinion, to convince every mind not biased by prejudice, that the compiler believed not only in one God, whose nature and essence is beyond human comprehension, but in the truths revealed in the Christian system. (*English Works*, 1st Edition, Vol. II, p. 82.) He did not hesitate to call Jesus not only "that greatest of all Prophets, who was sent to call sinners to repentance" (*English Works*, 1st Edition, Vol. I. p. 83), but as the Saviour and the Redeemer, as testified by numerous passages in his writings. He did not, of course, mean that Christ saved people in a mysterious occult way by sacrificing himself eighteen centuries before to a Deity, whose vengeance was satisfied by the blood shed by the supreme Martyr. The Rajah says: "We find the title 'Saviour' applied frequently in the divine writings to those persons who had been endued with the power of saving people, either by inculcating doctrines, or affording protection to them, although none of them atoned for the sins of mankind by their death." (Second Appeal: *English Works*, 1st Edition, Vol. II. p. 159.) And he quotes from *Isaiah* and *Nehemiah* and from the *Kings*, as also from the Gospel

of St. John, in which Jesus is reported to have said; "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you;" and "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life"; and "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life"—"wherein Jesus," as Ram Mohan Roy truly remarks, "represents himself as a Saviour, or a distributor of eternal life, in his capacity of divine teacher." He then goes on to observe:

Jesus is, of course, justly termed and esteemed a Saviour, for having instructed men in the Divine will and law, never before so fully revealed. Would it degrade Jesus to revere him as a Divine Teacher, because Moses and the Prophets before him delivered to the people divine instructions? Or would it depreciate the dignity of Jesus, to believe that he, in common with several other prophets, underwent afflictions and death? Such an idea is unscriptural, for God represents the Christ as a Prophet equal to Moses (*Deuteronomy*, Ch. XVIII., Ver. 18). Jesus declares himself to have come to fulfil the law taught by Moses. (*Matthew*, Ch. V., Ver. 7.) "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law and the Prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil"; and strictly commands his disciples and the people at large to obey whatever Moses had taught. Ch. XXIII. Vers. 2, 3: "Saying, the Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not."

* * * * *

It is true that Moses began to erect the everlasting edifice of true religion, consisting of a knowledge of the unity of God, and obedience to His will and commandments; but Jesus of Nazareth has completed the structure, and rendered his law perfect. (Second Appeal, *English Works*, Vol. II., p. 160.)

Further on, we find the author saying:

The Reverend Editor might have spared the arguments he has adduced to prove that Jesus was sent into this world as the long-expected Messiah, intended to suffer death and difficulties like other prophets who went before him; as the Editor may find in the compilation in question, as well as in its defence, Jesus of Nazareth represented as "The Son of God," a term synonymous with that of Messiah, the highest of all the prophets; and his life declares him to have been, as represented in the Scriptures, pure as light, innocent as a lamb, necessary

for eternal life as bread for a temporal one, and great as the angels of God, or rather greater than they. He also might have omitted to quote such authority as shews that Christ, being a mediator between God and men, "declared that whatsoever they (his Apostles) shall ask in his name, the Father will give them"; for the compiler, in his defence of the Precepts of Jesus, repeatedly acknowledged Christ as the Redeemer, Mediator, and Intercessor with God, in behalf of his followers. But such intercession does not, I presume, tend to a proof of the deity or the atonement of Jesus, as interpreted by the Editor; for God is represented in the sacred books to have often shewn mercy to mankind for righteous men's sakes; how much, more, then, would he naturally manifest his favour towards those who might petition him in the name of one, whom he anointed and exalted over all creatures and prophets? (Second Appeal, *English Works*, 1st Edition, Vol. II. pp. 162-163).

In his First Appeal, in order to defend himself in the position that the Precepts "alone were a sufficient guide to secure peace and happiness to mankind at large," Ram Mohan Roy urges, in his usual way, that he had the express authority of the Master himself. He quotes, among others, the following verses from Matthew, Ch. XXII., Vers. 37-40:—

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

And also from Matthew, Ch. VII. Ver. 12:

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; *for this is the Law and the Prophets.*

The quotations end with the verses 25-28 of the tenth chapter of Luke, wherein Jesus, referring to the two above-mentioned commandments, says to the Lawyer,—"*This do and thou shalt live.*" The author then proceeds to observe:—

The Saviour meant, of course, by the words *Law and Prophets* all the commandments ordained by divine authority, and the religion revealed to the Prophets and observed by them, as is evident from Jesus' declaring these commandments to afford perfect means of acquiring eternal life, and directing men to follow them accordingly. Had any other

doctrine been requisite to teach men the road to peace and happiness, Jesus could not have pronounced to the Lawyer, "This do and *thou shalt live*." It was characteristic of the office of Christ to teach men that forms and ceremonies were useless tokens of respect for God, compared with the essential proof of obedience and love towards Him evinced by the practice of beneficence towards their fellow-creatures. The compiler finding these commandments given as including all the revealed Law, and the whole system of religion adopted by the Prophets, and re-established and fulfilled by Jesus himself, as the means to acquire Peace and Happiness, was desirous of giving more full publicity in this country to them, and to the subsidiary moral doctrines that are introduced by the Saviour in detail. (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol. II., p. 82.)

Dr. Marshman is reported to have stated, "that there are two important points, a knowledge of which is not to be acquired by following the moral precepts of Christ, but which are essential to the attainment of true peace of mind ; they being entirely founded (as he alleges) upon the dogmas and histories, viz., how to obtain, first, the forgiveness of sins and the favour of God ; and secondly, strength to overcome human passions and to keep the commandments of God." As to the first point, the Rajah, after giving quotations from Luke, Matthew and Ezekiel, says: " Numerous passages of the Old and New Testaments to the same effect, which might fill a volume, distinctly promise us that the forgiveness of God and the favour of His divine majesty may be obtained by sincere repentance, as required of sinners by the Redeemer." (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol. II., p. 84). Then he goes on : " As to the second point, that is : How to be enabled to overcome our passions and keep the commandments of God—we are not left unprovided for in that respect, as our gracious Saviour has promised every strength and power as necessary consequences of earnest prayer and hearty desire [Here follow quotations]. After a due attention to these and to numerous passages of the same effect no one who believes in the divine message of Jesus of Nazareth, or even in the truth of his doctrine only, can be at all at a loss to find adequate means of attaining these two ends, justly considered to be most essential by the Reviewer." (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol. II., p. 84.)

With regard to the questions whether the two supreme com-

mandments can be practically obeyed by men, and whether they are sufficient for human salvation, Ram Mohan Roy remarks in his second Appeal :—

Had the manifestation of love towards God with all our strength and towards our neighbours as ourselves, been practically impossible, as maintained by the Editor (p. 112), or had any other doctrines been necessary to lead to eternal life, Jesus of Nazareth (in whose veracity, candour, and perfection, we have happily been persuaded to place implicit confidence), could not, consistently with his office as the Christ of God, have enjoined the lawyer to the obedience of those two commandments, and would not have promised him eternal life as the reward of such obedience; *vide* Luke, Ch. X. Ver. 28 (" *This do, and thou shalt live* "); for a man possessed of common sense and common humanity would not incite another to labour in vain by attempting what was practically impossible, nor delude him with promises of reward upon conditions beyond his power to fulfil; much less could a Being, in whom dwelt all truth, and who was sent with a divine law to guide mankind by his preaching and example, inculcate precepts that it was impracticable to follow. (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol., II., p. 117.)

Referring to the doubt as to the real meaning of the remarkable passage in St. John, "I and my Father are one," Ram Mohan Roy says :

This Jesus removes by defining the unity so expressed as a subsisting concord of will and design, such as existed among his Apostles, and not identity of being: *vide* Ch. XVII. Ver. 11, of John, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, *that they may be one, as we are.*" Ver. 22: "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them *that they may be one, even as we are one.*" Should any one understand by these texts real unity and identity, he must believe that there existed a similar identity between each and all of the Apostles—nay, even that the disciples also were included in the Godhead; which in that case would consist of a great many times the number of persons ascribed to the Trinity, John, Ch. XVII. Ver. 20-23. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word. *That they all may be one*; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, *that they also may be one in us. That they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and thou in me*; that they may be made perfect in one." (*English Works*, 1st Ed., Vol. II., p. 126.)

He also follows it up by saying :

The Saviour meant unity in design and will by the assertion also, that he was in God, or dwelt in God and God in him. John, Ch. X Ver. 38 : " That ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him," as evidently appears from the following passages :—John, Ch. XIV. Ver. 20 : " At that day ye shall know (addressing his apostles) that I am in my Father, and *ye in me, and I in you.*" Ch. XVII. Ver. 21 : " That they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be *one in us.*" John, Ch. VI. Ver. 56 : " He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, *dwelleth in me, and I in him.*" 1 John, Ch. IV. Ver. 15 : " Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God—God *dwelleth in him, and he in God.*" (*English Works*, 1st Ed Vol. II., p. 127.)

The reader will easily find out from the above extracts, that Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, the Founder of the Brahmo Somaj, was a whole-hearted follower of Jesus Christ. But that does not mean that he had discarded the precious national treasures contained in the Upanishads and the other great books, or that he did not prize other genuine religious teachings, wheresoever found. He knew that Truth was not confined to one nation or one age ; but in Christ Jesus he found the greatest of all Divine Teachers and the central figure of humanity. This was also the position of Keshub Chunder Sen, the only difference being that what Ram Mohan Roy discovered by the application of his erudite knowledge and enlightened reason, aided by his remarkable logical powers and goodness of heart, Keshub rediscovered for himself by the marvellous magic of inborn spiritual sympathy and the clear vision of a pure spirit constantly communing with Eternal Purity. And it must be added here, that while the Christ-Ideal in Ram Mohan Roy could not impress itself permanently on the young Brahmo Somaj, it took tangible shape under the leadership of Keshub Chunder Sen, and there have been and still are many men in the Brahmo Somaj, both old and young, to whom the " Light which lighteth every man " has made their paths brighter and clearer.

CULTIVATION OF INDIAN VERNACULARS.

(A reply to Dr. B. D. Basu, I.M.S.)

DR. B. D. BASU, of the Indian Medical Service, plunges into the discussion of a subject which is beset with peculiar difficulties, but which he regards with a complacency that refuses to recognise those difficulties. The very first line of his article on the "Cultivation of Indian Vernaculars" (published in *East & West* for October 1902) shows a lack of practical acquaintance with the subject. "At present there is hardly any literature worth the name in any of the Indian Vernaculars." This is the opening sentence to which your readers are treated, and men of light and leading in India must stand aghast at the assertion. If Dr. Basu had known anything of the literature of his own people, to say nothing of other vernaculars, he would have seen that Bengali is rich in books on Biography, History, Philosophy, Travel, Poetry and the Drama—why, the *non-educational* books received at the Bengal Government Library in the twelve months ending June, 1901, numbered 714, exclusive of those on religion (*vide* Appendix to Calcutta Gazette, January 30th, April 3rd, July 10th and September 25th, 1900), which were divided thus—Art 3, Biography 23, Drama 85, Fiction 86, History 9, Philology 5, Law 4, Medicine 24, Philosophy 1, Poetry 83, Science 1, Travels 1 and miscellaneous 127. Many of these are declared to be of high merit. One of the books under the head "Miscellaneous" is the *Biswa Kosha*, which, according to competent authority, is "an encyclopædia of learning and a monument of literary genius running into many volumes." Perhaps Dr. Basu will be surprised to hear that there are no less than 54 Bengali periodicals:—Agriculture 1, Education 1, Art, 1, Religion 7, Poetry 1, Medicine 2, Science 1, and Miscellaneous 40 (*vide* Calcutta Gazette 25th September, 1901). If this is the out-turn of earnest and able workers in a single year, Dr. Basu had surely no reasons for stating that "all that passes under the name of vernacular literature consists of

a few elementary school-books, a few novels, a few poetical works—generally translations or adaptations from Sanskrit authorities." He ascribes this alleged poverty of vernacular literature to "English being the medium of instruction in all colleges and schools in India" and adds, "it is on account of this that the vernacular literature cannot grow and expand." I make bold to assert, and I am not singular in this respect, that English civilisation and Western enlightenment have had a direct effect on the growth of the Bengali language and Bengali literature and have made these what they are to-day. Bengali occupies the foremost place among the vernacular languages of India, enriched, as it is, with translations from the Sanskrit, Persian, English, French and German languages, which give to it a copiousness and character that cannot be claimed by other vernaculars to the same extent. Several Bengali works have been translated into Guzerati. The Bengali girl of to-day, without knowing the alphabet of any European language, may read Guy de Maupassant's stories and have an idea of Heine and Victor Hugo's poems or Molière's dramas; she may enjoy a hearty laugh over the good-humoured banter in that masterpiece in Persian literature *Vizier-Lankaran*; she can, without knowing *aliph*, *bé*, follow the discussions of learned Moulavis as to whether the word *Budn* in the Quran, with reference to the E'ded Sacrifice, means a camel or a sheep. Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill are no strangers to her; accounts of the Röntgen rays and wireless telegraphy have reached her through the medium of Bengali.

Dr. Basu says, among other things, "England has derived more benefit by the diffusion of English education amongst Indians, than India itself"; "English education has created a market for English goods"; "English educated Indians prefer English manufactured articles to those made in India." Now, why this admission of weakness? Are the ties of "nationality" not sufficiently strong to wean us from such petty creature-comforts as glassware, socks and patent leather boots? English firms in India, we are gravely told, are now managed more economically than before, because good clerks can be secured in India on salaries which need not exceed two figures in rupees, whereas formerly clerks were imported at great expense. Strange to say, the complaint made here is that the employing firms realise larger profits than formerly, while the fact that the arrangement throws open hundreds and thousands of clerical appointments to Indians is completely ignored. The assertion that English officials "in the days of Ochterlony, Malcolm and Metcalf" had

to diligently learn and master the vernaculars, but that this is not done now, seems to me to be inexcusable. It is well known that every member of the Indian Civil Service has to pass an examination in the vernacular of his Province, many hold the Degree of Honour Certificate in Asiatic languages, and some, like Dr. Grierson, are profound Oriental scholars. Why, the very issue of *East & West* containing Dr. Basu's article has an original essay from the pen of Major Wolseley Haig, of Hyderabad, whose scholarly attainments in Persian have elicited the admiration of learned Moulavis.

"India, comparatively speaking, has not been so much benefitted by English education as England," writes Dr. Basu. Now, the life of a nation is inspired and sustained by the examples of its great men, and I doubt whether the gentlemen I name below (all countrymen of Dr. Basu) would have risen to the eminence they attained, not only in the Government service, but as intellectual leaders of their community, but for the thorough English education they had received:—Mr. R. C. Dutt, I.C.S., C.I.E., late Commissioner of Orissa; Mr. K. G. Gupta, I.C.S., Commissioner of Orissa; Sir R. C. Mitra, at one time acting Chief Justice, High Court, Calcutta; Dr. J. C. Bose of wireless telegraph fame, and many others. Is India not the richer for the examples of lofty aims achieved, of great public good done, in various capacities, by these intellectual giants? Is India not the richer for Mr. R. C. Dutt's translation of the *Rig Veda* or Dr. R. L. Mitra's antiquarian researches? Dr. S. C. Mukerjee's life showed that honourable relations could exist between the English and the Indian, and his efforts to extinguish race hatred were acknowledged by the highest in the land, while his death was regarded as "a loss to the country, a loss to the cause of advancement of English literature, a loss to the cause of Truth and Independence." (*F. H. Shrine, I.C.S.*) I might name others who, by virtue principally of their high English qualifications, have benefitted India; but I refrain.

I will now proceed to examine another fallacy of the writer. He says: "It is idle to hope that Indians would be able to write and speak English like Englishmen, or that English would be the *lingua franca* of India." Dr. Basu need not despair. There are Indians who do write and speak English like Englishmen, and English is the *lingua franca* of educated India. Has Dr. Basu never read the writings of, say, Dr. S. C. Mukerjee? Are not some of the speeches of Mr. L. M. Ghose or Mr. S. N. Banerjee admitted by Englishmen to be masterpieces of

oratory, of which the most highly educated Englishman might well be proud? Mr. Robert Knight (the father of Indian journalism, for some time Editor of the *Bombay Times* and the *Calcutta Statesman*) once expressed a hope that Dr. Mukerjee's health would enable him to continue *Reis and Rayyet* "with the extraordinary ability and moral force that distinguish its columns." The Indian Civil Service Examination is admittedly one of the severest tests of one's qualifications in English, and has Dr. Basu never heard that his countryman, Mr. B. De, distinguished himself by taking the B. A. and M. A. Degrees in a fortnight, standing 6th in the former and 2nd in the latter, and passing the I.C.S. Examination the next year within seven months of his arrival in England, standing *first* in English?—or that Mr. A. C. Chatterjee stood first in his year in the I. C. S. Examination? Among men who have never been to England, but have yet acquired eminence, Dr. R. B. Ghose and Dr. Mukerjee may be mentioned. The former, who is the author of "The Law of Mortgage," has been complimented by several High Court Judges as a perfect master of the English language, while Dr. Mukerjee is very well known to fame. Even here in Hyderabad we have a pure Indian who is accepted by educated Englishmen as a thorough master of the English language: need I say that I refer to the Hon'ble Mr. Syed Husain Bilgrami, of the Viceregal Council?

Dr. Basu laments the day when English was made the medium of instruction in India. He suggests that the vernacular should be the medium, English being made a compulsory second language. He despairs of this being done just yet in British India; but he looks to the Indian Princes for assistance in the cause of vernacular literature. "In their territories it is not necessary that English should be made the medium of instruction." He would have these States establish their own Universities, in which only the vernacular will be the medium of instruction for History, Geography, Philosophy, Mathematics and Science, English being compulsory only as a modern language. Dr. Basu presents Japan as a precedent where success has been attained; but he appears to have forgotten the important fact that there is but one language and one religion in Japan. Japanese religious belief, unlike Indian beliefs, is confined to two heads, the *Shinto* (the religious belief of the natives prior to the introduction of Buddhism) and Buddhism. Dr. Basu asserts that "the Japanese language contains an excellent literature, rich in all branches of human knowledge." He must admit that the information at his disposal can hardly be as complete or correct as that given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The

writer of the article on Japan says, "intercourse with foreign countries has of late years naturally created a demand for certain words and phrases, hitherto unnecessary, and consequently unknown, and these have therefore been freshly coined, as it were, for the occasion." If there has been this difficulty with *one* language, we may judge of the hopelessness of the task where a dozen vernaculars are concerned. These are factors that dominate the whole question. Dr. Basu talks of Native States. I do not know whether he has ever been in one. I have been in the premier Native State as a journalist for over a decade, and perhaps Dr. Basu will therefore allow me a hearing. Let us for a moment imagine a University in Hyderabad. What will be the vernacular? As a Vakil of His Highness the Nizam's High Court, I have large experience of practical work and have been confronted with the difficulty of handling several languages—both Aryan and Dravidian—in cases of Revenue Appeal. In some parts of the Hyderabad Territory Marhatti forms the office record, in another Government work is done in Telegu, while all appellate work is done in Urdu, and old records are in Persian! May I ask Dr. Basu what will be the vernacular for Hyderabad? Perhaps he will advise His Highness the Nizam to have three Universities in his Dominions!

Then, according to Dr. Basu, we must have a University for Mysore with Canarese, another in Travancore with Malayalam, and so forth. Are these several States prepared to offer employment to every student from their schools and colleges? If this is not done, the Hyderabad man must starve in Mysore, while the Mysore graduate would probably only draw a pittance elsewhere as an English copyist. Soon, very soon, English must become the *lingua franca* even in all Native States, while the only really all-round useful man would be the one who has received a more rational education in British India. Dr. Basu would not, of course, recommend a single vernacular for all India; if he did, he would be at once confronted with a difficulty infinitely greater than that which recently attended the proposal to have Urdu written in the Nagri character in the courts and offices of the United (North-Western) Provinces. No single vernacular could possibly take the place of the others. After many years' experience of Hyderabad, during which time I have, both as a lawyer and a journalist, been in constant touch with the official classes, I feel how utterly inadequate one language sometimes is to express faithfully the ideas so readily conveyed in another. We have many learned Moulvies here who have come from Northern India with a reputation for great erudition, and yet they have been unable to find suitable words

for some of the most common official terms. English words in common use in Urdu characters are "Summons," "Warrant," "Register," "Railway," "Cabinet Council," "Resolution," "Commission," &c. Are we prepared to give a University education in the vernacular and yet drag in English words when the subject becomes too abstruse for the vernacular? As a contributor to the leading Bengali magazines, *Bharati* and *Sahitya*, I have often found myself at a loss for a suitable word which would adequately express the foreign ideas imbibed through a language much richer than any Indian language. In quoting rulings of the High Courts in British India one has to refer to, say, the *Weekly Reporter* or the *Calcutta Reports* or the *Bengal Law Reports*, none of which are translated into Urdu. Even annotated Acts like "Field's Evidence" or "Sheppard's Contract" have not been translated into Urdu—the Court language of His Highness the Nizam's Courts. When a vernacular like Urdu, which is the *lingua franca* of all Upper India, does not offer sufficient inducements to translators, it would be idle to expect that these bulky tomes would ever be translated into several vernaculars for the circumscribed use to which they would be put. The Panjab University has an oriental side; it has turned out its Moulvis, its Moulvi Fazils and its Moulvi Alims by the score. Do we find any of these gentlemen holding such high and influential positions as many Bengalis who have received their ideas through the medium of the English language and thus mastered it? Why, the only Indian gentleman who is a Judge of the Lahore Chief Court is a Bengali, and not a Moulvi Fazil. Even Panjab public (Indian) opinion always was and is in the hands of the English-educated Bengali, and not in those of Dr. Leitner's favourite Moulvi Fazils, for the Lahore *Tribune*, the exponent of Panjabi public opinion, though owned by Sirdar Dayal Singh Mejethia, has always been edited by Bengalis.

Another suggestion of Dr. Basu's is that, in the matter of Science, "all that has been done in the West should be adapted in the Indian vernaculars." Now, according to Dr. Basu, English is only to be a compulsory second language. The great bulk of students would, a few years after their College life closed, know little more of it than most students (except perhaps those who enter the Educational Department) now know of Latin or Sanskrit or any other second language, because it could not possibly be grasped with the same thoroughness as the language which is the general medium of instruction. Who, then, is to translate these difficult scientific works into the several vernaculars, and how would it pay? To be accepted unreservedly as standard works,

they must bear the impress of a master mind, and such minds would, I fear, be few and far between.

I cannot conceive where the advantage of Dr. Basu's scheme comes in. *It must separate, not unite the peoples of India.* The savant from Bengal may now discourse with his brother scientist from Madras on topics dear to the hearts of both with an intelligible interest, because both have dived into their mysteries or become acquainted with their beauties through the same medium—English. But what pleasure would the Madrasi, educated in Tamil, have in the companionship of the Bengali, or the latter in that of the Marhatta, after such a course as that advocated by Dr. Basu? Lord Curzon's idea in connection with the Delhi Darbar is that it would bring together the Chiefs and Nobles of different States, who would thus be afforded the unique opportunity of holding familiar intercourse with each other. The medium of intercourse will, and must of necessity, except in a few cases, be English. Dr. Basu's scheme is calculated to strike a fatal blow at such social amenities in the future.

Mr. Meredith Townsend, Editor of the London *Spectator*, asked the Nestor of Indian Journalism, Dr. S. C. Mukerji, Editor of *Reis and Rayyet*, in 1883, why men so able as the learned Doctor preferred to publish in a foreign tongue, instead of making a literature of their own, and remarked, "doubtless you have sufficient reasons." The reply is full of significance. "So we have," wrote Dr. Mukerji, "we might have created one of the finest literatures in the world, *without making any impression in the Camp of our British Rulers, and of course, without advancing our political or even social status.* Nay, the truth is that we have created a literature, and a very respectable literature it is. You, who were a Bengali scholar in your time in India, having conducted a Bengali weekly, I believe, for a couple of years, would have been astonished at the present state of our language, *its copiousness in terms of all kinds and its wealth of literature.* All that copiousness and all that wealth have not helped us one whit or rescued us from our degradation. Hence we are compelled to journalism and authorship in a foreign tongue, *to make English a kind of Second Vernacular* to us if possible." (The italics are mine.) This was written nearly twenty years ago. The Bengali language has continued to make vast strides, and yet Dr. Basu tries calmly to assure the public that "there is hardly any literature worth the name in any of the Indian Vernaculars," and that "the literature is totally devoid of historical, philosophical and scientific works."

There are very few suggestions in Dr. Basu's article with which I, for one, can cordially agree. With regard to the education of the women of India, he says that as they do not attend Colleges to qualify for Government appointments, but simply to gain knowledge, there is no real necessity to educate them through the medium of English. But does not Dr. Basu know that educated Bengali ladies have in many instances made a living as Professors or Lady Doctors? If these ladies, instead of being educated in English had been proficient in the vernacular, what would have been their fate? On the other hand, the well-educated male members of any Indian community naturally like their wives and daughters to be educated like themselves, so as to prove themselves more congenial companions. I hold that a thorough knowledge of the English language has inestimable advantages. India has benefitted largely by English education. She has benefitted socially, as it is the widespread knowledge of English and the enlightenment it has produced that has raised the social status of the women of India. She has benefitted politically, because the English language has made it possible for people of different parts of India to discuss political problems; and last, but not least, it has tended largely to the removal of caste prejudices. I would gladly welcome anything that would further enrich my language; but I cannot believe that this can possibly be attained by a sacrifice of English. There is a literary institution in Calcutta which is doing good work in this direction, and which includes in its membership the best and most learned men of our time. The *Bangya Sahitya Parishad* (the Bengal Academy of Literature) is engaged in collecting the best ancient Bengali works; manuscripts, coins &c., bearing upon the history or philology of Bengali, are scientifically discussed by the most able members, and the discussions published in the Society's Magazine. Much may be hoped for from these earnest workers. I have, of course, throughout this article, treated only of Bengal and the Bengali language, because I thought Dr. Basu, being a Bengali, would be in a better position to follow the comparison.

It was hardly necessary to quote Herbert Spencer to show the importance of the study of the natural and physical sciences; but the method of imparting such knowledge, advocated by Dr. Basu, is certainly impracticable. I have great respect for Dr. Ballantyne as a scholar, but scholars are not always practical men, and that which makes a "pandit prick up his ears" may yet be wanting in utility and fail to arrest the attention of a learned Moulavi. Even Dr. Ballantyne's

greatest admirers will admit that the learned Doctor is somewhat premature in asserting the dogma that "it is not only possible, but incumbent upon us, to present the sciences to the Indian million in vocables, without exception indigenous." Fancy the sciences for the "million" who do not know the alphabet of any language!

There are many other points in Dr. Basu's article with which I should like to deal, but I am afraid I have already exceeded my limit. I hope I have shown that Dr. Basu has taken up a position which is quite untenable; he would put the clock back a hundred years. I think, however, that even Dr. Basu will agree that while it is good to be national, it is infinitely better to be rational.

S. M. MITRA.

CHUNI THE SUTTEE.

A STORY OF HINDU LIFE.

*(Concluded from our last number.)**Chapter VII.*

THE RESIGNATION.

WHY did Chuni think her Desai was not quite happy? He had been able to get all that one in his position could aspire to. "But—," Chuni reproached herself as the thought crossed her brain, "he is still sonless and childless." During their married life of nearly twenty years she had given birth to as many as ten children, but none of them survived long. In certain castes husbands had no compunction in taking second wives if the first ones proved barren or gave birth only to daughters. That custom with its attendant evils was unknown to Chuni's caste, and she shrank at first from suggesting its introduction into her own family.

She realised too that her own position and happiness would be seriously compromised if her husband married again. But her own happiness had no value in her eyes when compared with that of the Desai and his family. Was it not on the very day of her betrothal that Maji had blessed her and prayed for her having a daughter-in-law even as Maji herself had in Chuni? The next heir to the Desai was through a female line, and it seemed doubtful if he would be recognised by Government. These thoughts had not dawned upon the Desai's mind as yet, but they were sure to do so one day and he would then feel the end of his life most wretched. The Desai ought to have a second wife to give him progeny.

When she opened the subject to the Desai, he burst into loud laughter and asked her whether at least that day in her life she had tasted of that poisonous drink which she had persuaded him to give up so long! But her seriousness was not thus to be trifled with. She explained to him the whole situation of the family and made out what she thought was an unanswerable case. The Desai told her that custom and law were alike against the proposal, and that she had better go to sleep and scare away her dreams.

For the moment she was silenced. She consulted the heads of the caste but they declined to take up the responsibility of advising her in favour of an innovation which was neither worthy of such an honourable community nor conducive to the happiness of any family.

The answer returned by the lawyers consulted by her was that the Hindu law permitted polygamy, but custom would override the law,

and what the custom in that particular community was, could only be determined by the evidence produced in litigation.

A more favourable answer came from the Shāstri, who positively assured her that the Desai could perform no nobler duty than to go on marrying until he had a legitimate son; for Manu had distinctly laid down that a father dying without a Putra, or son, is in danger of being immersed in the hell called Put, although some one had ingeniously explained that Heaven and Hell are experienced in this world only, and that a father having no son to look after him in his old age would be "rotting as if in the Put." No caste would dare to punish an act which the Shāstras declared to be meritorious, and no Government would have the temerity to challenge the authority of Manu. The Shāstras also said somewhere that in certain respects a Pativrata was to minister to her husband's welfare as if she were his mother or sister. Armed with these authorities Chuni lectured seriously to the Desai on the imperative duty of his marrying again. It was unusual for her to speak to her husband in that peremptory tone, and the Desai was astonished at her behaviour. He pretended to laugh and tried to put her off, but Chuni would not be trifled with. She had already selected the girl and settled the match!

"Rāni," said he at last, realising the situation, "when I asked thee to take care of my soul instead of leaving it to my own charge, I never thought thou wouldst be ready to betray me into other hands."

"We are all in the hands of Mother," replied Chuni laughing. "The stars presage but a short life for me, and my lord had better be with someone else to look after him."

"The stars are liars!" cried the Desai.

"But I am not," replied Chuni coolly.

"Then you must have got crazy by all your nonsense about Mother and the stars and what not. You have grown very self-willed, Chuni, and you know neither your own interests nor mine," said the Desai impatiently.

"Swaminatha is unnecessarily getting angry," remonstrated the wife; "let my happiness be my own look-out. May Mother teach him what is best for him."

"I have always been a bad learner," rejoined the Desai, and they spoke of other things.

Chuni persisted in her plan. She lost no opportunity to impress upon the mind of her husband the consequences to himself and to the family of the failure of the male line of heirs. Not a day passed without her speaking to him of a second marriage, and sheer repetition made the idea so familiar to him that eventually he yielded as tamely to whatever Chuni chose to arrange for him as if he were a Hindu boy completely in the hands of his parents.

The new bride was selected by Chuni herself; they were attached to each other, and the elder trained and looked after the younger wife as if one was the mother-in-law and the other the daughter-in-law, or as if the two were sisters. The old mistress of the house resigned one duty after another into the hands of the new-comer, and ere long Chuni became a Vairagin, freed from the cares of this world.

Chapter VIII.

THE ASCENSION.

The usual practice of polygamous families is to divide the nights between the different wives, according to justice or favouritism. Chuni, however, wished to retire from the world and she prayed that he, Swaminatha, might condescend to see her in the *parsal* thrice a day.

The *parsal* and the *chok* were now the places to which Chuni confined herself, like her Maji, the late Desai-en. She abjured the cot and other comforts and slept on bare ground. Her diet was the plainest and her dress the simplest. With all his faults, the Desai was a generous-hearted man, and the mortification to which his beloved Chuni was subjecting herself gave him intense pain. He remonstrated and entreated, coaxed and ridiculed, and protested that she was making him miserable. But Chuni knew how to have her own way and yet make him happy.

The new wife was quite a different kind of person from Chuni. With all her self-abnegation, Chuni was an object of jealousy, because the Desai continued to respect and consult her in all important matters and to treat her with every mark of tenderness and affection. Whether the girl carried tales to her husband about her rival was not known, but stories concerning supposed ill-will between Chuni and her husband became current in the neighbourhood.

As time went on, the Desai's visits too became less regular and less punctual. Ever since Chuni came under his roof, it was a part of her religion never to take her meals until she had seen his face, and the rarity of his present visits compelled her to observe fasts after fasts. Nobody, however, ventured to inform the Desai of it for fear of displeasing their junior mistress.

The junior lady was slowly assuming charge and control of all domestic and even financial concerns. The Desai one day sent for the keys entrusted to Chuni by his father and never sent them back. A few days afterwards they were seen suspended from the young Desai-en's waist, clinking and conspicuous, under the proud eye of their new wearer.

Her garments having got worn and torn, Chuni one day ordered the Munim to get her such fresh cloths as her lord might select. The Munim returned with the reply that the Desaiji was very busy and wished her to make her own selection. This was unusual, but though stung deeply, the patient wife smiled a stoic smile. She ordered some coarse *chhals* such as married women of the lower castes wear, and to the utter astonishment, not unmingled with pity, of the servants, she looked perfectly happy in them. The Desai saw the *chhals* on her person when he next visited her, but seemed not to notice the change.

She took her baths in cold water, fetched her own water from the well in the garden, ate little, and slept less.

Most of her time she passed in religious meditation, in worshipping her gods, in singing psalms, and in reading her scriptures and thinking over their contents.

The neighbourhood was full of talk about Chuni. Some admired

and others heartily pitied her : every one execrated the young Desai-en. The Desai was one day openly rebuked by his friends for his neglect of the Sati, and called him a heartless brute. It was a rude awakening to the Desai. Perhaps he was more thoughtless than heartless. He at once repaired to the *parasal*. The mistress of that now lonely and forsaken hall had gone to the garden behind and was worshipping the sacred Pippal tree.

The Desai stood at the window for a few moments gazing drearily at the wasted figure, clad in coarse cloth, majestically but with evident pain and effort moving round the sacred tree. Remorse was the one feeling that took complete possession of the generous heart, and oblivious of the servants and others who were looking at him with wonderment, the Desai rushed to Chuni, held her in his arms and wept like a child. "Alas, what is the matter with my Swaminatha?" interrogated the wife in great agitation and bade him sit down. "Are you the Chuni that delighted my eye in the Ranga Mahal, and have I heaped all this misery upon you?" cried the unhappy man. "Oh, is that all the cause of these tears?" said the devoted Sati with a smile. "Why does my Swaminatha think that I am miserable? I am neither happy nor unhappy. Food does not make me blessed, nor fasting make me miserable. Rich cloths and jewels do not increase my beauty, coarse cloth does not make my mind coarse. What is beauty and what is ugliness, what health and disease? The Lord is in my Swaminatha, the Lord is in the Pippal. Under the shade of the sacred tree is my Ranga Mahal, and will my Swaminatha pardon me if I say that the whispers of trembling leaves are as pleasing as the conversation of the Pleasure Hall?" The Desai was inclined to admire the lofty philosophy which fell from the lips which he vaguely felt must have been inspired. But he did not wish to be lifted up from the earth's surface, and she—she was after all his wife. "Chuni, Chuni," said he, trying to look pleasant, "the Bhagavadgita has spoilt you";—he would have said more, but the horrified wife pressed her hand to his lips and begged him not to talk blasphemy, and that too under the sacred tree. One thing satisfied the Desai, that whatever his own conduct might have been, the victim of it was not unhappy.

Not many days elapsed, when the junior wife gave birth to a son. The horoscope was cast and a long and prosperous life was predicted to the heir of the Desai family. No one rejoiced more at this time than Chuni. She shone once more in her gold and diamonds : she received the visitors that were dropping in at every hour of the afternoon, and made the Desai's home look happy and gay. But the fire that was consuming her did its work the more rapidly because of her exertion, and to the disappointment and sorrow of all, she was confined to her bed, never to rise again.

Friends from far and near came to get a last look of the beloved Sati. When life was ebbing away, an old *sadhu* suddenly entered the sick room, whispered a few words into the patient's ear, and as quickly disappeared. Everyone flocked curiously to the scene when he or she heard that a *sadhu* had spoken to the lady and vanished. Chuni was now in a trance. Her eyes were closed : there was a smile on her lips.

She uttered a few broken sentences to herself. "Glorious are the angels of Vaikuntha—sweet the music of the bells—beautiful the *Viman*—how blessed that the Mother should have honoured me thus—farewell, my Swaminatha—farewell, my little Desai—farewell to all—forgive if I ever offended—yes, I am ready." A smile—a gasp.

It was believed for long after that Vishnu himself had visited Chuni in the guise of a *sadhu* and told her of her approaching death, that Lakshmi had sent a *Viman* to take her to Vaikunth, and that some people actually heard the bells of the angels and saw the Sati borne away in the celestial vehicle into the region where the clouds gather, the stars twinkle, and spirit meets spirit.

(*The end.*)

G. M. TRIPATHI.

THE LAW'S LUMBER ROOM—A REVIEW.

“EVERY family,” remarked Thackeray, “has its skeleton in the cupboard;” almost every dead institution, we might say, has its mummy on our shelves. What are our law reports, our histories, our great codes, but so many mummies, dead laws, dead empires, dead warriors and politicians embalmed and preserved for later generations by some careful hand? Sometimes a single one of these tomes is a small museum of mummies: and such, without exaggeration, is each one of Mr. Watt’s three little volumes on the “Law’s Lumber Room.” In every page there is some by-gone law or some defunct custom, some notorious criminal or some asphyxiated witch, skilfully swathed and wrapped up for the amusement of the leanest and hungriest looking lawyer or for the edification of the most amateur antiquarian.

Mr. Watt’s books are a veritable store-house of legal and historical lore. There are in them evident signs of deep learning and elaborate research; but Mr. Watt wears his knowledge so lightly that a casual reader might easily underrate it. He has such a horror of that pedantry with which the lay mind is apt to associate a lawyer, that even at the possible risk of marring the value of his books, he abstains, with a few exceptions, from quoting original authorities. However, his mastery of facts is so exact, and the skill with which he sifts and examines them so great, that we are seldom wrong in taking his word for what he states, or regarding his conclusions as generally sound. His style is more that of the accomplished literary gossip than of the professional essayist; at its best it reminds us of the “easy crispness” of his professional brother, the author of “*Obiter Dicta*” and “*Res Judicata*,” and there is a freshness about it which savours more of the country and the seaside than of the Thames or the Temple and Embankment. His books abound in stories told with such consummate art that it is difficult to determine whether it is the latter or the intrinsic merit of the former which makes them so interesting. His humour is the humour of a refined Englishman and typical lawyer: it never breaks out in torrents, disturbing the even course of his narrative, but shows itself as the gentle wave that occasionally dimples the surface of a deep pool and disappears. He is always alive to the romance of the law in both its usual aspects—the weird and the

(1) *Law’s Lumber Room* (First and Second Series) by Francis Watt, Barrister-at-Law; (2) *Terrors of the Law*, by the same Author. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, London and New York.

grotesque—and presents it to the reader, whenever he gets the chance, with the tact of a novelist.

The first series of the "Law's Lumber Room" is a kind of pedestrian week-end trip to the vanished world, chiefly of the middle ages; but for boisterous excitement it is quite long enough for our modern nerves. Mr. Francis Watt serves as an admirable guide and legal adviser as we scurry through the wild and rough scenes which that age presents. Crime, bloodshed and superstition rule everywhere. Men drink from habit and fight for amusement at every odd turning of the road. Brutal offences are visited with brutal punishments, life has little value in the eye of the law as well as in the estimation of the people. Their sensibilities are too dull to realise the sacredness of human sorrow or to be harrowed by the sight of human suffering. For illustrations one has only to consult Mr. Watt. If a man accused of felony refuses to plead, he is adjudged to suffer the *peine forte et dure*. The judgment of the court says, "you return from whence you came, to a low dungeon into which no light can enter; that you be stripped naked, save a cloth about your loins, and laid down, your back upon the ground; that there be set upon your body a weight of iron as great as you can bear—and greater . . . till you be pressed to death; your hands and feet tied to posts, and a sharp stone under your back." (p. 12, "Peine Forte et Dure"). "The Wager of Battle" and "The Law of the Forest," point to the same state of things. But for all this, "these old English folk were a merry lot. . . . At Baldock, the customary court was holden at dinner-time, whereto every baker and vintner within the bounds must send bread and ale, which the steward and his jury 'cam' to pree," and presently gave their verdict if these be wholesome for man's body or no." (p. 46, "Custom of the Manor"). At the Manor of Hutton every one had to provide his own spoon, "and if any forget his spoon then, for so the customary law wills it, he must lay him down upon his belly, and sup the furmity with his face to the pot or dish." (*Ibid.*). And the custom further permits the bystander "to dip his face into the furmity"! (*Ibid.*).

Some of the harsher features of the law were softened by Christianity, even by superstition. If the law punished the petty offender and the murderer alike, the church offered protection to the former at least, by letting him take "sanctuary." By flying into a church or churchyard favoured with this privilege, he was "safe from them that hunted" (p. 86). After forty days he made confession and swore to abjure the realm, if he failed to do either he was gradually starved to death. Even the much abused "benefit of clergy" was a distinct advantage. The culprit, unless it was a woman or a *bigamus* (i. e., one who had married two wives or one widow), generally escaped scot free for the first offence, by repeating his "neck-verse"—"Miserere Mei, Deus," "Have mercy on me, O God" (p. 3). It was infinitely better that a few criminals should have escaped than that they should have been hanged for offences for which, in our days, forty shillings is considered a heavy fine.

The second series of the "Law's Lumber Room" is a picture in greater detail of the lives of our forefathers, practically during the last

three centuries. We cannot, for want of space, dwell upon its contents. But in it there is very good entertainment and instruction provided for almost any class of readers. For the novelist and the lover of pure literature there is a variety of drowning and hanging, whipping and torturing in the chapters on "Tyburn Tree," "Pillory and Cart's-Tail," and "State Trials for Witchcraft." Those who have a relish for the grotesque in romance will find plenty of it in "Some Disused Roads to Matrimony." The chapter on "A Pair of Parricides" is gruesome enough for the most morbid youth who ever read Mrs. Radcliffe; and the lawyer will find a good deal to regret and sigh for in the chapters on "The Border Law," and on "The Serjeant-at-Law."

After reading these two books not many of us will come to Mr. Watt's somewhat pessimistic conclusion, that life has grown much duller and tamer than of yore, and that we "pay for the smug comfort of our time," with loss of excitement. We do not admit that our life is less picturesque than that of our forefathers. We have learnt more self-control and acquired an outward decency of behaviour. We have adopted different methods and we look for excitement in other fields of action than they: that is all; at bottom, we are pretty much the same, and a good deal better off. True, we no longer go out into the street and engage in a duel on the least provocation with the first man we meet and either give or take life: but of a morning we go to our desk on the stock exchange, press a little button on our right, a clerk enters and we give instructions which, before our office hours are over, result possibly in the ruin of thousands of innocent families, helpless widows and orphans! True, we can no more indulge in petty cheatings and swindles by the wayside, and we are too prudent to endanger our personal liberty for petty larceny, but we sit in a little room twelve by eight in Threadneedle Street, form a syndicate and float a company to work a gold mine in South Africa, and take with impunity the last half-guinea of a credulous servant girl, a needy parson or a penurious city clerk, and sink it in our mine. Certainly, we have no longer the revelries or the clandestine love-intrigues of St. James's and Spring Gardens, but we have our three and five shilling promenades at the Empire or the Alhambra (and as cheap as sixpence elsewhere), and in "carpeted ease" we sit round a little table and have our confidential *tête-à-tête* with a rouged-and-powdered superannuated Parisian or Belgian beauty over our bottle of half-cider-and-half-champagne at the modest price of sixteen and sixpence, and listen to bad English and speak worse French the whole evening. Are not our ways clever, more refined and more exciting than those of our clumsy fathers?

Of the three books before us "Terrors of the Law," the last of the series, is, to our mind, the most original, as it is also the one that contains the most controversial matter. In its three chapters Mr. Watt gives us what he calls "portraits" of three eminent lawyers—Jeffreys, Mackenzie and Braxfield.

The chapter on "Bloody Jeffreys," is a kind of apology for the great Lord Chancellor, or rather an attempt at asking History to revise her judgment upon him. From the moderation, not to say the

timidity, with which Mr. Watt lays his case, we often wonder whether *he himself* is so absolutely convinced of the justice of his cause as he seems to be at first sight. Few of his readers will fail to admire or sympathise with his able and generous defence. But we firmly believe that Jeffreys is one of those few men in history upon whom her judgment rightly happens to be the same as that of the generation in which they have lived, and that she sees no occasion to alter it: In order that we may not be considered too prejudiced or too orthodox, we proceed to discuss what may aptly be called two of Mr. Watt's many "grounds of appeal."

Firstly, Mr. Watt would have him proved "worse than his contemporaries, or his conduct calls for no special measure of blame" (p. 23). This, we submit, it is impossible to establish until Mr. Watt shows any one of his contemporaries to have been as bad as Jeffreys. Even if Mr. Watt accomplished that, it would be a poor extenuation of the conduct of a man in Jeffreys' position. If we take into account the facts that Jeffreys was admittedly more educated, that he possessed greater natural abilities, that he had a more profound knowledge of human nature in all its aspects than most of his contemporaries, that he was considered more fitted to hold the highest and the most responsible office in the state—that of the Lord High Chancellor—than any of them, is it not natural that we should expect him to be better than they?

Secondly, "Jeffreys simply acted," says Mr. Watt, "on the theory of judicial office current in his day." This is as much as to affirm that the "theory of judicial office" is or has been different at different times. As applied to England, it is only a supposition which history does not seem to justify. From the days of Glanvill down to our own this theory has always been substantially the same. That every servant of the state, from a judge down to a constable, is responsible for his own, and that some one or other of them is answerable to the law for every one of the King's acts, is a principle of our constitution established for centuries; and any lingering doubts as to it were clearly settled during the impeachment of Danby. Our judges have always been regarded as the best guardians of our law and the most legitimate protectors of our liberty, and their independence has not only been admired as one of the greatest glories of our constitution, but has been insisted upon by the English citizen for hundreds of years, though we must admit it was not completely secured until William and Mary's reign. Thus unflinching independence, strict integrity and a jealous care of the public good, are qualities inseparable, among others, from the office of an English judge, no matter of what time. Now, supposing for a moment that what Mr. Watt really means is the practice rather than the theory of judicial office, we naturally ask, "Was it, in fact, so different as we are called upon to believe?" To give only a few instances, how about Sir Matthew Hale,

"For deep discernment praised
And sound integrity,"

who died only nine years before the "Bloody Assize"? What of Lord

Guildford, Chief Justice of the Common Bench and subsequently Lord Keeper of the Great Seal? In spite of all his selfishness, cowardice and intellectual turpitude, he could not sufficiently harden his conscience to advise the king to collect customs without an Act of Parliament in 1685, whilst Jeffreys gave different counsel. We will give another instance still more to the point. When, upon the question of the dispensing power, the king consulted the judges, four of them, Jones, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Montague, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Neville and Charlton, Puisne Judges, gave up their offices rather than deliver an opinion "which none but an ignorant or dishonest man could give." The Solicitor-General, Heneage Finch, did the same, and was summarily dismissed, and the Attorney-General Sawyer would have met the same fate had a successor been available. The attitude of these men was all the more remarkable for this reason, that they had either been on the circuit with Jeffreys or had perpetrated similar cruelties in different parts of the country, and when it was a question of conscience, they made a self-sacrifice of which Jeffreys proved himself incapable.

Would it improve matters if Mr. Watt's contention was allowed? We think not. His defence appears at least as weak as that of Bacon by Basil Montague, who tries to justify his corruption on the ground of its being usual in his days. No man, as we all know, would save his neck on a charge of murder, if he could only establish the fact that murders were very common in our days.

If, however, Mr. Watt will have Jeffreys judged by the code of political and legal morality prevalent in his age, we are quite willing to give him that chance. Let Jeffreys be in the dock on trial for any one of his judicial murders. Let Pollexfen, head of the Western Circuit, be judge. Let Mackenzie, the "Bluidy Advocate," be counsel for the Crown. Ask the sheriff to pack the jury as usual, bringing on it, if possible, Algernon Sidney, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Titus Oates, Christopher Battiscombe, the two Hewling brothers, Abraham Holmes, Tutchin, and any four out of his numerous remaining victims. Mr. Watt cannot possibly desire a combination of judge, counsel and jury more learned in the law and morality of Jeffreys' age than this, and if they let him off, he has indeed proved his case.

To attempt a study of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaug, usually known as "the Bluidy Advocate Mackenzie," as a man, is like trying to solve, without the necessary data, a complex psychological or ethical problem. Through life he wore an almost impenetrable mask which gave very little indication of the man behind. His books, even on non-professional topics, tell us very little about the real man, and his "Memoirs" are so fragmentary that they scarcely suffice to guide us. We should have been surprised if it had been otherwise. A good advocate, as Mr. Watt himself seems to suggest, hardly expresses his own sentiments. And what was Mackenzie if not an advocate, every inch of him? If, therefore, Mr. Watt gives us no solution of the man's character he is little to blame; and if he is "the Bluidy Mackenzie, then and since and for all time," that was perhaps his wish, and the world has done wisely in having respected it.

From the company of these two gloomy, sombre, blood-stained

figures we pass on to spend a pleasant half-hour with the last survivor of their race—Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, the Weir of Hermiston of Stevenson's unfinished romance.

Next to the gift of creating a new figure in art or literature is that of resuscitating an old one; and judging from his "portrait" of Braxfield, Mr. Watt possesses it in a remarkable degree. A vivid imagination, a sincere interest in his subject, a careful selection of facts, and an almost intuitive interpretation of them, have enabled Mr. Watt to snatch, for the first time, as it were, from the banks of Lethe, a magnificent personality which had been practically lost to the world for over a hundred years. In that old Edinburgh of the early days of George III. with all its picturesque surroundings and its insanitary arrangements, its hospitable taverns and their gay talk and amusing society, there once more walks before us, as it did of yore, the portentous figure of "old Braxy," uncouth, austere, awkward. Who would not recognise, in his thousand and one oddities, his "sculduddries," his oaths "without provocation," like those of "an ensign of the last age in his teens," his inexhaustible fund of stories told in a "deep growling voice" with his broad Scotch accent and dialect, the original of Raeburn's picture (after which, by the way, Mr. Watt gives a print)? With the aid of Mr. Watt, it is not difficult for those who have seen this clever production of Raeburn, to understand that half wicked, half amused, cynical expression on the face, "not brutal, nor cruel, nor even coarse," as it looks down upon us from the canvas as it did of old from the Bench; or to realise how these keen penetrating eyes struck terror into many a criminal's heart as it anxiously beat in the dock just before the fatal sentence.

Unlike Jeffreys or Mackenzie, Robert Macqueen was born of a plebeian stock in 1722, and was admitted to the Scotch Bar in 1744. His success was not rapid, and it was not until 1776 that he was raised to the Bench as Lord Braxfield. In 1780, he was made a Lord Justiciary, and in 1788 as Lord Justice Clerk, he was practically president of the Justiciary Court. He died in 1799.

It would scarcely interest many to know how careful and painstaking he was in civil matters; or how severe he was as a criminal judge; or how a colleague opposed to him said of him on his death, "He has taken away more sound law with him than he has left on the Bench"; or how little he knew of anything else. It is not for these things, but for his blunt joviality, his abrupt manner, his spontaneous outbursts of real Scotch humour, that we wish to remember him. We can here give only a few of his sayings, out of dozens in Mr. Watt's collection. When it was urged on behalf of one Gerrald, a reformer, that the Author of Christianity himself was one, "Muckle he made o' that," growled Braxfield, "he was hangit." ("Terrors of the Law," p. 117). Even Braxfield was 'had' once very cleverly. On asking an accused "Hae ye opy counsel, mon?" he got "no" for the answer. "Dae ye want to hae opy appointet?" "No, I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your Lordship says." (p. 118.) In his early days he queried some Lord Ordinary's authority for a statement; and getting

the reply "Lord Stair," he said, "Na, my lord, *that* can never be, for there's no nonsense to be found in Stair." Two advocates appeared before him one morning with the effects of the previous night's drinking still visible. "Ye may just pack up your things and gang hame," chuckled Braxfield, "the tane o' ye's riftin' punch and the ither belchin' claret, and there'll be nae guid got out o' ye the day!" (p. 108.) His proposal to the lady who became his second wife was quite characteristic of him. "I am lookin' out for a wife," said he to his partner at cards, "and I thought you just the person that wad suit me. Let me hae your answer off or on the morn, and nae mair aboot it" (p. 125). This is how he spoke of the lady "that wad suit" him to his butler who had given him notice because her temper was too much for him: "Mon, ye've little to complain o'; you may be thankfu' ye're na married upon her!" And this is what we would say to him now that he is once more amongst us: "You are too severe and too orthodox to retake your place on the Bench, but you are too jovial to be sent back to Lethe whence you have come; you must take the best easy chair in our library, and the best bottle of claret in our cellar, and let us have a few more of your 'Sculdudderies' in your wickedest old manner!"

PAUL INE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Old Sanctions
and their new
substitutes.**

We have not yet approached the end of the controversy, from time to time revived amongst us, as to the relative importance of improving the social customs of the country on the one hand, and obtaining more political concessions on the other ; and we are not likely to do so, as long as we look upon all social customs as one inseparable bundle and do not discriminate between one political concession and another. No society is perfect, no administration is without defects. Everything about man requires constant reformation. "What is a man born for," asked Emerson, "but to be a Re-former, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life?" Social reform is as old as society, political evolution as old as politics. The question of their relative importance in this country is raised by those who by political progress understand the introduction of representative government and the assumption of more political power or administrative responsibility, and by social fitness therefor, harmony between the innumerable communities and the development of those virtues—courage, self-reliance, impartiality and sense of duty—without which no Government can be pure or efficient. "Free institutions are next to impossible," says John Stuart Mill, "in countries made up of different nationalities. Among a people without fellow-feeling especially if they read and speak different languages, the united public opinion necessary to the working of representative government cannot exist." We believe that it is on this principle that we are asked to treat social improvement as a need of dominant, importance, and not because there is any connection between the age of consent and the minimum limit of taxable income, or between

enforced widowhood and permanent settlement. It may be answered that we have not yet really asked for free institutions, that in spite of superficial differences there is a fellow-feeling among the various communities of India, that English now serves as a common language, and that the principle of self-government is by no means exotic in India. Perhaps it may be rejoined that there is as great a difference between village autonomy and the self-government of a province or a large country, as there is between hawking sweetmeats and managing a steel trust, and we may be asked to observe how Brahmans and non-Brahmans contend for the loaves and fishes of office in certain Native States, and to hold the balance even between the several classes, even the interference of the British Government is invoked by persons who would ordinarily be extremely jealous of such interference. We may agree or disagree with the contentions on either side, but if the discussion should be of any value, we should discern the points ~~around~~ which it really centres.

The question of relative importance and of precedence apart, there may be said to be a consensus of opinion among all educated men that although there may have been fraternity among the various communities in former times, yet for political progress, as it is understood in the West, we require more equality and more liberty—liberty not from the control of an alien power but from custom. Equality the British Government enjoins and enforces, but as for custom, those who would be free from it, themselves shall strike the blow. "In modern days," says Bagehot, "in civilised days, men's choice determines nearly all they do. But in early times that choice determined scarcely anything. Everybody was born to a place in the community : in that place he had to stay : in that place he found certain duties which he had to fulfil, and which were all he needed to think of. The net of custom caught men in distinct spots, and kept each where he stood." Village autonomy in former times was based on custom, it would now have to be based on voluntary co-operation guided mainly by Reason, and a conscious appreciation of the advantages of corporate action. High politics do not enter the precincts of the poor. The poor have their own problems which they may solve by joint exertions and mutual help. To take one example, it would appear that in Bengal a Zamindar has induced the village communities in

his Zamindari to introduce a system of village grain-banks. They are worked on the principle that "in good years the villagers are to contribute paddy to the bank, which stores it up and serves it out in bad years." Interest may be paid, but it depends upon the circumstances of the client and is to be paid in kind. About the utility of grain-storage as a preventive of famine, we know there are differences of opinion. In England there was a time when local bodies—corresponding, we shall say, to our Local Fund Boards—were by statutory injunction compelled to store up grain in fat years, that it might be available for consumption in lean ones. But the development of communications and other economic causes rendered that method of providing against scarcity unnecessary and unsuitable. In India there is as yet no likelihood of either the Government or the quasi-public bodies working under the control of Government undertaking what the villagers did, of their own accord, at one time, but have since given up under the conditions which prevail in these days of safe, easy and rapid communications. But supposing in a village the more intelligent cultivators are persuaded of the utility of the scheme, it is evident that the success of its working must depend upon the co-operation of the villagers. In former times the elders of a village were highly respected—their word was law—and they had sometimes a method of enforcing it, which would in our times fall within the purview of the Penal Code. Even now the simple obedience and the confiding reverence of the rustic have not passed away. Among the rules which Rai Parvati Sankara Chaudhuri has drawn up for the cultivators in his Zamindari, there is a curious one which requires that "people passing by the Dharmagola—the co-operative bank—must make a bow or *salam* or take off their hats according to their customs." But what is to be done with a refractory Hampden, who keeps aloof or proves obstructive? He would, no doubt, lose the benefits of the scheme. But the prospect of deriving its benefits is not immediate, and if too many wait until the advantages are proved by ocular demonstration, the scheme may not be successfully started. The remedy suggested is the imposition of social penalties. They are not to be of a severe kind, such as refusal to assist at marriage or burial. For offences by members of the Gola, "the ostracism of the offender for a week or a month from social gatherings or from the caste feasts, etc., should be

usually resorted to." How far the enforcement of such a sanction as ostracism will prove effective when men are more or less imbued with the modern sense of individual liberty, experience has not perhaps yet shown. It is not our purpose to exaggerate the obstacles in the way of co-operative effort in this country, but to indicate the operation of the new ideas which the West is pouring into Eastern bottles. Boycotting is not unknown in the West, and the growing multiplicity of combinations to safeguard the interests of capital and of labour is highly suggestive of a reversion to the methods of ancient societies—with a theoretical recognition of the liberty of the individual to create for himself such rights and duties as he may desire in his own interests. We are now emerging from custom into choice, from obedience into inquiry, from conformity into liberty. The social reform movement is an outward sign of the operation of new forces, and so is political discussion. Ostracism is felt to be as ~~truculent~~ ^{truculent} a method of securing social well-being, as despotism is of attaining political happiness. When the guiding hand of custom is withdrawn, Reason must develop enough of strength to stand on its own legs. The intermediate stage is one of falterings and stumblings. We have considered one example where for the successful working of a useful scheme, an intelligent appreciation of self-interest ought to take the place of faith in the wisdom and authority of traditional guides and leaders. Modern India can disclose not a few other instances where the last state depends upon the new occupant taking the place of the old devil that is cast out.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE publication of the Government of India's letter to the Secretary of State for India, deprecating the enquiry, suggested by the Indian Famine Union, into the economic condition of typical villages in the famine area, has caused considerable disappointment in India. But inasmuch as Lord George Hamilton, when referring the question to the Government of India, had already committed himself to a certain view, it is generally felt that Lord Curzon's Government was practically under a moral compulsion to find the best reasons possible to support the foregone conclusion. The document itself, however, reads as if the Government here had an independent and genuine conviction that the enquiry asked for would do more harm than good. The Famine Union is reported to have asked Lord George Hamilton whether it is true that the cultivator has been sinking more deeply into poverty. One can hardly expect that the Government will answer the question in a decided affirmative. Possibly, if the question is referred to the Government of India, we may have an elaborate answer similar in tone and argument to the now famous Resolution on the Land Revenue Policy in India. It would be a valuable State document, but in spite of it, most men in India will, until they overcome the ordinary pessimism, continue to believe that the ryot never is, but always to be blest.



Of the two birds which Lord Curzon has sought to kill with his one Circular Letter to Local Governments and Administrations, on the Report of the Universities Commission the larger is undoubtedly the alarmed and vehement opposition evoked by the Report, particularly in Bengal. Following a line of action analogous to that adopted by Lord George Hamilton in consulting the Government of India after having expressed his own opinion on the Famine Union's proposal, Lord Curzon's Government commits itself to certain views on some of the most important recommendations of the Commission, and issues a letter to the Local Governments to show cause why the rule should not be made final. On other points no opinion is expressed. Where vested interests are deeply affected the

Government hastens to make it clear that the proposed University reform is not intended to ride rough-shod over *bona fide* attempts to meet the educational needs of the country. Thus second-grade colleges will not be abolished merely because they are not first-grade, nor is the abolition of the law classes and departments attached to arts colleges insisted upon, provided that they conform to the requirements of a real law college. The reason why the Commission recommended the interference of the Universities to regulate the fee-scale in the affiliated colleges is explained, but no definite opinion is expressed. When the dust of controversy is laid, the facts that will stand out in prominent relief are these:—The University degrees having been recognised as a qualification for the public service and for the learned professions, there has grown up a large demand for University education. To supply this demand a large number of institutions have come into existence. But the Universities having neglected to exercise any effective control over them; they have indeed enabled hundreds of young men to pass examinations and obtain degrees, but in the opinion of Government, they have not been, in all cases, imparting reasonably efficient education, by which is meant that “discipline is enforced, good morals inculcated, and adequate provision is made for instruction.” Though the opinions expressed by the Commission on a vast variety of subjects will no doubt carry the weight attaching to the names of the six gentlemen who composed the Commission, the principal reform introduced by the Government will be, first, to authorise the Universities to undertake teaching work in addition to examining, and secondly, to require them to supervise the work of the affiliated colleges, so that these may not deteriorate. To enable the Universities to discharge their new duties effectively, their constitution will be altered and certain rules will be laid down for their guidance in securing efficiency. There has been no lack of grumbling at the aimless course that our Universities have been pursuing, but in tackling the difficulty of applying a remedy, Lord Curzon has displayed a courage not ordinarily exhibited by Viceroys in this direction, and the able and lucid manner in which he has handled the debatable questions raised in the Commission’s Report, shows that he has a deeper insight into the problems of Indian education than the Commissioners themselves.



Simultaneously with the progress of the preparations for the Delhi Durbar, we have also had expositions of the utilitarian side of that impending ceremonial. Lord George Hamilton explained in the House of Commons that one reason why the Indian Government has invited representatives of the Colonies to the Durbar is to give them correct ideas of Indian civilisation, so that they may adopt a more generous policy towards Indian emigrants. If the Secretary of

State for the Colonies would also assure us that the colonial representatives have accepted the invitation with a view to learn what Indian civilisation is like, we might entertain reasonable hopes of a future generous policy. The proof of the Government's intentions is in the realisation of them. Lord George seems determined to assume a firm attitude in regard to any oppression to which the Colonial Governments may be inclined to subject Indian emigrants. Why is a Japanese General invited to the Durbar? Whatever the reason may be, Indians are not likely to protest against that invitation, for the Japanese and the Hindus are believed to be cousins in the Lord Buddha. The mention of the Coronation Durbar at Delhi reminds one of the physical extinction of the dynasty of the Great Mughal by the death, some time ago at Moulmein, of Mirza Nazim Shah, the last descendant, it is said, of the quondam lords of Delhi.



One more proof of the value of India to the British Empire is furnished by the despatch of Indian troops to Somaliland. In proposing the toast of Sir Power Palmer, our ~~retiring~~ Commander-in-Chief, Lord Curzon took occasion to point out the other day what a splendid school India supplied to the military profession. The training given in India is utilised by England, but she is not ready to pay handsomely for the schooling. Will the English visitors to the Delhi Durbar go back with a determination to plead for justice to this country or with an admiration for the breadth of our backs?



Presiding at the Social Conference at Sholapur, Dr. Bhandarkar, known in the West as the most reliable Indian scholar living, pointed out how the ancient practice of the Kshatriyisation of foreign invaders and settlers may well be imitated in modern India. In the Western Presidency the twice-born are sometimes at considerable pains to prove that the Mahrattas are not entitled to that honour. If they are not already Kshatriyas, we may make them such. But how many in our days will be content with that honour is another question, for we are taught that there is a greater honour than to be either Kshatriyas or Brahmans—to be *men*. Dr. Bhandarkar is himself one of those who teach us this new lesson.



Russia has had to retire from Manchuria—not, however, without leaving behind seeds which may grow into plants large enough one day to break the vase in which they are sown. China is too large and hard a nut to get easily cracked between the Powers of the West. Siam is not so large, and in spite of the treaty by which she has purchased temporary peace with France recently, she may

not long be able to look with patient disdain upon the restless troops of the West. India conquered Siam religiously, and the only question that the West seriously discusses seems to be whether the present Rulers of India should take her under their protection or their rivals who have been wooing her longer.



The Hercules of Birmingham goes down to lift the wheels out of the mire in South Africa. An unusual procedure of that kind seems to bespeak unusual difficulties experienced in evolving order out of chaos in that land : it reminds one of Lord Roberts' going to South Africa to replace General Buller. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain, by his visit to South Africa, will be unconsciously laying the foundation of a new political school—of statesmen who wish to study difficult questions on the spot instead of ruling through mail-bags and telegraph wires. The inconvenience of a long absence of a Cabinet Minister from England is probably the only reason why Secretaries of State do not tour like Viceroys and Governors.



"O GENTLE HEART!"

The world, with all her right and wrong of reasoning,
 The world, from her gay mart
 Where hearts are bought and sold, and love is murdered,
 Speaks to you, gentle heart,

Saying, "My ways are these ; God's ways are otherwise ;
 These run athwart
 Those others ; there's no room for such endeavour
 As yours, O gentle heart."

But we know better things than the world teaches ;
 Her poisoned dart
 Can have no power to harm those who are faithful
 To honour and themselves, O gentle heart.

Such may not wander where the flowers of fortune
 Scant perfume lend
 To those whose loveless life is paved with riches,
 O gentle friend.

But where love reigns, and in her paths a blessing
 Serenely shines o'er those no world can part,
 There they walk crowned, and never any harms them ;
 They walk serene and glad, O gentle heart.

DOROTHY CORNISH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

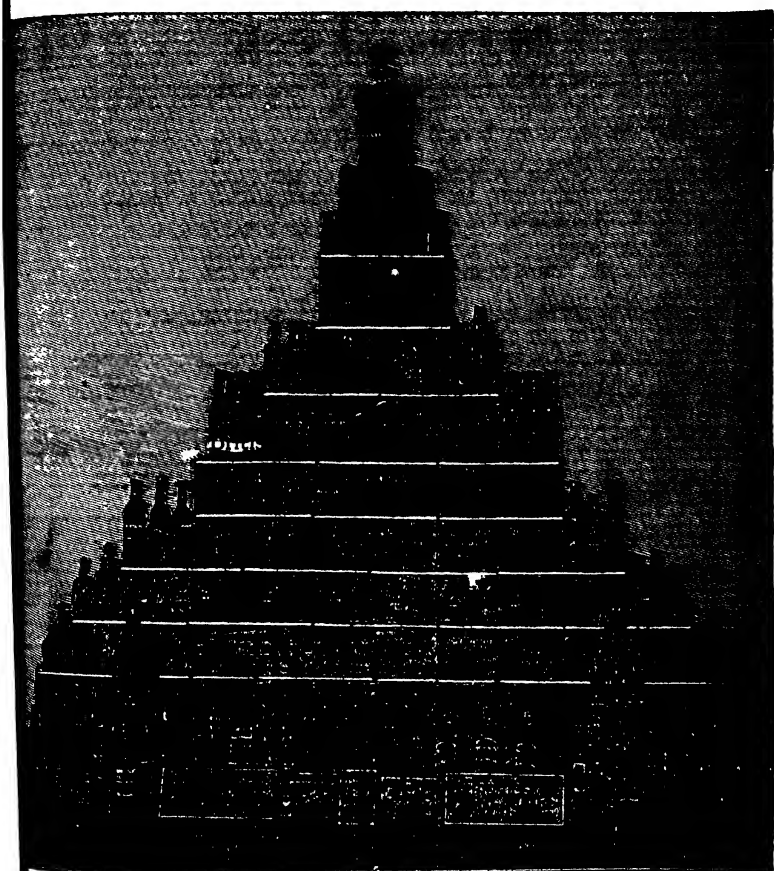
To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I should like to suggest a correction in Asiaticus' remarks in your October number. He says, "what we (Asiatics) consider &c. &c." I fancy he ought to say, "what we (Hindoos) consider &c. &c." A European is inclined to find something similar in the ideals of Jews, Arabs, Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and perhaps Japanese, when he compares their peoples in the vigour of their prosperity; and what he finds is all subject to Asiaticus' dissentient criticism. The ideal of Hinduism is quietist; the ideals of other races welcome the struggle of life. The difference of the views is fundamental. Time, or if not time, Eternity will show which is right, but in the meanwhile facts must be faced, and that spirit which descends from the Upanishads and Puranas has no right to call itself exclusively "Asiatic."

J. N. F.

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EAST & WEST.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 17.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIAN LABOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE termination of the war in South Africa, in leaving the road clear for the administration of the newly acquired territories on purely British lines, has brought into prominence a number of problems that bid fair to tax the highest statesmanship of the nation to the utmost, if they are to be solved in a manner not wholly alien to the tenour of British principles of liberty and justice. Foremost among the problems of the hour must be placed the question of a supply of adequate labour for the development of the rich agricultural tracts in the new colonies. In the provision of labour for the mines the Empire is not directly concerned. It has been aptly pointed out by Bryce, in his thoughtful survey of the future of South Africa, that the fate of the country is dependent on its agricultural development. The gold mines are calculated to offer a harvest worth the gathering for a strictly limited period only. They do not tend to attract permanent settlers ; and the capitalists interested in their development can very well be left to make their own arrangements for maintaining an adequate supply of labourers, whether from European, Asiatic or African sources. The case of agriculture stands on a different footing. The carefully reasoned articles of Mr. Benjamin Kidd, recently published in the columns of the *Times*, are calculated to give much food for thought to those who are conversant with the problems raised in India by the ever-increasing pressure of population on the land.

The agricultural question in South Africa can be briefly outlined as follows :—

Enormous tracts of fertile soil are awaiting development owing to the absence of a skilled population of agriculturists. It is extremely doubtful whether white labour will be forthcoming within

any reasonable period on a scale at all commensurate with the demand. In the first place, the cost of living in the newly acquired colonies is estimated at about £30 a month, and there is no immediate prospect of this being greatly reduced. Such a price for the white farm-hand may be considered prohibitive. Secondly, it is not at all clear where the surplus population of white men skilled in agriculture is to be found. England has long since reduced its agricultural population to a minimum by its cult of free trade, so that at the present day in many rural tracts the demand for labour exceeds the available supply. Were it otherwise, there are millions of acres in Canada, held at the disposal of immigrants from the mother country, to which surplus labour from Great Britain would be diverted. But Canada awaits in vain the arrival of such immigrants, and is now opening its doors to the farmer from the States, knowing that it can no longer count on sufficient recruits from within the Empire.

In the absence of any probable source of supply of white agriculturists from within the Empire, the wholesale import of labourers from foreign countries can hardly be contemplated. Such immigration in the case of countries, like the United States, already occupied by a population large enough to absorb the immigrant aliens by imparting to them new national characteristics and aspirations, may be advantageous; but in South Africa there is no large existing population of British character. The introduction of a flood of aliens would be a political danger as well as a practical admission that the British Empire had reached the limits of its expansion. The natives of South Africa, re-enforced by immigrants from the tropical areas of the continent, could cultivate the land and produce a magnificent harvest, were they so disposed. But it is on all sides admitted that their naturally indolent disposition leads them to labour only for such portions of the year as may suffice to produce adequate wealth for their simple requirements. Often the men are content to do nothing while their wives, several in number, till the small area that will produce a year's sustenance for all the family.

We do not desire to discuss the proposed system of extorting from these leisure-loving savages a larger quantity of labour than they are disposed to perform. Attempts have been made, by the

imposition of enormous taxes,* to force the native to add to his working period several additional months, in order to gain the wherewithal to defray these taxes. It is even rumoured that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has lent approval to such measures by remarking that "the Kaffir must be made to work." It is difficult to select words in which to condemn such measures. No doubt all taxation involves some additional labour on the taxpayer who, in its absence, might be content with a lesser gross income. But such taxes are only morally justifiable when imposed for equitable reasons, such as the financial requirements of the State, and must bear a reasonable proportion to income. To levy a tax of such magnitude as to require several months' special labour for its defrayal, and merely in order that this labour should be undertaken, is in plain words a system of State slavery, reprehensible, immoral, and contrary to the whole spirit of British institutions. The State has no more right to make its subjects work by imposing taxes than it would have to order all beneficed clergymen of the Church of England to occupy their leisure hours between the holding of divine services from Sunday to Sunday in brewing cheap liquor or perambulating the streets with barrel organs.

Subjects of the British Empire may not all be ripe for the privilege of the suffrage, but at least they have the right to dispose as they will of the labour of their hands. If it is urged that labour is good in itself, and especially for the natives of South Africa, the admission of the plea will require us to find some occupation for the idle hands of the British aristocracy. It is unlikely that the British public will long tolerate any such form of abuse in their newly acquired territories.

We turn, then, from the immigrant whites and natives of Africa to a third source of labour, the Indian agriculturist. Here we seem to find a possible solution of the problem.

It seems clear from the facts quoted by Mr. Benjamin Kidd that the price of maize, which he takes as the staple food grain of the new colonies, is such as to promise the Indian cultivator a yearly profit greatly in excess of that which he reaps on the best lands in

* One tax recently imposed on Natives in the new colonies is £2 per head of the family and £2 for each wife after the first one. It is presumed that this is only a temporary expedient.

India. If Mr. Kidd's example of the profits from the cultivation of certain lands acquired for mining purposes, but awaiting development, is at all typical, the labourer produces grain of the value of £100 on an average during the twelve-month. His food and necessaries, on an Indian scale, would scarcely exceed £10 per annum. There would thus seem to be scope for the profitable employment of Indian labour, either under European direction on a wage basis, or as occupants of small holdings similar to those held on the ryotwari tenure of the Bombay Presidency.

It is clear from statistics that India could easily spare several millions of agriculturists from its more over-crowded areas. Probably the naturally conservative instincts of the Indian ryot would lead him to prefer a temporary emigration to a permanent change of domicile. This would be no objection to the scheme for his employment. It would perhaps help to remove possible political difficulties at a later stage in the history of the new colonies.

It seems, therefore, that there is a clear call on the Indian Government to take into consideration at an early date a well constructed scheme of emigration from India to the agricultural tracts of South Africa, and to press the claims of Indian agriculturists on the consideration of the South African Government. That emigrants would be forthcoming seems evident from the case of the colony of Natal, which has already 70,000 natives of India resident within its limits. That they would reap a rich harvest is equally probable from Mr. Kidd's letters. Their employment would be the means of removing the necessity for the discreditable exactions from Kaffir labourers to which reference has been made above. For this reason alone, if none other existed, it should commend itself to all loyal subjects of the Empire, and to upholders of British traditions and institutions.

R. E. ENTHOVEN.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF SUBSIDIARY ALLIANCE.*

III.

WE have seen how the germ of the idea of a subsidiary alliance was contained in the cession by Nizam Salabut Jung to Bussy of the Northern Circars, in order to pay for the maintenance of a contingent which was especially reserved for the protection of the Prince. When Bussy and his contingent were withdrawn from Hyderabad in order to take part in the siege of Madras in 1758-9, their place was taken by the British after the battle of Condore and the fall of Masulipatam. But the British, though holding the Circars, were only bound to furnish a force when required. It was not stationary in the Nizam's dominions. When furnished, it was to be paid for by the Nizam by an adjustment of the peishcush payable by the British for the Circars. We have seen how this arrangement was by no means a satisfactory one, and how, in consequence of the aggressions of the Mahrattas, the Nizam was led to form the French contingent under Raymond, in payment of which he granted extensive jaghirs aggregating in value 50 lakhs of rupees. But all these arrangements were more or less temporary and depended in a great measure on the disposition of the Prince, for the time being. Even after the French contingent had been disbanded in 1798, and the Nizam had undertaken by Treaty to maintain a subsidiary force of 8,000 men, there was no permanent certainty of payment. The 9 lakhs of rupees payable by the British as peishcush for the Circars and Guntoor, in no way represented the cost of this subsidiary force.

* In part ii. of this paper, in the February number, the sentence on p. 182, that "the Nizam received as his share the whole of the territory he had lost after the battle of Kurda," should be "the Nizam received as his share the Berar province and a part of the territory, &c."

and if at any time the Nizam should change his mind, he might fall into arrears, and perhaps require an annulment of the Treaty and the withdrawal of the force, as he had done of the two battalions after the battle of Kurdla. Of course, it would always have been open to the British to *compel* him to observe the terms of the Treaty, and as a guarantee for their punctual payment to insist upon the cession of districts, but in a step of this kind there was a certainty of unpleasantness, to use a mild term, and a possible risk of failure. It was not until after the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, that the Marquis of Wellesley was able to fit in the keystone of the arch of subsidiary alliance without any burden to the Nizam. The share of territory which had been conquered from Tippoo in 1792 and 1799, and apportioned to the Nizam, enabled him not only to cede sufficient districts to pay for the cost of the subsidiary force in perpetuity, but left him besides with an increase of territory, the result of his alliance with the British. The Nizam thus enjoyed a permanent protection against all foreign foes without any actual cost to himself, and there was no possibility of the occurrence of any unpleasantness regarding payment. It is true that the territory thus ceded had originally belonged to the first Nizam, Asaf Jah, but it had long since passed out of his successors' possession, and was as effectually lost as was the province of the Carnatic and his possessions in the extreme south of the Peninsula. Except for the alliance with the British, not only would these districts never have been recovered, but it is extremely probable, judging from what had occurred in the Berars, and on the Western and Southern frontiers, that he would have lost other territories to the Mahrattas and to Mysore. By the Treaty of 1800 this danger was removed for ever, and as long as the British remained a Power in India the integrity of the Nizam's dominions and his personal security were ensured.

The idea of subsidiary alliance as regards Hyderabad was now perfected. For more than a hundred years India had been wasted by war and by anarchy. The great Marquis was the first statesman to grasp the idea that by the introduction of subsidiary alliance the country would be restored to peace and prosperity. With the seaboard under British protection, and highly disciplined forces permanently maintained throughout the country there was the probability of

peace being ensured. And although the result has been that the British power has become paramount throughout the Peninsula we have not any right to suppose that there was in the commencement any idea of aggrandisement. What has since happened was not the inevitable result of subsidiary alliance, but of the refusal of the Native Princes to allow their own ambitious and aggressive projects to be checked. The Marquis wished to see the boundaries of each State held sacred, but the object of each great Mahratta Prince was to extend his own boundaries at the expense of his neighbour. The guaranteed protection, therefore, of any one State, was on principle distasteful to all the others, because in the direction of each State so guaranteed, it laid down a boundary line, which the others were prevented from crossing.

Having successfully introduced the system of subsidiary alliance into Hyderabad, the next step was to get the Peishwa at Poona to accept a similar condition of things. The Peishwa, acting in the name of the puppet Rajah at Satara, was still the nominal head of the Mahratta nation, but his actual power was overshadowed by that of his great vassals Scindia, Holkar, Gaikwar and Bhonslay. These Princes, descendants of the Peishwa's generals, each traced their origin from some Mahratta village of the Deccan, of which their ancestors had been Patels or headmen, and where they still jealously maintained a claim to their ancestral rights and possessions. They had been sent forth in command of the Peishwa's armies, and had conquered, nominally for him, but virtually for themselves, huge possessions in the North. Thus Scindia held the greater part of Malwa and the whole of the Gangetic Doab, including Delhi, with the possession of the Emperor's person, in whose name he acted. The Gaikwar held the whole of Baroda and Guzerat; Holkar, what was left of Malwa up to the borders of Oudh and a large part of Rajputana, and the Bhonslay or Berar Rajah, as he was called, the whole of the country up to the east coast at Cuttack and to the boundaries of Bengal. Of course, throughout this huge extent of country there were a vast number of petty semi-independent states, where the hereditary rulers remained in possession, but they were all subject to one or other of these Princes, or if they refused submission or withheld tribute they were liable to their ravages. To the north of the Deccan the whole of the country from the Taptee, between the

Sutlej and the Kingdom of Oudh, was more or less under the dominion of Scindia, Holkar and Gaikwar. Nagpore consisted of Berar, and what is now known as the Central Provinces, including Cuttack on the east coast; and the Peishwa ruled the country from the sources of the Kristna and Tungabudra in the south, to the Taptee in the north, bounded by the Nizam's dominions on the one side and the few districts that formed the Bombay Presidency on the other. And the whole of this vast extent of Mahratta territory was one reeking mass of chaos and anarchy. The great vassal Princes, though professing allegiance to the Peishwa, each in turn endeavoured to make his influence at Poona supreme, and were ready to oppose with arms any act of their suzerain, which they deemed detrimental to their interests or ambitions. They were equally ready to turn their arms against each other, and in the last years of the eighteenth century Scindia first attacked and sacked Holkar's capital of Indore, and Holkar in return paid the same compliment to Scindia's capital, Ujjain. Scindia's great support were De Boigne's disciplined battalions, comprising nearly 40,000 men of all arms. Holkar, on the other hand, though he maintained a few battalions officered by Europeans, relied more upon the traditional Mahratta warfare, which had been so successful against the unwieldy imperial armies of Aurungzebe. Under this system he avoided anything like a pitched battle, except when he was in overpowering numbers, and confined himself to raiding the country, cutting off supplies and intercepting convoys. What the results of this warfare were, is well described by an eye-witness to Holkar's ravages.* "Wherever the Mahrattas encamped annihilation was ensured; it was a habit, and twenty-four hours sufficed to give the most flourishing spot the aspect of a desert. The march of destruction was always to be traced for days afterwards by burning villages and destroyed cultivation—deserted towns, roofless houses and uncultured plains."

Baji Row, the new, and destined to be the last, Peishwa, was in a very awkward predicament. His own position was by no means firmly established and it is probable that he would have preferred the support of a British subsidiary force. The policy, however, of the great vassal chiefs was thoroughly opposed to British interference, since peace and order was exactly what they did not want. The

* Tod, *Annals of Rajasthan*; Mewar.

stipulation, moreover, that all claims upon the Nizam should be submitted to British arbitrament, was as distasteful to him as to them. This was a matter they preferred should be left open, so as, at any time, when convenient, to form a *casus belli*. It was for this reason, when proposed by the Marquis of Wellesley* in 1798, that the subsidiary alliance was declined. It was for this reason also that when the last Mysore War commenced early in 1799, the Peishwa procrastinated, and delayed carrying out the conditions of the tripartite treaty. Neither he nor any other of the Indian Princes imagined that the war would be of so short a duration. As in 1791-92, it was expected that it would last for at least two campaigns, for the season was already far advanced when General Harris commenced his advance from Vellore (11th February, 1799). In less than three months (4th May) all was over, and the opportunity by which the Peishwa might have profited had passed away. The removal of Tippoo from the stage of Indian politics was a severe blow to the Peishwa's policy. He had been a most important factor, either as an enemy to be plundered or as a possible ally who would be ready to assist in plundering others. His place was now taken by the British, who were also the supporters of the Nizam. But circumstances occurred which compelled Baji Row to have recourse to the British in order to save his own position. In 1801 Scindia attacked Holkar, who had been carrying on his depredations in Malwa and Rajputana, and sacked his capital Indore. The Peishwa, to glut his own revenge and possibly also to conciliate Scindia, caused Holkar's brother to be barbarously put to death. He was trampled under the feet of an elephant, whilst Baji Row sat as a spectator at a window. Holkar, having suffered reverses in his own dominions, soon afterwards marched into the Deccan, in order to call the Peishwa to account for this murder, and also with the view of strengthening his own influence at the Poona Court. Scindia sent down reinforcements, but they were insufficient in number, and the result was that Holkar inflicted a severe defeat upon Baji Row in the battle of Poona (October 25th, 1803). The Peishwa now had no other recourse left than flight, and hurried off to British territory on the Western Coast,

* The Earl of Mornington was not created Marquis of Wellesley until after the fall of Seringapatam, but throughout this paper he is spoken of under the title by which he is best known.

after first sending a preliminary agreement to Colonel Close, under which he undertook to subsidise his battalions of sepoys and to cede 25 lakhs of rupees' revenue for their support. (Grant Duff, Vol. II, Chap. XVII.) Baji Row finally took refuge in Bassein, and there the treaty of that name was drawn up, in which the conditions of the subsidiary alliance were fixed (31st December, 1803). Not only was a subsidiary force accepted, and the districts valued at 26 lakhs assigned for payment, but the arbitration clause regarding claims against the Nizam was also agreed to, and he undertook to employ no Europeans in his service from a nation hostile to the British, and not to engage in hostilities with other states without previous consultation with the British Government. It was his necessities only which compelled Baji Row to accept these terms, which were as distasteful to himself as they were to the other Mahratta Princes. Scindia flatly refused to become a party to the treaty, and although he told Colonel Collins, the Resident, that he would not obstruct it, he maintained that the Peishwa ought to have consulted him before entering into it. In reality, however, both he and the Bhonslay Rajah of Nagpore, had resolved upon war, and it was the Treaty of Bassein that was the immediate cause of the second Mahratta war, which opened in 1804 with the brilliant campaigns in the Deccan conducted by Colonel Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) and by Lord Lake in the North. Into the details of this war we need not enter here; suffice it to say that the same admirable judgment was displayed by the Marquis of Wellesley in arranging the whole plan of campaign, which in its results was even more brilliant than that of Mysore. Scindia and Bhonslay were defeated at every point, at Assaye, Argaon, Gavelgurh in the Deccan, and at Aligarh, Agra, Delhi and Lasswarree in the Northern Doab, and when peace was concluded with the two Mahratta allies (at the end of 1804 and the beginning of 1805), the Mahratta power seemed to be finally broken and the glory of the British arms and of the great Marquis was at its zenith. Never in the course of Indian history had there been a series of more brilliant successes than those which occurred during the five years 1799—1804. Throughout this war the Peishwa, although there can be no doubt that his sympathies were with his Princes, was nominally on the side of the British. He had been reinstated by General Wellesley in his capital, in May, 1804, and the Deccan

campaign was conducted by his own subsidiary force, together with that of the Nizam. He was, however, very lukewarm, and rendered from his own resources very little assistance. In this respect he was very different from the Nizam, whose own troops took a very active share in the campaign by the side of the Hyderabad subsidiary force, and the Peishwa's share of the spoils, therefore, consisted only in the fort and district of Ahmednugger, whilst the Nizam received the province of Berar as it exists at the present day. At the same time treaties were made with the Rajahs of Jeypore, Jodhpore and Bondi, of Rajputana and of Macherry and Bhurtpore, who thus became allies of the British, and whose territories were guaranteed against external enemies. In the treaty with Nagpore no mention was made of a subsidiary force, and although Scindia agreed to receive a subsidiary force of 6,000 men, it was stationed outside of his territory.

But before India had time to recover from the surprise raised by the extraordinary successes of the Marquis of Wellesley's policy, the war broke out afresh. Throughout the campaigns of 1804 in the Deccan and the Northern Doab, Holkar had stood aloof. Although his interests were as much affected by the Treaty of Bassein as were those of Scindia and Bhonslay, he was still at variance with Scindia, and refused all overtures to join the confederacy against the British. This was not due to any feeling of friendship towards the British, but because he feared that in case of success, Scindia, in order to re-establish his influence at Poona, would commence a war of extermination against himself. (Grant Duff, Vol. II. Chap. XX.) He therefore remained sulking in Malwa, levying enormous contributions from friend and foe alike (Sir John Malcolm speaks of one crore of rupees having been exacted from the town of Mundisoor alone). As day after day brought tidings of the rapid victories of General Wellesley and General (shortly to be created Lord) Lake, his astonishment had no bounds, and after making fresh overtures to Scindia, which however were refused, he resolved to carry on the war himself. His first act was to put to death three British officers who, wishing to take advantage of the Governor-General's proclamation, had applied for permission to retire from his service. But neither General Lake nor any one else believed that he would commence hostilities. In March, however, he sent vakeels to Lake with absurd propositions, threatening, if they were refused, that as

"his country and his property were on the saddle of his horse, to whatever side the reins of his brave warriors should be turned the whole of the country in that direction should come into his possession." Holkar then advanced to Ajmere, thus threatening the British borders, whereupon the Governor-General ordered Lake to send a force to attack him. At the same time Colonel Murray was ordered to advance with a force from Guzerat to attack his capital of Indore. But then occurred one of those unexpected incidents, the frequent occurrence of which has given rise to the expression of "the glorious uncertainties of war." After the unparalleled success of the British arms and diplomacy at Mysore, Poona, the Deccan and the Northern Doab, in which successively, Mysore, Gwalior, and Nagpore had been beaten, and the Nizam and the Peishwa converted into British allies, the tide of fortune suddenly changed. Colonel Monson commanded the expeditionary force sent against Holkar. Marching south, he approached the Chembul, which was included in Holkar's territory. At first he met with success. Holkar had retreated before him and the fort of Tonk Rampurrah had fallen, whilst the main army under Lake was supporting his rear. The season, however, (July 1805) was too far advanced for operations on a large scale, and so Lord Lake fell back into cantonments, leaving Monson in an advanced post on the north of the Chembul. At this moment Monson heard that Colonel Murray's division had been delayed in its march from Guzerat, and that it was probable he would have to fall back. The rains had set in, and he was insufficiently provided with supplies, and hearing that Holkar was advancing again with the object of recrossing the Chembul, he resolved to retire, and thereupon commenced a retreat which eventually turned out to be one of the greatest disasters that ever occurred to the British arms in India.

A retreat was exactly the opportunity for which Holkar longed. Throughout these wars he had always expressed his opinion that it was a mistake to meet a British Army in a pitched battle, however disciplined the native force might be. It was for this reason that he did not encourage the enlistment of disciplined contingents officered by Europeans on the same scale as Scindia had done, and which had proved so successful under De Boigne. It should, however, always be remembered that De Boigne's successes in the Northern Doab,

remarkable though they were, were always gained over native levies. Against them his partially disciplined troops were able to succeed, but they never met a regular British army. After De Boigne had retired, and was succeeded by Perron in the chief command, the discipline became more lax. Whereas De Boigne was a faithful, honourable servant of his master, Perron seems to have been actuated by selfish and national motives. As much as possible he removed the British officers under his command, and replaced them by Frenchmen, and there can be no doubt that he was in direct communication with the Directory in France with the object of establishing a French sphere of influence in North India, with himself as the independent ruler. On several occasions he had neglected to comply with Scindia's demands for reinforcements, and it was owing to this disobedience that Holkar had been able to sack Ujjain, Scindia's capital. Perron preferred to remain in the north and devoted all his resources towards crushing the English adventurer George Thomas, who so nearly succeeded in creating an independent kingdom near the Sutlej. But the remarkable thing is that throughout the whole of the war that had apparently just concluded, Perron took no part. Before hostilities actually commenced he forsook his master, and under a safe-conduct from Lord Lake took shelter with the British, carrying with him as much of his private fortune as he could realise. His defection was hailed with joy by his officers, by whom he seems to have been hated, but the day of the renowned contingent of De Boigne was over, and in the various engagements that followed the different battalions were only able to offer a feeble opposition to Lord Lake's army. Their disappearance from the Indian war stage was even more sudden and remarkable than had been their growth. And from this time forward in the various wars that succeeded, although occasionally we come across the name of a European officer in the employ of a Native Prince, we no longer read of regular battalions, disciplined and led by European officers. But to return to Colonel Monson.

Holkar's idea, as already mentioned, was to carry on the old Mahratta system of campaign, and this style of warfare was exactly suited to his temperament and to that of such daring and unprincipled freebooters as his follower Ameer Khan, who during the next few years gained so notorious a reputation, but who played his cards

so successfully that in the end he was recognised as an independent Prince and confirmed as the ruler of Tonk. A retreat, therefore, always hazardous before an Oriental foe, and especially so before Mahrattas, was playing Holkar's game. The rains set in with more than ordinary violence, the roads were turned into quagmires, and the smallest brooks into foaming torrents. Mishaps were followed by disasters, until at last, after 53 days of incessant fighting against the enemy as well as the elements, after the loss of several guns and almost all their baggage, on the 31st of August, when in sight of Agra, the troops fairly broke and found a shelter within its walls. Nowhere in history is the result of the warning "*Equam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*" better exemplified than in the bearing of the great Marquis on receipt of this news. No word of reproach escaped him, and he made no attempt to treat Monson as a scapegoat. The following extract from his despatch of September 4th, 1804, deserves to be quoted at length :—

Grievous and disastrous as the events are, detailed in those letters, the extent of the calamity does not exceed my expectation ; from the first hour of Colonel Monson's retreat, I have always augured the ruin of that detachment, and if any part of it be saved, I deem it so much gain. From Colonel Blair's letter to Colonel Macan, I trust that the greater part of the detachment is arrived at Agra, but I fear my poor friend Monson is gone. *Whatever may have been his fate, or whatever the result of his misfortunes to my own fame, I will endeavour to shield his character from obloquy*, nor will I attempt the mean purpose of sacrificing his reputation to save mine. His former services and his zeal entitle him to indulgence ; and however I may lament or suffer from his errors, I will not reproach his memory, if he be lost, or his character, if he survive. (Wellesley Despatches, Vol. IV. p. 205, Martin.)

No wonder that men served such a master with devotion, and that the name of the Marquis of Wellesley was the subject of adoration by all ranks of the Indian army. His "poor friend Monson" happily was not lost, nor was he even removed for his fatal error of judgment, and on the 14th November succeeding, he had the proud satisfaction of being able to report to the Marquis from Deeg the glorious victory which he had gained over Holkar's army at that place, with himself in command at the hour of success.

In the meantime this terrible disaster was sufficient to again

set Central India into commotion. The whole of the work achieved by Lake's army had to be done over again. Scindia, after some wavering, joined Holkar, Rajputana was again over-run, the alliances just formed set at nought, and the whole of Malwa was in a blaze. South of the Taptee, however, peace was maintained by the subsidiary armies at Hyderabad and Poona, and the wisdom of the great Marquis' policy is now apparent to the student of history. But it was not so apparent at the time to the British public and the Board of Directors. The latter had never been heart and soul in favour of the active and vigorous policy of the Marquis. At first they were dazzled, as were the public, by the rapid and brilliant success at Mysore, but, as afterwards complications arose with the Mahrattas, the fear seems to have arisen that, to use an American expression, Lord Wellesley had bitten off more than he could swallow. At first the rapid successes of the campaign of 1804 disarmed adverse criticism, but as soon as the news of Monson's disaster reached England a change of policy was resolved upon. Already, eighteen months before, the Directors had found fault with their Viceroy for his independence of action, especially in the change which he introduced in the College for the training of official servants at Calcutta, without first consulting the Board at home, and the Marquis, in disgust at their interference, had wished to resign. But at that time he could ill be spared, and so he remained. Then followed this war, at first successful, but now apparently likely to prove disastrous. Non-interference and peace-at-any-price, was the new order of the day, and it was resolved to recall the Marquis and to send out another Viceroy to introduce a new policy, the so-called Ring-fence policy, which, in other words, meant, to stick to what they had got and to let all outside that circle stew in their own juice, and settle their own quarrels. England was not yet alive to the responsibilities of Empire, and the Directors were probably not aware of the oriental proverb that if you put one foot forward you must bring up the other one to follow. So it was resolved to send out the aged Lord Cornwallis with orders to abandon any further spread of the subsidiary policy and to adopt a strict line of non-interference.

But a hundred years ago it took at least three months for news to reach England, and some delay naturally occurred before the new policy could be decided upon and the new instruments to carry out

that policy selected. Lord Castlereagh's despatch notifying the appointment of Lord Cornwallis, dated 18th January, 1805, was not received in India until the 25th May, and the new Governor-General did not arrive in the Madras Roads until the 18th July of the same year. During this long interval of one year, Lord Lake had plenty of time in which to retrieve the disaster which marked the opening of Holkar's campaign. After the battle of Deeg, Holkar's power seemed to be effectually broken, and although the repeated assaults on Bhurtpore were successfully repulsed by the Rajah, and for the present the fortress had not to undergo the fate of Aligarh, Agra and Deeg, the Rajah consented to terms of peace not unfavourable to the British. Holkar escaped first to Rajputana and then to the Punjab, and must before long have been compelled to submit unconditionally. Ameer Khan, the freebooter, fled to Rohilkhund, whither he was followed by General Smith, defeated and compelled to return to Bhurtpore. Indore, Holkar's capital, was in the possession of Colonel Murray's division, and in a few weeks' time there must have been a general pacification and the firm establishment of subsidiary alliances throughout the Mahratta and Rajputana States. Baroda had already agreed to accept a complete subsidiary alliance (21st April, 1805) which underwent various modifications during the next three months. Under the definitive treaty the Gaikwar, who had previously received a subsidiary force of 2,000 men, now engaged to maintain 3,000 infantry and a company of artillery, and districts yielding Rs. 11,70,000 were assigned for their support. (Grant Duff, Vol. II. Chap. XXI.)

It was at this juncture of affairs that Lord Cornwallis arrived in India for the second time, and the great Marquis of Wellesley left, more or less under a cloud; the great work which he had so gloriously commenced not half completed, and the greater portion of Central India still in a state of disorganisation and anarchy. In spite of protests, and in spite of the vastly altered circumstances, Lord Cornwallis refused to take any advantage of the successes recently gained, and for the first time introduced the policy of "Scuttle," which on various occasions, in moments of panic, has been since imitated by English statesmen, but always to the disgrace and humiliation of the British Empire. It is true that Lord Cornwallis only lived for three months, but his successor, Sir George Barlow,

inflexibly pursued the same line of policy, and we, who are now in a position to judge of the results, can only agree with the verdict of the contemporary historians, Tod and Grant Duff, that they were, in the words of the latter, "as short-sighted and contracted as they were selfish and indiscriminating." (Vol. II. Chap. XXII.)

The Nizam, the Peishwa and the Gaikwar were already bound by the defensive and subsidiary alliances of the Marquis of Wellesley ; but British protection was withdrawn from the petty states in Hindustan excepting the Rajahs of Bhurtpore and Macherry. Rughoojee Bhonslay (Nagpore), Scindia and Holkar were each left in possession of considerable tracts of country. The treaties with these States were mere instruments of general amity ; their intercourse was completely unrestrained, and no control except in relation to the allies of the British Government was to be exercised over them (*ibid*). In this way almost the whole fruits of the campaign of 1804-5 were lost, and what was worse, those petty states which had wished to accept our protection, such as Boondi, Jaipore, Bhopal &c., were left to the tender mercies of Scindia, Holkar and Ameer Khan. The ring-fence had, it is true, been somewhat extended, and the Doab between the Ganges and the Jumna shut in the Province of Oudh, but the whole of the region lying south of the Chembul, stretching right across India at nearly the broadest part of the Peninsula and extending down to the Taptee, was left a prey to an anarchy and rapine which had become even more accentuated than it was before.

For some years this state of things continued, and the British remained cynically within the confines of their ring-fence, spectators of the desolation which marked the progress of the Mahratta chiefs, now left free to carry out their traditional habits of plunder and extortion. In Bengal, the Deccan and further south there was comparative rest, and the people had the opportunity of learning the meaning of the words *Pax Britannica*. There was the same love and tradition of turbulence amongst the petty land-holders and zemindars, but the detachments of the various subsidiary forces scattered over the country kept the turbulent spirits in check, and the ryot was able to devote himself to agriculture without fear of his crops being harried as soon as they ripened.

But for twelve years more it was different in Central India. Scindia and Holkar ravaged at their own fancy far and wide, and first of all took the opportunity of revenging themselves upon those States that had assisted the British or had sought for their protection. In this process of rapine, Ameer Khan, Holkar's great support, distinguished himself beyond all others. One of the first to feel the weight of the Freebooter's hand was Marwar, now known as Jodhpore from the name of the capital. Rajah Maun Singh was the ruler of that Rajput State, and was engaged in a petty war with the Jaipur Prince, who wished to marry the princess of Mewar and had espoused the cause of a Pretender to the throne of Marwar. Ameer Khan, after having joined the Pretender's side, was without difficulty persuaded—for due consideration of course—to adopt that of the Rajah Maun Singh. The confederacy against the Rajah was beaten and the war carried into the Jaipur country. The capital was saved by Ameer Khan and the other Mahratta leaders being bought off with a bribe of 21 lakhs, of which 9 went to Ameer Khan alone; two lakhs more were extorted from the Kishengurh Rajah, and then Ameer Khan returned in triumph to Jodhpore in order to obtain from the Rajah the full price of his help. He was received with great honour, a place was allotted for his residence, and a payment of three lakhs made on account. But Ameer Khan's work was not yet complete; the Pretender, though beaten, was still alive, and accompanied by his main supporter, Sowae Singh, had taken refuge in Nagpore. To these Ameer Khan pretended to make overtures and agreed to place the Pretender, known as the "Dhonkul" or "born to war" (from his being a posthumous son of a former Rajah of Marwar) on the guddee of Jodhpore for a bribe of 20 lakhs of rupees. The Khan swore on the Koran to be faithful to this agreement and invited the Prince and his chiefs to an entertainment on the following day. The scene that followed is thus described by Tod, and it occurred on the 19th Sheit S. 1864 (A. D. 1808).

"On the morning, Sowae, attended by the chief adherents of the Pretender and about 500 followers, repaired to the camp of the Khan, who had made every preparation for the bloody and perfidious deed he meditated. A spacious tent was pitched in the

centre of his camp for the reception of his guests, and cannons were loaded with grape-shot ready to be turned against them. The visitors were received with most distinguished courtesy; turbans were again exchanged; the dancing girls were introduced and nothing but festivity was apparent. The Khan arose, and making an excuse to his guests for his temporary absence, retired. The dancing continued, when at the word '*dugga*,' pronounced by the musicians, down sunk the tent upon the unsuspecting Rajputs, who fell an easy prey to the ferocious Pathans. Forty-two chiefs were thus butchered in the very sanctuary of hospitality, and the heads of most were sent to Rajah Maun. Their adherents, taken by surprise, were slaughtered by the soldiery, or by cannon charged with grape, as they fled." (Tod, "Annals of Marwar" Chap. XV.) The Pretender escaped, but all his stores were taken, and Ameer Khan returning to Jodhpore received as his reward 10 lakhs of rupees, two large towns, Moondhiawar and Koochilawar, of thirty thousand rupees rent, besides one hundred rupees daily for his table allowance.

This one instance must suffice as an example of the anarchy and rapine that went on for twelve years following the hurriedly formed peace of Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow. These internecine quarrels and bloody massacres were no affair of the British, who, as long as the borders of their ring-fence were left uncrossed, remained passive spectators of what went on outside. But the time came when, having ravaged everywhere, and taken everything from friend and foe alike, there was nothing more left in the unfortunate country to plunder or to burn. The principal chiefs settled down in comparative quiet. Holkar, always half mad, became entirely so, and Ameer Khan established a regency over his territories, which were in a complete state of anarchy. Scindia's dominions were as much disturbed as those of Holkar, and the only recourse left to both, now that there was nothing more to pillage, was to disband their overgrown military establishments. This was not an easy task, for most of them were greatly in arrears and were clamouring for their pay. "Armies accustomed to rapine and violence in extensive regions were now confined to tracts comparatively small; the burdens of their exactions became, in many places, intolerable, and districts before cultivated and

populous were fast running to waste and wretchedness." (Grant Duff, Vol. II. Ch. XXII.) It was this that led to the Pindarri war and with it the final overthrow of the Mahrattas as an independent power. The Pindarries were originally little more than camp-followers, who, as far as pillage was concerned, imbibed all the military instincts of the various irregular Mahratta armies. They were drawn from all kinds of castes and races. Patháns, Rohillas, Bhils, Mahrattas, Sikhs were all welcome, as indeed were all those who were in "distress, and every one who was in debt and every one who was discontented." In 1794 Scindia had already found it advisable to settle some of these Pindarri bands on the banks of the Nerbudda, where territory was assigned to them. From this point they were in the habit of issuing forth every year on predatory raids as soon as the rains ceased. Grant Duff says that out of every 1,000 Pindarris about 400 were tolerably well-mounted and armed. Of these about every fifteenth man carried a matchlock, but their favourite weapon was the common Mahratta spear from 12 to 18 feet long. The remaining 600 were common plunderers and followers armed like the bazaar retainers of every army in India with all sorts of weapons. These ruffians had leaders of their own, one of whom was Kureem Khan, but the one with most influence was the arch-freebooter, Ameer Khan. In 1809, after having firmly established his influence in Rajputana, Ameer Khan, looking round for something for the idle hands of these Pindarri hordes to do, resolved to make a raid into Berar, under the pretext of some alleged claims of the Holkar family. This, however, was a violation of the ring-fence, for Berar belonged to the Nizam, the ally of the British, and accordingly the subsidiary force was sent against him together with some of the Nizam's own troops. Beaten back from British-protected boundaries, the Pindarris, with Ameer Khan, then raided Nagpore, with whom there was no subsidiary treaty, and the unhappy Rajput States, which the timorous policy of Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow had left defenceless. This invasion of Berar is of further importance because the Nizam's troops, having been found to be very inefficient both as regards equipment and discipline, it was resolved by the Resident to take them in hand. This was more systematically done three years later by the Resident, Mr.

(afterwards Sir) Henry Russell ; several battalions were thoroughly reformed and officered by Europeans, arrangements being made through the banking firm of William Palmer & Co., to whom assignments of revenue were made in Aurangabad and Berar for their punctual payment. The Resident being allowed a free hand in these arrangements by the Nizam's minister, Maharaja Chendoo Lall, he took a very considerable interest in the corps, which for some time was known as Russell's Brigade, and as such did very good service in the Pindarri war. Eventually it was increased, until at last it was known as the Hyderabad Contingent, under which name it has continued to exist to the present day.

For some years matters in Central India went on in the same way, and Malwa and the neighbouring Native States not included in the ring-fence, were a scene of rapine and desolation. The feeling of unrest and anarchy even extended to Poona, and in 1812, there was very nearly a rupture with the Peishwa.

In October 1813 a New Viceroy came to India, more of the stamp of the great Marquis, namely the Marquis of Hastings, then the Earl of Moira. By this time the Pindarri marauders in Malwa amounted to no less than 50,000 men, and Lord Hastings resolved that the time had at last come when a stop should be put to their ravages. The Board of Directors had already begun to see the mistake which had been made in relinquishing the subsidiary policy of Lord Wellesley, and Lord Hastings took the first step towards its renewal by opening negotiations with the Bhonslay Rajah of Nagpore. The State of this Prince had during the last few years suffered considerably from their raids, but he was still averse to receive a British force of protection, and the first overtures made by the Resident, Mr. Jenkins, were positively rejected. (Grant Duff, Chap. XXIV.) The Chief of Sagar and the Nawab of Bhopal, however, were eager to enter into subsidiary alliance, but Lord Hastings, being then involved in hostilities with Nepal, at first wished to delay entering into alliance with them. But matters were hurried on by the news of a fresh combination among the Mahratta Chiefs. Nagpore, Scindia and Holkar (*i. e.* his widow Toolsee Bai) resolved to form a confederacy, the first and chief article of which was a joint undertaking to serve and obey the Peishwa, who had again shown his desire to shake off the British

alliance which, although it gave him protection, prevented him from indulging in the traditional instincts of his race. Scindia was then informed that the Bhopal State was under British protection (1815), but at first he protested, and bidding defiance to the British Government, advanced an army with the purpose of attacking the Nawab. But he did not go beyond threats. The favourable termination of the Nepaulese war set Lord Hastings's hands free, and Scindia, much to the disappointment of the Peishwa, who hoped that this would be the signal for the overthrow of the British power, withdrew his army. In March 1816 both the Nawab of Bhopal and the Bhonslay Rajah died. The latter's son and successor, Pursajee, was an idiot, and his nephew, Appa Row, being appointed regent, hoped under British protection to be raised to the throne. Accordingly, another subsidiary alliance, the first after ten years, was signed with Nagpore, under which he agreed to pay seven and half lakhs of rupees to defray the field charges of one regiment of cavalry and 6,000 infantry, besides maintaining a contingent of 3,000 horse and 2,000 foot (May, 1816).

Lord Hastings was now ready to take the necessary steps to pacify the country by crushing the Pindarris. This had become a necessity, since their ravages compelled the Government to keep large armies in the field at enormous expense to protect their own and their allies' boundaries from their ravages. A general concentration of the subsidiary forces of the Deccan, of armies from Bombay and from Bengal, was resolved upon, and early in 1817 the plan was put into action. In the meantime, however, Baji Row the Peishwa was playing a double game. He was only waiting for the marching away of the troops to strike a blow for his own independence, and then by joining the other Mahratta Princes to shake off the British yoke. After the Dussera of 1817, the Peishwa finally threw off the mask and after some shillyshallying, which gave Mr. Elphinstone time to call in some reinforcements, attacked the Resident with an overwhelming army. The battle of Kirkee followed, in which the small British force was victorious, and for the next ten months the Peishwa was a fugitive, until at last he surrendered, to be sent into private life with a princely income at Bithoor, where in 1857 his adopted son Nana Sahib played the part of a demon with the neighbouring garrison of Cawnpore.

Nagpore quickly followed the example of Poona, and rose in revolt as soon as the troops despatched against the Pindarris were supposed to be at a safe distance. The Rajah too had an overpowering force of 18,000 men against 2,000 British, but at the battle of Seetabuldee (November 25th) had to feel that numbers were no match for discipline. The Rajah surrendered, and for a short time was reinstated, but being again faithless a few months later, was deposed, and although a relative was placed on the Musnud, the country was practically under British administration in the same way as subsequently Mysore was. In the meantime the different British divisions converged on the Pindarris, who divided into three bands. Ameer Khan, with his usual sagacity, had left them, and they were commanded by the Pathan Chiefs, Wasil Mahomed, Kurreem, and a Hindoo named Chatoo. The latter gave the most trouble and took refuge in Holkar's camp, but after the battle of Mahidpore, when Holkar's army was signally beaten (December 21st 1817), he had again to take to flight, until at last, when hiding in the jungle near the fortress of Gavelgurlh, he was eaten by a tiger (January 1818). Holkar and Scindia now agreed to submit. The former accepted the subsidiary alliance on the usual terms, and agreed to maintain an army of not more than 3,000 men, and the latter undertook to abide by the former treaty. The means of introducing peace and order into Central India were now provided, and Lord Hastings at once turned his attention to the protection of the unfortunate Rajput States, which for twenty years had been raided, first by Mahratta and then by Pindarris. Alliances were concluded with the different States on the basis of tribute, except in the case of Boondi, whose territory was not only increased, but the tribute he had hitherto paid to Holkar remitted, as a token of gratitude for the manner in which he had protected Colonel Monson in his disastrous retreat at no little risk and cost to himself. A similar indulgence was shown to Bhopal, whose ancestor had rendered similar service to General Goddard in the previous century when in a similar predicament, and who during the present war had sold his jewels to support troops. (Grant Duff, Chap. XXVI.) He was only called upon to maintain a contingent of 1,000 and instead of having to cede territory to maintain it, five districts were given to him to defray its cost.

The subsidiary alliance system was now thoroughly introduced into the whole of the Peninsula, south of the Himalayas and bordered by the Sutlej, the Indus and the sea. The ring-fence was widely extended, and within it now commenced the reign of the *Pax Britannica*, so that the exhausted country was able to breathe again. It should, however, be noted that these new alliances involved a far more subordinate relationship with the Supreme Power, than did the first subsidiary alliances with the Nizam and the Peishwa. There was no question in them of an agreement between equals, and no provision for the division of conquered territory. The new States were admitted on terms of what has since been called Subordinate Alliance ; they had to pay tribute, and in return the British power guaranteed the integrity of their boundaries, and protection from the aggression of their neighbours, an ample *quid pro quo*. The interior administration of the States was not interfered with, and accordingly no protection was given to the subjects against the possible oppression or misgovernment of their rulers, in whose breasts the traditions of the last two centuries could scarcely be expected to be suddenly effaced. This is a question which it is impossible to discuss at this stage, and is perhaps the only defect in the subsidiary system.

The settlement of the Peishwa's affairs occupied some time, but in it we were not unmindful of our obligations towards our faithful ally the Nizam, the one who through all these troubles had remained firm and steadfast. The debt due to the Mahrattas, to which we have already alluded, and which amounted to six crores of rupées, was entirely wiped out. The Chouth which the Peishwa had levied, amounting to 12 lakhs annually, was abolished, and districts belonging to Holkar and Nagpur amounting to six lakhs more were added to his dominions; practically the Nizam "obtained an addition of at least 28 lakhs of annual revenue." (Grant Duff, *ibid.*)

It should be noted that throughout the whole of these troubles the Mahratta State of Baroda remained faithful to the subsidiary alliance of 1806, and also enjoyed comparative immunity from the Pindarri raids.

I have now traced the history of Subsidiary Alliance from its origin to its completion, and have, I trust, shown that on it depends

the stability of our Empire ; that peace and prosperity have always followed on its introduction, and that where it was absent there was only anarchy and chaos. Circumstances have now altered, and many of the conditions suitable and necessary to the state of the country a hundred years ago no longer exist. This, however, is not the time or the place to discuss them, and all that we can do is to remember with gratitude the genius of the greatest of our Governor-Generals who adopted, adapted and introduced the System of Subsidiary Alliance.

J. D. B. GRIBBLE.

THEOSOPHY.

I AM not an expert, much less an initiate, in the mysteries of Theosophy. I speak with no authority. I have not the slightest desire to dogmatise ; still less to condemn that which, most probably, I understand but imperfectly. I am attracted to the subject for several reasons. To mention one or two only : because the motto of the Theosophical Society commands my unqualified respect and admiration—"There is no Religion higher than Truth." Any body of opinion ranging itself under that banner deserves, at the least, to be met in a like candid spirit, and if it be found to be honest, it still stands entitled to admiration, even though mistaken. For I can conceive of no higher aim in the vague regions of transcendental speculation than the service of Truth. Too commonly we find Truth subordinated to consolation, creeds accepted not because they are true, but because they are comforting. We find everywhere men and women professing to believe that which they want to believe. Therefore, when a religion or a philosophy heralds its approach by a single-minded profession of its intention to seek and uphold the Truth, it seems to me, whatever incidental defects it may present, to be hall-marked as essentially good. Next, because Theosophy is widely misunderstood and often grotesquely misrepresented. It has, unfortunately for itself, become associated in the popular mind with a series of events, a small clique of individuals, and neither those events nor the characters of those individuals seem to have contributed to raise the doctrines with which Western thought has persistently identified them, either in scientific or ethical repute. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred believe that Madame Blavatsky invented Theosophy ; and that its credit must stand or fall by the verdict given upon the Blavatsky-Olcott-Judge confederacy. Theosophy, in popular

parlance, has come to be synonymous with imposture ; Theosophists are looked at askance, because they are generally suspected of being charlatans. The careers of those who prominently stood forth to be the teachers and popularisers of this form of ancient wisdom were submitted to the most searching and the most hostile criticism. The general opinion was that they were convicted of all that their opponents had charged upon them. It is no part of my present purpose to defend the Theosophist leaders or extenuate their methods. Conceded that Madame Blavatsky and her following were a parcel of charlatans and knaves, it does not follow that the occultism upon which this knavery was made to depend ought to be finally condemned because of the frailties of those who masqueraded under it. Let me not be understood to acquiesce in the judgment which was sweepingly passed upon the whole body of Theosophist teachers. It is impossible to ignore the extraordinary gifts possessed by that most extraordinary woman, Madame Blavatsky ; still more impossible to ignore the personal influence she exercised over every one who was brought for any length of time into close contact with her ; so that even to-day her memory is revered as the memory of a saint, and the passionate devotion which she inspired remains a vivid and inspiring tradition. Whatever we may think of some of her methods, and of some of her followers, every candid person who has studied her life and writings must allow the phenomenal plenitude of her spiritual and intellectual endowments. And this much, at any rate, should always in fairness be stated, against the common outcry that the whole thing was a deliberate money-making concern, that Madame Blavatsky, so far from enriching herself by means of Theosophy, spent all that she possessed, both of worldly goods and physical powers, in the cause of which she announced herself to be the accredited but humble priestess. Rightly viewed, she was a portent, deserving of much more serious attention than she received at the hands of her contemporaries. Her achievements, considering the conditions under which they were produced, are staggering ; that any woman should have been able to write a book like the " Secret Doctrine," as Madame Blavatsky wrote it, almost alone, borne down by physical infirmity, without access to libraries or books of reference, is in itself an astonishing and highly significant fact. Every one will probably admit that she was most

unfortunate in some of her associates ; that any cause championed by such persons was pre-doomed, if not to permanent, certainly to temporary discredit. The impostures and frauds, if they were impostures and frauds, to which the party committed itself, naturally disgusted all honest, right-minded men. The Adyar disclosures gave the final touch, and the venture ended in the darkest and seemingly most hopeless eclipse. From that day it has hardly been possible to get serious-minded men, in search of Truth, even to hear of Theosophy. The name was made to stink in the nostrils of righteousness, and the innate pharisaism of the Western world combined with its cynic levity to smother whatever of Truth there might have been in this evangel under an avalanche of supercilious sneers and vituperation. Truth is, however, a hardy annual, and can by inherent virtue and vitality weather the most furious storms of bigotry and superstition. So that if there be any genuine Truth in the teachings of Theosophy, it will shine all the brighter for having been temporarily obscured in the mists of error. I do not say that there is any Truth ; I merely claim for the opinions which come to us so modestly certified a fair and an impartial hearing. The gospel ought not to suffer because the preachers stammered. A sense of fair play, to go no further, requires that this new aspirant to a seat among the highest philosophies should be justly and calmly judged. A third reason is that while all other religions are clamant for belief without proof, Theosophy makes no such demand, but consonantly with her motto, asks no more than that you shall believe that which you have proved for yourself. This is reasonable and contrasts favourably with the arrogance of those who affect to despise Theosophy. There are no shibboleths here ; you are not told that you must believe this or that article of faith, or perish everlastingly. Theosophy approaches you with a sweet and engaging reasonableness, offering you what she alleges to be her priceless gifts of illuminating wisdom, and leaving you free to accept or reject them at your pleasure. It would indeed be hard to refuse what is so generously and unconditionally offered ; ungracious to turn away in disdain without being at the pains to enquire whether the mysterious visitant, who would give so much and asks so little, may not, in spite of her rather tattered modern dress, really be the messenger of Truth.

Let us then try to understand, without going too far beneath the surface, what Theosophy is and what it is not. Literally, Divine Wisdom, Theosophy professes to teach what has been divinely imparted—a divinely imparted explanation of the cosmic scheme. There is unavoidable ambiguity in the use of such terms as, in this connection, “divine.” But I retain it because it is in popular use, is easily intelligible, and fairly expresses the superior character of the agency by which Theosophical truth has been garnered and distributed. But the “divinity” implied is nothing absolutely distinct from and unattainable by man; rightly understood, it appears to be the perfection of the spiritual in man, that is, of course, assuming for the sake of this thesis that there is a spiritual, distinguishable from the material, man. The complexities of this idea, always bringing the expositor perilously near the confines of that dangerous logical ground, the *petitio principii*, must be my excuse for not refining too closely upon the exact meaning of terms. I am not preaching Theosophy; I am merely trying to represent it from the point of view of the Theosophist. And when we begin to approach, in a sympathetic spirit, the teachings of the ancient wisdom, it is surprising to find in what widely divergent, and often most unexpected quarters, they seem to be re-echoed. Take, for example, this stanza from the “Songs before Sunrise” :—

The Earth God, Freedom the lonely
 Face lightening, the footprints unshod,
 Not as one man crucified only,
 Not scourged with but one life's rod;
 The soul that is substance of nations
 Re-incarnate with fresh generations
 The great God Man, which is God.

That verse may help to explain one sense in which I think it is not untheosophical or unreasonable to speak of the Divine revelation of this system. Being, then, an explanation of the whole cosmic scheme, with its processes, Theosophy is also, in the broadest meaning of that word, a Religion. It is not a Religion which means a ceremonial or cult involving an organised priesthood and a machinery of sacred things and places, but it is a body of doctrine, which aims at teaching man what his place in nature is, what his duties and responsibilities are;

how to understand the problems of transcendental philosophy, and how to reconcile the apparent contradictions of nature. It is also a Religion in so far as it inculcates morality and the necessity for cultivating and co-operating with what we will loosely call the spiritual as opposed to the material elements composing man. It is a great hypothesis, speaking now from the standpoint of the lay critic, possessing many, if not most, of the requisites of the true scientific hypothesis; for it explains more, and explains what it does explain more reasonably, than any other hypothesis, religious or philosophical. Philosophy after philosophy has attacked the imperious problems of Free Will, and Necessity, God, the Immortality of the Soul, the First Cause, and fallen away either baffled or involved in such profound antinomies, that the attempts to reconcile them by transcendental dialectic resemble useless mental gymnastics rather than a serious and satisfying exposition of what is the fundamental and explanatory Truth. Religion after religion, appealing to the emotional more than the reasoning faculties, has attempted, and attempted in vain, to satisfy man's innate sense of justice, has held out visionary anthropomorphic promises and consolations, fortified by supernatural signs and tokens, but has never succeeded yet in offering a sound, intelligible and rational solution of the great problems, which the law of human intellect compels man to investigate.

Man's destiny, Fate, the existence of apparently unmerited evil, the glaring inequalities of life, the violent cruelties of nature, these are facts before which the stronger reason stands erect, indeed, haughtily, sullen, self-centred, as in the loftiest Stoic ideal, but angrily hostile and unconvinced; the weaker reason bows its head, veils its eyes, and seeks support on some supernatural prop.

There was the door to which I found no key,
There was the veil through which I could not see.

So sang one poet hundreds of years ago, and the cry is re-echoed in our late Laureate's "Behind the veil, behind the veil." Theosophy lifts the veil, opens the door, and invites the student to gaze with clear eye upon the mysterious contents of the great metaphysical puzzles. If these are not the true solutions, they possess this great superiority over all others yet suggested, that

they are perfectly intelligible, that they do explain, that they thoroughly satisfy our sense of justice, and exhibit the workings of an inexorable but perfectly rational law. In fact, the first and commonest objection to the Theosophical hypothesis is that it is too perfect, that it is too simple, that it is not mysterious enough, and that it looks as though it had been carefully shaped to meet all possible exceptions. It does not follow of necessity that the human sense of justice corresponds exactly with or even closely resembles essential justice ; and in seeking to explain all metaphysical difficulties upon the scale of human intellect, the force, sweep and tendencies of the guiding principle are likely to be underrated, and reduced to proportions comprehensible by finite intelligence, but altogether incommensurate with reality. If, however, the explanation appears to be in all other respects adequate, it ought not surely to be regarded as defective merely because it is comprehensible. Unfortunately, the religious training of the West, during the last twenty centuries, has been of that peculiarly enervating kind, that Man has learnt to regard himself as eternally dependent. The harm wrought upon character by insisting upon such dogmas as the inherent depravity of man is incalculable. It has taught him to look elsewhere than in his own nature for the means of raising himself in the moral scale, has destroyed his self-reliance, and fostered an intellectual servility which encourages him to doubt and distrust any moral or religious teachings which he can understand. Theosophy does not invite or approve that abject attitude, and for this, if for no other reason, her voice is welcome in the ears of those who would be free. Theosophy, then, purports to be a rational exposition of the great Cosmic process in which we are now taking part. It suggests, as will appear presently, in place of the puling sentiment,

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die,
 For Thou hast made him. Thou art just,

a much nobler and more inspiring ideal, the Divinity in Man actively and intelligently co-operating with the Parent Divinity for the ultimate triumph of good over evil. I am here using evil in the vulgar sense, and I must guard against admitting that in the usually accepted sense, there is any evil at all. That

there are conflicting and opposite tendencies, I understand the Theosophist to allow; the proposition seems to me to be necessarily implied in the connotation of the terms matter and spirit; but the properties of matter and its special tendencies, while possibly evil, regarded from the point of view of spiritual evolution, are not necessarily evil *per se*. Seemingly, matter conforms to its laws as inexorably as spirit to its laws; and the resultant phenomena are an inseparable consequence of the metaphysical conception of the involution of mind in matter, with its inevitable cyclic strivings to a perfect spiritual evolution. Owing to the limitations of the human understanding there must always come a point at which further comprehension ceases; modern systems of thought have consistently striven to push back the limit, modern systems of Religion to push it forward. The aim of the former has been the emancipation, of the latter the enslavement, of the Mind. But whether the barrier be near or far, it is always there; and even in the luminous Theosophical hypothesis, there is spread a veil which cannot be lifted. It is not the same veil or anywhere near the same point in the range of human thought as the veil of the poets I have mentioned; but like Spencer's Unknowable, Theosophy has of course its Unknowable too. And it arises to bar further progress when the enquirer would know the necessity for spirit involving itself in matter at all, if its sole object thereafter is to evolve out of matter. All philosophy, since Man began to think rationally, appears to have admitted in one form or another the involution of mind in matter; but why this involution is a necessity of pure mind is a question to which no answer intelligible by finite intelligence can be given. When I say finite intelligence, I mean, of course, the intellectual operations of the mind in its material envelopment. For although thus temporarily encumbered, and for what purpose we can never know, the mind is, upon the Theosophical hypothesis, and indeed upon many other religious hypotheses, not essentially finite, but a part of the Infinite Mind or Over-soul from which it has emanated and become, during its functioning on this material plane, partially disconnected. If, then, we accept provisionally this necessarily rather superficial statement of what Theosophy is, we may profitably clear our minds of misconceptions and prejudices, by considering what it is not. First, then, it is not a

society for promoting parlour juggling. The popular imagination seized upon the spiritualistic seances by means of which the promoters of the Theosophical movement in Europe most unfortunately sought to convince. They appear to have thought, like the prophets of old, that signs and miracles were indispensable, and as the public rightly or wrongly came to the conclusion that all these signs and miracles were shams and frauds, they refused to have anything further to do with the gospel thus accredited. Now although Theosophy does explain the phenomena of spiritualism, and explain those phenomena quite simply and rationally, the validity of the main tenets of Theosophy cannot fairly be made to depend upon these manifestations. Nor, because the explanations of Theosophy remained in the judgments of most unimpassioned observers unproved or not adequately proved, while the phenomena themselves were almost universally condemned as mere trickery, does it follow that the explanations were false. There is a great confusion of thought upon this subject, partly, no doubt, because on account of the practically unanimous condemnation of "spiritualism," scientific thought was never systematically applied to it: and the mass of public opinion was influenced quite as much by prejudice as by reason. Let it be assumed, however, that of the countless "manifestations" with which England was favoured during the prevalence of the spiritualistic craze, only half a dozen were genuine: in strictness supranatural. This is not a very large assumption; hundreds and hundreds of witnesses, including scientific men, physicians specially skilled in neurotic conditions, auto-suggestions, and every phase of psychopathy, could be adduced to-day to swear to the occurrence of appearances transcending all known physical laws. These are credible, trustworthy witnesses, and they would depose to experiences which cannot be accounted for by any agencies or forces known to science. The Theosophist had an explanation where science had none. In itself the Theosophical explanation was consistent and adequate, but it involved the admission of facts and conditions which were themselves supranatural, and therefore required proof. That kind of proof the Theosophist could not, or would not furnish, and Science turned away scornfully from the explanations and denied the phenomena—denied, that is to say, that, as the witnesses testified, they were produced by supranatural means. Now I think it is

clear that if only one such supranatural occurrence were fairly proved it lay quite as much upon Science as Theosophy to explain it. Theosophy did, Science did not. But because the Theosophical explanation was not accepted, even assuming it was absolutely false—and this cannot at present be more than a mere assumption—a conclusion was hastily drawn that Theosophy was nonsense. By a parity of reasoning, or want of reasoning, it would be as logical or illogical to conclude that Science was nonsense. Probably Science would go a step further and assert that the "miraculous" circumstance never happened. If, however, we deal fairly with this matter, applying the same canons of proof as in all other matters of grave import, fair-minded men can hardly accept the assertion. We may all admit that in the height of the "Medium" fever a very large number of foolish and overstrung people were imposed upon and deliberately lent themselves to imposition. There was an enormous demand for miracles: and the supply was kept up to meet it. But these trite considerations do not dispose of several extremely well authenticated cases, in which the observers were thoroughly competent, in no sense hysterical, and keenly alive to the chances of trickery and imposture. Such witnesses speak of what they saw and tested; there was not room for delusion, and if they were tricked into believing that what they had seen was the result of hitherto unclassified forces, operating in a manner quite unknown to Science, the trickery must have been almost as much in the nature of a miracle as the phenomenon it produced. No one, however, who has attentively weighed the evidence can deny that the facts to be proved have been proved far more fully and unimpeachably than facts upon which our courts of law daily give judgment. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the entire field of spiritualistic experiment was given over to fraud, and that a great many would-be Theosophists unconsciously participated in popularising that gigantic and harmful imposture: Theosophy, in its fundamental essence, remains, as it seems to me, quite unimpaired. If the basic principles of Theosophy are true, if they afford at once the most complete and the most intelligible and the most satisfying solution of the eternal problems, they are valid to that extent, whatever fabric of charlatanry and cheating dishonest or misguided individuals chose to construct upon them. Among the assertions of Theosophy it is

unquestionable that we find the possibility, by devotion to spiritual principles, of acquiring occult or supranatural powers. Madame Blavatsky laid claim to possess these powers, and therefore to be able to produce phenomena which transcended the known laws of nature. Possibly to impress her teachings upon the vulgar imagination, she did stoop to produce apparently miraculous effects by means of trickery ; possibly she did not possess at all times the occult powers which she claimed to possess ; possibly she did not ever possess them ; possibly at some times she did ; but she herself always evinced the greatest contempt and aversion towards this feature of the Theosophical presentment ; and in her writings no stress whatever is laid upon it. It had been much better for Theosophy, in the estimation of the West, if it had not appeared in such a questionable form. But the time is ripening for considering it in its deeper aspects. And if that consideration should lead to the conclusion, that underneath much which was untrue and unworthy, there lay hidden Truth herself, surely we should welcome her for her own virtue, not reject her for the stains cast upon her robe by those who professed to come in her name. *

Thus much of the association of Theosophy with imposture, which I hope will be seen to be merely superficial. Theosophy is not a creed. It makes no demands whatever upon the credulity of man or woman. It is a wisdom, and as such is susceptible of proof and practical testing in every stage ; whether you will accept it, will apply it, will make it the rule of your life and your guiding clue through the labyrinth of this earthly pilgrimage, depends entirely upon the conviction which a statement of its principles, its experiences, and the reasonings and proofs upon which they rest, brings home to you. There is no question here of believing and being saved ; there is indeed no question of being saved at all. Man as a self-conscious entity seems to stand alone in the world of phenomena and animalism ; he is so constituted mentally and morally that he cannot help asking himself certain questions and employing the best part of his reason in seeking for their answers. Theosophy comes to his assistance ; she suggests answers, and it is for Man to say whether they are the right and the only adequate and satisfying answers.

Theosophy is not bigoted. She is universally tolerant. Every effective religion being *ex necessitate* an aspiration after higher things,

an effort of the spirit to emancipate itself from the trammels of its material encasement, is *pro tanto* Theosophical. Theosophy embraces all religions, looking with a loving eye on what is good and with a pitying eye on what is bad, in their total presentment. But in no case is it hostile or intolerant. Unlike the warring sects which have bathed the world in innocent blood in the name of eternal love and mercy, Theosophy is quite incapable of persecution. The great teachers of the world's religions are accepted and venerated and loved among Theosophists, as *illuminati*, adepts with a mission to improve and elevate contemporary morals. It would be impossible to say of Theosophy, as was once bitterly but truly said of Christianity, "See how these Christians hate each other." Not that that hatred was a legitimate consequence of Christian teaching; but it was a result of the exaggerated importance attached by ignorant and half-educated men to dogmas, creeds and formulæ, the shadow, not the substance. Theosophy attaches no importance to the shadow, has no special creeds, cares nothing about irrational and unreasoned beliefs. When crude intellects become obsessed with the idea that belief in an incomprehensible creed is indispensable for the salvation of the soul, persecution, hatred, and all forms of uncharitableness follow, as a matter of course. Where men are merely asked to accept wisdom on reasoned grounds, are taught that good conduct counts above all formulæ whatsoever, and that every attempt to raise the moral level of the society in which they live, under whatever name disguised, is commendable and deserving of affectionate respect, intolerance of divergent belief necessarily disappears, and with it all inducement to that most hateful and degrading form of human cruelty, religious persecution.

Theosophy, unlike most religions, is not founded upon the base passions of hope and fear. It makes no appeal, or only the slightest appeal to these lower emotions, while it excites and stimulates the highest and most unselfish qualities of the mind. Under searching analysis, the predominant religious emotion of the West will be found resolvable into the products of hope and fear, fear largely predominating. Theosophy adjusts the scales evenly and inexorably. That which a man sows he shall reap, but he shall reap in kind, he shall pay his bills in the same currency in which he incurred his debts. But the inexorableness of the Theosophical law is quite

distinguishable from the fatalism with which, upon a first view, it is apt to be confounded. It appeals to the reason and the ethical sense of man, not to his over-strung nerves. Thus Theosophy is rational, philosophic, tolerant, comprehensive, satisfying. The theosophist is equally at home in all congregations of good men, in church, cathedral, conventicle, mosque, meeting-house ; in the company of the honest doubter, of the ardent believer, in the stress and throng of great cities, or under the silent stars, reading in their ordered revolutions the lesson of constant purpose, the eternal harmony to the development and completion of which his own soul's tiny efficacy is consciously directed and unreservedly dedicated. His mission is to be an active coadjutor of all good works, all good volitions, a receiver and transmitter of cosmic virtue. It seems impossible to deny that, as far as human experience has yet reached, the religious emotion is a constant, predominant, integral factor of the mind. The persistency with which it re-asserts itself, notwithstanding that Science demolishes one after another of its old citadels, is a sufficient proof, if any were needed, that its true springs and nature are quite independent of the particular fabric about which it throws, for a given period of man's development, its visible tendrils. And a just comparison between Science and Religion, regarded, though very incorrectly regarded, as hostile forces, discloses Science, sharply defined enough, but a mere dwarf before the vast hazy outlines of Religion. When the world has grown yet a little wiser, when scientific men have become more accustomed to the discoveries they have made and are making, and realise how relatively unimportant they are, we may all hope to see in truer perspective the great power which manifests itself eternally under innumerable shapes, but is in essence always one and the same—the power of Religion. Theosophy tells us in its own way what this power is, and why it is ; explains its inevitableness, and also in a measure helps us to understand and sympathise with its expressions through distorting media. One great fact Theosophy insists upon, and that is that there is and can be but one true Religion, one true source for all those varying forms of emotion which we classify as religious. The solution which Theosophy gives is a sane and healthy-minded solution ; it teaches man that he must work out his own salvation, but it teaches him at the same time that he is a part of, and is always able by conscious effort to

identify himself more closely with the spirit, which is the essence and meaning of religion. And it is very significant to observe that in progressive countries the whole trend of thought, even of that thought which is most passionately religious, is towards the loftiest ideals of optimism, and away from those old gruesome effigies of pessimism, devotion to which overclouded the intellectual growth of the world and filled its fairest places with travesties of humanity. That set of opinion, though not consciously Theosophical, is in precise accordance with Theosophical principle, and many of the illogicalities and absurdities with which it is encumbered would be removed, or correctly systematised, by an understanding of the Ancient Wisdom. These new optimists, in obedience to the impulses of spiritual evolution, are groping after the truths which Theosophy claims to have garnered and preserved for thousands of years; they have a dim perception of certain cardinal principles, without the requisite knowledge of the reasons by which they, and their application under complex conditions, to the moral and physical advancement of Man, should be explained and directed. In this connection, as the reader has probably reflected, the great Mind-cure movement, with all its affiliations, has a remarkable illustrative interest. I shall make no apology to indignant scientists for devoting a little space to this subject; whatever science and vulgar prejudice may know or think they know of the causation and pathological explanations of this great wave of religious emotion, the wise man who is not a bigot, who is willing to examine impartially all facts that have a bearing on the subject he is engaged upon, will recognise that the Mind-cure movement is peculiarly rich in such facts. The keynote of the school is religious optimism, and it is hardly, I believe, an exaggeration to say, after comparing much of their literature with the literature of Theosophy, that these Mind-curers are crude Theosophists; that they vaguely recognise and utilise certain Theosophical principles without being in the least aware that the store on which they are drawing is as old as the world, and has been arranged, philosophically catalogued, and made available for use, when the proper occasion arises, by far more competent and far-seeing minds than their own. Speaking of God's two families of children on this earth, F. W. Newman, a great psychologist, would thus paint the truly optimistic type: "It is

to be hoped that we all have some friend, perhaps more often feminine than masculine, and young than old, whose soul is of this sky-blue tint, whose affinities are rather with flowers and birds, and all-enchanting innocencies than with dark human passions ; who can think no ill of Man or God, and in whom religious gladness being in possession from the outset needs no deliverance from any antecedent burden." That is the attitude of sunny, healthy religion, and it is precisely that quality which it is the studied aim of all Mental Scientists or Mind-curers to cultivate and encourage. But neither they, nor, for example, Emerson, who in his own way was the greatest spokesman of Theosophy without knowing that he was a Theosophist, have given an adequate explanation of the divergencies of religious emotion, or reasons why the fearful forms in which Religion manifested itself through the early centuries of the Christian Church, are essentially irreligious and, therefore, sure to give way, with the slow upward progress of the race, to higher and simpler and purer ideals. The following passage, taken almost at random from a Theosophical hand-book, and not a very good or complete or even, I think, accurate hand-book, may suggest why the Theosophist is and must always be, a convinced optimist as soon as he has but faintly realised the true import of the Ancient Wisdom. All will at last be well for those who cannot as yet see their way to accept the Truth, as well as for those who receive it with avidity. But the knowledge of this Truth has for us and for thousands of others made life easier to bear, and Death easier to face." The writer of this passage was, I believe, once a priest of the English Church, and that fact, with the prepossessions it implies, may account for a note which is not, I think, truly Theosophical—the note, I mean, of dissatisfaction with life as it is. There is no real question of making life easier to bear ; life is, or ought to be, intensely enjoyable, and it would be so were it rightly dealt with ; according to the Theosophical creed it always is so for those who have by conduct deserved that it should be so. The supreme contemporary example, says Professor James, of such an inability to feel evil is of course Walt Whitman. Walt Whitman would, I am sure, be claimed by all advanced Theosophists as a very high exemplar of the practical application of the ancient wisdom to our earthly

pilgrimage. It is because he was such an original and such a fascinating character, because he was in essence so very religious without the slightest leaven of conventional religion about him, that I dwell on this name for a moment. "His favourite occupation seemed to be strolling, or sauntering about out-doors by himself, looking at the grass, the trees, the flowers, the vistas of light, the varying aspects of the sky, and listening to the birds and the crickets. . . Perhaps no man that ever lived liked so many things and disliked so few as Walt Whitman." Does not this remind us of the debated dictum of Augustine (I think), *Dilige et fac quod vis*, or of Coleridge, "He prayeth best who loveth best, all things both great and small" ? I want to emphasise this catholic love and serenity, this persistent dwelling upon the beauties and sanctities of Nature and Life, not on their deformities and miseries, because, while it is in complete harmony with a correct appreciation of Theosophical Truth, it is, as I shall presently show, a striking characteristic of the new American sects, marking a complete revolution in the religious aspect towards life. It might be objected that so far from this being an advance, it is a relapse into paganism, that spirit of frolic welcome in which the Greeks were accustomed to meet more than half-way whatever the Gods of their Theogony had in store for them. Walt Whitman was frequently called a "pagan" by those who disapproved of his total disregard of all conventionality. Sometimes that word, "pagan," means the mere natural man, without any superimposed and largely artificial sense of sin; sometimes it means the average Greek or Roman before Christianity came into the world. But the peculiarly joyous and tranquil note of Whitman hardly falls to be classified under either of these categories. Rather, I think, an ascending spirit, fully alive to the existence of "sin," but wholly without that profound tinge of sadness which reveals itself throughout the whole of classic literature. His sense of oneness with the spirit of nature, the tide of his soul always setting steadily towards and with the great sweep of the cosmic stream, a kind of inspiration lifting him altogether out of the bounds of the ego, the little human individual, and placing him in close correspondence with the principle of each and every ego, breaking down the material limitations, and overflowing at once to the essence—something of that kind made Walt

Whitman the wonderful man that he was, and gave him that influence over many of his contemporaries, which caused them to venerate him much as the Jews venerated their early prophets. A mysterious power, and a novel power of that kind, proving so efficacious in the midst of hard-headed practical America, has the look of a portent; yet the explanation of all efficacy must imply in its content some part at least of a truth; for nothing that is altogether false succeeds. And the explanation, from the Theosophical point of view, is that Walt Whitman represented a soul high advanced on its upward path; not perhaps supernaturally illuminated, but from the native strength of its own accumulated virtue, and because of the truth and purity which were its affinities, endued with more than an ordinary share of cosmic power. As I said before, Theosophy is not a creed; on the contrary, it is an explanation of all the facts and experiences of our mundane life, and of much else that is more important. Therefore it is quite immaterial whether the great teachers have been aware of the body of constant Truth, with its systematised explanations and commentaries, with which they were in natural harmony. To be a Theosophist it is not necessary ever to have heard the word Theosophy. Indeed, the use of such phrases is, in the light of Theosophical teaching, utterly absurd, and is only necessary because we have become habituated to class the great instructors of the world under the petty denominations of certain sects. Because, out of that habit has grown the far more pernicious practice of insisting upon individuals subscribing to creeds, before framing an estimate of their total ethical usefulness. That is a mistake which Theosophy does not make: to the Theosophist every good man who has striven for the right, who has valued the spiritual element above the material, has contributed his mite to the development of his race, has co-operated with the great beneficent principle, of which he is an emanation, has, in fact, been a useful though an unnamed Theosophist. Walt Whitman was a great spiritual hedonist, and it is that view of him which brings him into direct touch with the subject I am at present considering. Probably every one of us, if asked what was the prime concern of human life, would, if honest, answer, to obtain and retain happiness. "In the religious even more than in the moral life, happiness and unhappiness seem to be the poles

round which the interest revolves." And as corollary to that proposition, the same writer goes on to say, "With such relations between Religion and happiness, it is perhaps not surprising that men come to regard the happiness which a religious belief affords as a proof of its truth. If a creed makes a man feel happy, he almost inevitably adopts it. Such a belief ought to be true, therefore it is true." That is, I think, a perfectly fair and true statement, and it accounts for so many intelligent people professing to believe a great many things which they do not really believe, because those things are made integral parts of a scheme, the totality of which represents to these people the highest form of happiness. But while this is an explanation it is no justification of false beliefs. And the question then arises whether, assuming the kernel of such beliefs is essential to the happiness of civilised man, it needs the meretricious adornments of myth and fable, or can be presented quite as simply, in quite as attractive a light, without sacrificing Truth. The Theosophical hypothesis may not be quite so comforting, quite so humanly assimilable, as certain faiths which have exercised an enormous influence upon successive generations and widely-spread nations; but if it is true, and if it does adequately satisfy the reason and the justice of man's best nature, it will be probably found in the long run to contribute even more than all other faiths to the ultimate aggregate happiness of the race. The Red Indian believed in a heaven of hunting grounds :—

Then like the Indian in another life,
Go seek thy dog, thy bottle and thy wife.

That was his sublimated idea of happiness, and he made his heaven to correspond; the Greeks had their Islands of the Blest, the Mussulman has his Paradise of Houris and Wine, the Christian his more spiritualised but still highly anthropomorphic heaven. These represent progressive ideals of happiness indubitably marking successive stages of mental evolution. And from the fact of this constant projection of visionary happiness into a realm external to human life, where it is conceived as concrete and permanent, it is a legitimate, almost a necessary, inference that these presentments are one and all distortions of an underlying truth. Theosophy steps in to announce what that truth really is, and

thus to harmonise and explain these perplexingly recurrent manifestations of some deeply-rooted human instinct. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the happiness which any belief gives is no proof of the truth of that belief, although it may be a measure of its practical utility. May be, I say, because it is evident that we are approaching very delicate ground, and are likely to be soon drawn into a discussion of the possibilities of any real good being founded upon known untruth. To avoid that, for the present, let it be admitted, what indeed is usually true, that the excitant of all religious as other effort is consciously or subconsciously, proximately or remotely, the expectation of increasing happiness. The question then arises whether the most widely spread and most influential religions known to us have on the whole contributed, by any tenet peculiar to themselves, to the increase of the aggregate happiness of humanity ; and if so, whether it can be shown, with any degree of probability even, we will not say certainty, that that particular tenet is true. For the inculcation upon the tender minds of children of vivid hopes with their correlated fears, which is an inevitable consequence of the adoption on a large scale of any form of religion, may, where the hopes are not reasonably grounded, produce, with the awakening of critical reason, a period of misery and disappointment which remains through the whole of life as the culmination of unhappiness, an irreparable loss, for which, in the slow appreciation of what may be accepted as limited, and relatively colourless truth, the temperament, trained in the heating atmosphere of illusion, cannot find nor ever will find adequate compensation. "Something it is which thou hast lost, some gladness of thine early years." Or as tenderly and most truly expressed :—

I remember, I remember
 The fir trees, dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm further off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

This is what a great and a bold thinker wrote upon the evil of teaching creeds to the child, which might be consolatory but were

not true : "Teach your children to do good and eschew evil ; if in later life they can find hope of an eternity of such action it will make them happier and may make them better. But the experience of centuries condemns the practice of teaching the doctrine (of immortality) to little children so as to make it familiar as an ill-understood conception, to weaken the power it might have for good, and to help the perversion of it to superstitious uses. The second point to be considered is the frightful loss and disappointment you prepare for your child if, as is most probable in these days, he becomes convinced that the doctrine is founded on insufficient evidence. It is not merely that you have brought him up as a prince to find himself a pauper at eighteen. He may have allowed this doctrine to get inextricably intertwined with his feelings of right and wrong. Then the overthrow of the one will at least for a time endanger the other. You leave him the sad task of gathering together the wrecks of a life broken by disappointment and wondering whether honour itself is left to him among them." (Clifford.)

If then religious beliefs, or to use a favourite word, Faiths, meaning, I think, beliefs in things which *ex necessitate* can never be proved at all, are held the cause of more happiness than unhappiness over the whole surface of humanity, here is one powerful reason why those Faiths should not be over-coloured. It may, however, be honestly doubted whether the domination of religious faiths, that is, unprovable faiths, constructed apparently to meet man's innate cravings after an extended personal existence, as well as to redress the seeming inequalities and injustice of his lot on earth, and heavily weighted with awful sanctions preying upon his fears, has contributed more to the happiness than the unhappiness of man. Ever since the revolt of the intellect against priestly tyranny, we have been accustomed to learn from such writers as Buckle, Lecky, and Draper, that religion has in the main been synonymous with superstition ; that it very soon assumed the proportions of an awful despotism, and that it maintained its withering supremacy entirely by terror. It persecuted the bodies and it blasted the souls of men ; they feared alike its temporal and its spiritual power. It was the avowed enemy and oppressor of reason and free thought. Outside the pale of the priestly caste, no one was entitled to think at all upon any subject

really worth thinking about. And the blighting results of priestly interference upon all healthy civic life and political progress became so pronounced as to justify the damning sentence "*Sacerdos, semper, ubique, omnibus hostis.*" If any modern proof were needed of the justice of that condemnation we have only to turn to the condition of Ireland, as described by Mr. M'Carthy in his recent sensational book. And then we have only to consider that probably the same deplorable consequences would flow from the supremacy of our own or any priesthood, and that England and other progressive countries are only saved from this miserable fate by the habit of sturdy free thought and personal independence. It will, of course, be answered, and answered with perfect truth, that the faults of the priesthood ought not to be attributed to the religion of which they are the ministers and representatives; that the cardinal and happiness-inspiring principles of that Religion have nothing to do with the priests and ought to be judged upon their intrinsic merits. Theoretically that is true; but the observed phenomena of the genesis and development of great religions show that in proportion as their cardinal principles are removed from or opposed to common reason and experience, the laity must fall more and more under the domination of the professionally trained expositors of those principles; and again, that in proportion as they do so, the quantum of happiness which a true appreciation of the essence of that religion ought to yield diminishes relatively to the quantum of misery which its terrors, wielded in the hands and for the sole interest of a privileged class, are certain to produce in the genuinely religious, that is to say, the partly morbid or at least psychopathic temperament. And this reflection brings me to a point in this part of my argument where I hope to be able to show why I have been thus apparently straying rather aimlessly afield from a consideration of Theosophy in the general, and the bearing in particular upon it of such a remarkable phenomenon as the mind-cure wave. Anyone who is at all interested in and acquainted with the psychology of religion, with such investigations as those carried on (imperfectly, perhaps, but not without yielding some instruction) by Starbuck, and with the profounder and more illuminant work of James, the leading authority on this obscure department of science, and in another part of the same field, with the highly original speculations of Feuerbach, must be

familiar with certain prominent and recurrent phenomena of religious emotion. Those of which I am thinking particularly at present may be classified, as James classifies them, under the phenomena of healthy-mindedness and the sick soul. The religion of healthy-mindedness, as I have already indicated, finds its most characteristic expression to-day in the faith of the mind-curers; but when we come to examine the grounds upon which that faith reposes, we shall, I think, be obliged to admit that they are too vague, mystic and unscientific to command, as most of us wish they could, the allegiance of the reason. We shall at the same time find that what of truth is in them and is probably to be regarded as their vivifying essence, is drawn entirely from the ancient wisdom, is in fact Theosophy peering through the veils of Christian mysticism, and the joyous transcendentalism of Emerson. The phenomena of the sick soul, where not directly attributable, as the materialistic physician would insist upon making them all attributable, to physical disease, call for some deeper explanation. Their existence is unfortunately undeniable; and the brusque crudity of science, which would brush them aside as nothing more than normal consequences of an abnormal liver, exemplifies a too common attitude of the scientific mind to all manifestations of activity which cannot fairly be reduced to the formulæ of the chemist, the physician, or the mathematician. The truth is that healthy-mindedness, as a phase of religious emotion, is largely constitutional, just as sickly-mindedness is largely constitutional; but in both sets of phenomena there is a residuum which demands closer and more philosophical investigation. Taking such notorious examples as Bunyan and Tolstoy to represent two of the commonest forms of this sickness of soul, in its religious reaction upon its total environment, we cannot help being forcibly impressed with the reality and the intensity of the misery which was experienced. In Bunyan's case it arose chiefly out of a sense of individual imperfection: in Tolstoy's, out of a sudden and vividly realised sense of his incompetence to understand his relation to the objective world about him. In him it manifested itself in a predominant anhedonia prompting to suicide. Both these tormented souls came through the deep waters to an infinite peace; they are types of what James calls the "twice-born," as distinguished from the "once-born" soul. But not every one, not

perhaps one in a hundred of those upon whom has descended the shadow of religious terror, escapes again into the freedom and the light of a spiritual resurrection. And the point to which I want to draw attention is that among the phenomena of religious emotion none are commoner or more painful than these of the sick soul. In other words, that Western religion, at any rate, has produced quite as much misery, individual and subjective misery, to say nothing of physical miseries deliberately inflicted in the name of religion, as happiness. Now it is incontestable that neither Bunyan nor Tolstoy could, had they been trained from their earliest infancy in the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom, and had they accepted those teachings as affording the true explanation of the Cosmos and man's place in it, have experienced those harrowing terrors, undergone that acutest misery. Possibly they might, under pressure of physical disease, have developed some form of melancholia, but it could hardly have assumed the peculiarly tormenting shape which is symptomatic of the religious sick soul. Professor James appears to think that the sickly is both philosophically a sounder, and actually a larger and more comprehensive, view of the sphere of religion than the healthy. And while religion aspires to satisfy man's cravings, aspires to answer the great transcendental problems, and satisfies those cravings with illusory promises, and answers those problems wrong, it is not surprising that it should attract among its most conspicuous consequences a maddening pessimism. It seems to me, speaking with diffidence upon a subject which has engaged the attention of far more qualified observers than myself, that the simple explanation of all this religious misery, of these awful phenomena of souls here in torment under our eyes, lies in the grotesque disproportion to which from their infancy they have been habituated. O. W. Holmes, one of the sanest, happiest, brightest intellects of his time, remarked, after visiting an asylum in which he found several religious maniacs, that the wonder was not that men went mad over religion, but that a single soul who vividly realised the full content of religious teaching remained sane. And it is when the awful significance of that teaching is suddenly borne in upon a psychopathic temperament, that the nerves break down, and we expect to find all the phenomena of the sick soul. Upon a rational scheme of the Universe, a rational adjustment,

no such overwhelmingly terrible convictions could ever overflow and submerge the timid mind. And it is just this rational scheme, this perfect adjustment which Theosophy seeks to supply. Whether it is true or not I do not pretend to say, but looking at it from the outside, quite dispassionately, I will say that it calms the reason, encourages every sane hope, and banishes every senseless fear.

F. C. O. BEAMAN.

FEMINISM AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.*

THE Australasian colonies have long been celebrated for the audacity of their political experiments. They are ahead of Europe as regards State Socialism, and Feminism has no cause for complaint there, for it was in Australasia that one of the principal items of the feminist programme, the political vote for women, was for the first time carried into effect. New Zealand set the example, and as this reform has been working there for nearly ten years, we think that its effects in that country may be most profitably studied. What made New Zealand take the initiative in this matter? To speak frankly, it was not so much a question of principle as the result of circumstances and the efforts of a few personalities. Conservative impediments in Oceania have so slender a tenure of existence that no very violent effort is required to break through them; nevertheless, this effort must be made. Men and agitation must be found to set the movement going. In Anglo-Saxon countries the influence of individualities cannot be exaggerated. An apostle is often all that is needed (and with the English every campaign soon assumes the aspect of an apostolate) to ensure the success of measures which would otherwise founder amidst general indifference. When we add the influence of environment, the interested calculations of political parties, and that love of novelty and of *réclame* which makes everything possible at the Antipodes, we shall have pointed out the principal causes of this feminist movement which blossomed rather suddenly in New Zealand before it was deeply rooted there, to, we may add, the astonishment of all. Mr. Reeves, an ex-minister of New Zealand, now Agent-General of the

* This article forms part of a volume on New Zealand, by M. André Siegfried, which will appear in a few months.

Colony in London, has shown the nature of this reform in a somewhat sceptical but very true sentence :—"There had, no doubt, been excellent motives for giving women the right to vote, but they were not the motives which had actuated John Stuart Mill." In spite of its unpretending origin, the feminist movement in New Zealand deserves to be studied as one of the most interesting manifestations of New Zealand politics.

It was in 1893 that the women of New Zealand became electors. Before this date, henceforth historic, the history of Feminism in the Colony was only the history of a little group of women and a few political personalities. No great agitation had been set on foot. So it came somewhat as a surprise when Parliament decided to pass a bill which doubled the number of electors, and, for the first time, admitted women to take part in the Councils of State.

The feminist party was not, however, entirely non-existent. For several years it had given signs of vitality, and the few members belonging to it had not grudged their trouble. First, there had been pioneers who had devoted themselves to the cause like true Anglo-Saxons. Several women and a small number of men tried to convince their fellow-citizens. But they were treated as faddists, and their proposals to Parliament invariably rejected. Their weakness resulted from the fact that they appealed neither to interest nor passion, above all that they had no regular organisation. When these conditions were realised the feminist cause began to prosper.

The first thing observed was the rapid growth of Associations called the Women's Christian Temperance Unions (W. C. T. U.). Feminism followed in their wake, and wisely so, for in English territories there are no more powerful allies than Christianity and Temperance. These unions skilfully organised their propaganda, and different branches were entrusted to special commissions. One of these, presided over by Mrs. Sheppard, was to devote itself to the question of Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Sheppard worked up all the resources of agitation as practised in England. Newspapers, tracts, lectures, petitions, public meetings, nothing was neglected to win over public opinion. The idea, however, only attracted a few rare adepts. So, as we have said above, it was a veritable surprise when Parliament conceded the right of voting to women in 1893.

If the campaign to which we have just alluded was a cam-

paign of principle, the vote of the House was simply a vote of expediency. No one, or hardly any one in Parliament, cared for the theory in virtue of which women should have their share in State affairs. But on the eve of the General Election of 1893, different parties thought that the women would be excellent auxiliaries for them. Working men hoped to make their wives vote more regularly than those of the rich, and that the strength of the advanced party would be thus proportionately increased. The prohibitionists foresaw in the female electorate a valuable ally for themselves. As to the Government, they followed the movement, though without any great confidence, and adopted the Bill to avoid displeasing some of their friends, hoping it would be thrown out by the higher Chamber. To the general surprise of all, the Bill passed, and more than 100,000 women became electors the same day.

Having briefly studied the origin of the feminist movement, we must now consider how women received a measure which gave them officially a place in the State. As was to be expected, the reception was far from favourable in all classes of society. Many rich women did not care to deposit their voting papers in the ballot box and affected to neglect this newly acquired right which had been conceded to them without their having asked for it. But this abstention was nothing more than a rather ridiculous pose which is gradually disappearing. In the present day it is much more frequent to see women of the upper classes frequent the polling booths. Working men's wives are less indifferent, but generally they are wanting in personal ideas, and vote as their husbands do. The only women who vote with personal and reasoned conviction are in the main those who might be called the "intellectuals"—I mean University graduates, those on the educational staff, and many women who devote to feminist and political questions the leisure afforded them by their widowhood or celibacy. The W. C. T. Unions furnish a great number. They take their rights, or as they are pleased to call them their duties, very seriously. They vote regularly, become members of clubs, of political associations, are, in a word, active citizens in the fullest acceptation of the term. They form, however, but a small minority, and must not be taken as types of New Zealand women. In reality, we must neither exaggerate nor diminish the importance of this movement. It is not the opening of a new era, as some

impetuous partisans would have us believe. As a matter of fact, little has been changed since women became voters. The number of voters has almost doubled, but the proportions have remained about the same. Neither is it an insignificant and unimportant event, for women suffrage has now acquired a recognised place in the country and will probably always retain it. Indeed, we have only to glance at the electioneering statistics in 1893, 1896, and 1899 to see that the women voters were very numerous. In 1893 out of 139,471 adult women 109,461—that is to say 89 per cent—had their names on the register, and of that number, 90,290, or 85 per cent. voted. In 1896 out of 159,656 adult women 142,305, that is to say 89 per cent., had their names on the register and 108,783, or 76 per cent. of this number voted. In 1899 out of 171,373 adult women 163,215, a proportion of 95 per cent., were on the register, and 119,150 or 75 per cent. of that number voted. It would, therefore, be untrue to say that the women of New Zealand remain indifferent. They use their right to vote in about the same proportions as the men do, and that is, after all, the utmost that can be demanded of them. Their intervention leads a certain originality to electioneering campaigns. The candidate has not only to visit his electors, he must also propitiate his *electresses*, many of whom are highly influential. He often finds that his wife and daughters acquit themselves of this mission better than he does, and they start off on a round of canvassing, visiting in turns the family, social relations and the trades-people. English customs make these proceedings appear quite natural and no one complains that they approximate to eccentricity. England, without admitting female suffrage, has witnessed far other scenes of electioneering propagandism. Women bring to these contests all the qualities of their sex. When they are won over to a party they spare neither time nor trouble to support it. They vaunt the merits of their candidate on all sides and use most skilfully their position in society to propagate their ideas. Their resources are infinite. Sometimes a visit to one in more humble circumstances, who feels flattered thereby, will gain an additional vote to wholesome ideas. They even bring their influence to bear on housemaids and cooks, but here conquest is much more difficult, for the domestic *proletariat* generally take their political mission very seriously and will not be turned from it by

promises or threats. Some women have a faculty for organisation and tactics that many a man might envy. Mrs. Sheppard, for instance, who has long been Secretary to the W. C. T. U., has taken up the question of elections and the relations of these Unions with Parliament in a manner that has made her respected by all and feared by some. Such women would not be out of place in Parliament, and would no doubt be there if women were eligible for election as well as for being electors.

Thus the great majority of New Zealand women vote quietly, and generally from their husbands' standpoints. But the little minority, whom I just now called active citizens, have formed in every town of any importance feminist associations whose pronounced political character could not be questioned for a single moment. One of the oldest is the Canterbury Women's Institute, founded at Christchurch in 1893. At Auckland we find the Women's Political League, at Wellington the Women's Democratic Union. The members of these societies constitute the most influential, the most enterprising part of the female electorate. Without forming, properly speaking, a political feminist party, they unite for the federation of their groups and the centralisation of their efforts. In 1896 through the intervention of Mrs. Wells, the Secretary of the Canterbury Woman's Institute, a convention of the representatives of feminist societies met at Christchurch. It resulted in the formation of the National Council of the Women of New Zealand. This National Council is a representative institution, if not of all the women of New Zealand, at least of those who take a specially active part in the political movement. Every year the Council holds a congress in one of the four large towns of the Colony. Reports are read and discussed, and the resolutions adopted form, in some sort, the official programme of the feminist party in New Zealand.

What gives a real interest to these sessions, distinguishing them from analogous assemblies which might be convened in Europe, is that the women of New Zealand, being electors, have real power in their hands, and that their resolutions being supported at the polls may very well reach Parliament and there become law. This is something more than a mere academical discussion, and women serve in these assemblies a kind of Parliamentary apprenticeship. The National Council has already held several congresses. I had an

opportunity of attending the one held in 1899, and as the tenor of these assemblies changes but little from one year to another, I shall take the Congress of 1899 as a type of the others. The Auckland papers of the 12th of April, 1899, announced that the National Council of the Women of New Zealand would hold its first meeting that same evening in the Municipal Council room of the Town Hall. At 8-30 precisely the Congress began. There were about thirty ladies seated round the horse-shoe table generally used for the Auckland town councillors. The president, Mrs. Daldy, a white-haired lady wearing a little lace cap, was seated in the Mayor's chair. A large, attentive, and by no means noisy audience filled the hall. The greater number of delegates were married women, as seen from the official list. Very few were quite young. The statutes do not fix any minimum age, but many of the ladies have white hair. Elegance is not absolutely banished, and some of the delegates thus tacitly admit that voting and sitting in Parliament are not the only ornaments that the women of the future may lay claim to.

The debate begins. Each day reports are read by members on different subjects, and the reading is followed by short observations. This discussion is the most interesting part of the proceedings, for it allows individual opinions to express themselves freely with all the liberty and sincerity of improvisation. Four or five ladies are really good speakers, expressing themselves with facility, often wittily, sometimes eloquently. An Irishwoman introduces into the debate the caustic wit and humour of her race. Another, somewhat isolated, it must be confessed, brings that grain of common sense always so necessary to an assembly of reformers. Another represents the ideal, whilst a group of rabid radicals descend to the most irksome administrative details, the tedious monopoly of which they would do well to leave to men. Neither is the learned and philosophical note wanting. I not only heard Carlyle and Ruskin quoted, but also Darwin and Westermarck, the recent writer of a volume of 800 pages on the origin of marriage. This display of erudition, sometimes superficial and ill-digested, is one of the characteristics of the New Zealand feminists. The tone of the discussion is perfect, and everything passes off with the utmost correctness—without a murmur. From time to time a little unobtrusive applause greets the end of a

speech ; then another lady rises and begins by addressing the president in the English fashion as Mrs. Chairwoman. The rejoinders, though not very lively, are interesting and agreeable to listen to. They do not give occasion to the least disorder. We may think, however, that if men were admitted to the Congress, things would assume another complexion. Nothing is more curious than the tone adopted by the delegates when they speak of the strong sex, a tone of strict politeness which remains just within the limits of courtesy. One feels that in spite of all, man is considered as the adversary. A lady having spoken of "gentlemen" corrects herself very quickly to say "men" ("the gentlemen, let us say the men"). For men look rather askance on feminist pretensions. The women know this very well, hence a certain coldness, an ill-disguised spite, when they speak of their rivals, which borders on the ridiculous. The good sense of the public does not fail to point this out either in witty caricatures or a little good-humoured banter ; for we must say to the honour of New Zealand that these debates, and the polemics they give rise to, pass off in the greatest calm and with the most perfect dignity. What the tendencies of the leaders of the feminist party are will be shown in a conversation I had at the end of one of the meetings with Mesdames Sheppard, Wells, Seivright and Williamson. "We don't want a revolution," they said to me, "we do wish for evolution, for development, for growth. We do not consider that woman's interests are antagonistic to man's ; we only believe that when things have assumed their natural aspect, man and woman will be able to work with each other and for each other. The State is a home on a large scale, and what is home without a mother?" In her introduction to the pamphlet relating the labours of the Congress, Mrs. Ada Wells confirms the words which have just been read. "In moving towards her social, economic, civil, and political freedom, woman's object is by no means a self-concentrated one. The cruel, competitive, commercial system that obtains, has forced her to the conclusion that she must take her share in the Councils and Governments of the world, or universal ruin will ensue This rude awakening of woman to her responsibilities has made her conscious of her own bondage Before she can stand side by side with man as his mate and co-partner, she must be freed of her burdens, and hence she is to-day organising into societies to gain the cohesion,

the coherence, the unity of methods that are needed to break her chains." These generalities and others of a like nature form, so to speak, the *leit motiv* of the Congress. They show that the women of New Zealand take a broad view of things and are radical in the sense that they try to begin their reforms at the root. Unhappily, we have not space to speak more fully of the different matters discussed at the Congress. We should see the most diverse political problems dealt with, economic, moral, and social. We should see, above all, that women are very daring when they try to reform the world. These different congresses interested the public but cannot be said to have exercised any serious influence, for, as we remarked just now, the large majority of women in New Zealand are not, properly speaking, feminists.

Let us, in conclusion, try to give to this factor of woman suffrage in New Zealand the importance it really deserves. It has now established its right of citizenship there. What was novel and slightly ridiculous in 1893, now appears perfectly natural, and no one feels astonished in seeing women vote, speak in public, in a word, take part in the political life of the country. But the greater number of women do not vote in favour of the advanced programme, which is, after all, supported only by a small minority of partisans. It may, then, be said that the feminist movement has left the heroic period behind it to enter on that of practical and slow realisation.

ANDRE SIEGFRIED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MAX MÜLLER AND HIS HIBBERT LECTURES.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago takes one back to a rather hazy past to recall the memories of. But with him who has not yet forgotten certain incidents of his early childhood—for instance, an encounter which his mother had with Bhil marauders in a forest of the Navsari Mahal when he was between two and three—the events of a later period are likely to remain as fresh as those of yesterday. It was in the eastern district of Kathiawar that I received my first letter from Max Müller about July, 1878. Place, date and surroundings all recur to the mind spontaneously to-day. I had just retired to a village near Palitana after a tiff with the Political Agent at Rajkot—the first of my numerous struggles with members of an all-powerful Service. The P. A. was a worthy old man, but a *salim* whom few had the courage to contradict. Malaria seemed to have undermined his health—a certain greenish pallor of the face proclaimed the sluggish liver and the enlarged spleen; and the twitchings of that same face under excitement betrayed unmistakable effects of a sunstroke. We had met before in another province, where the P. A. had been very kind and communicative. In Kathiawar, too, he had welcomed me warmly. But one day I had occasion to vindicate the honour of a deceased friend, Dr. Wilson, who had been assailed in a native journal. Not that personally the P. A. disliked this vindication. What ailed him really might be summed up in his own question, “Why did you write from *my* province?” “Because I happened to be in your province,” I suggested mildly. At this the old tyrant flew into a rage, and said H. E., the Governor had desired him to ask me out of Kathiawar. “Why?” I asked in all innocence. “Because you have written publicly about a political question.” I explained that there was nothing political in my defence of a revered friend and citizen, and that

if my presence was obnoxious to the authorities I must have written orders calling upon me to withdraw from the province. Here, without knowing it at the moment, I hit a very weak point in the P. A.'s armour. He turned upon me sulkily with the words, "Am I to be bullied in my own office by a beardless boy?" "Not a bit, Colonel," I replied humbly, "but I want to ask Sir Richard Temple why H. E. wishes me to leave Kathiawar summarily." "Please leave this room anyhow," said the P. A. in a huff. I left the room, but not the station. The matter got bruited about, and a process of sullen boycotting followed. Friends came in privately, urging me no longer to remain where things had already been made too hot. The P. A. sent word with some of these to say that his feelings towards me personally had not changed, but that I must learn to obey. I sent word back that I would leave soon after the little storm had blown over. To the threats conveyed by officious underlings I replied that nothing short of bodily ejection would answer the purpose; that even if the P. A. were to employ an elephant to drag me out of the station, the mammoth would have to do so limb by limb—which would take time. Why not as well wait? There I stuck to Jasdan quarters (sorry I have never met this fine old Kathi Chief). Mian Rasul, a retired peon of the Salt Department, then in attendance on me, shook his head sapiently, said his prayers with extra piety, but cooked our meals with very indifferent success. For almost two days I had to live on worse than prison diet, the boycotting was so cleverly managed. On the afternoon of the third day I had a call from "a stranger boy," as Rasul announced the visitor—a girassia girl from the neighbourhood, whom I happened to have rescued the year before from a very awkward position. Dressed smartly like a *bhumia* (a guide), trousered and turbaned, and with a soldier-coat buttoned up to the neck, she put the officials completely off the scent. They thought I was getting weary of the struggle and had already employed a guide to take me away, whilst the so-called guide went on purchasing supplies from the bazar and giving us excellent meals, with music in the evening. But this could not last long. The P. A. at last left me to his First Assistant, Major Wodehouse. I had known him as Private Secretary to his uncle, Sir Philip Wodehouse, as thorough a gentleman and as strong a Governor as ever came to Bombay (although more than once have I heard about certain of his colleagues and Secretaries making fun of him). Major Wodehouse put it to me to see if the local representative of Government should be defied even if he was in the wrong.

He argued that I had already scored my point by overstaying—why not leave leisurely now? He advised me to move on to the next Prant. "And look here," he continued, warming up, "we have a fine camel going to Palitana this evening. I know you would like a ride. We give you a special pass, with escort for Shetruja. Why not enjoy yourself?" I was rather crude in those days, and the temptation of a camel ride, with a visit to the Jain temples, proved too much. I fell, after some feeble remonstrance. That night, as the moon was beginning to peep out of the gloomy horizon, we made a start for Palitana—old Rasul on a pony and myself perched high on a specially rigged-out camel. It was with an aching heart that I left my brave young *bhumia* behind. How very brave she was, I could see only at leave-taking. Ever busy with little offices of sweet shy kindness, she appeared to be particularly gay also at this moment. But I knew there were tears in more eyes than two; and as her head rested just a while on my shoulder, I whispered if she would give me her real name and address, to enable me to remember her. Her whispered reply was worthy of a Rajput poetess: "*Nāma nahin, aru dhāma nahin*" (name and home I have none). "But how am I to remember thee, Champa?" I protested. "I will pray for you morning, noon and night," she replied. "That won't suffice for me," I pleaded, "I may soon forget thee thus." "What matters it?" she asked, "it should be even so—you forget, I remember—that is enough." Ah me!—it is often so among the sons and daughters of Man—the one forgets, the other remembers. Have I forgotten this sister-love of the seventies—this doe-eyed daughter of Halar, who lavished upon a stranger the devotion of a too-grateful heart? Not for a week—hardly one day in the week. But all the same I have respected her wish—never once during these twenty-five years have I sought to inquire into her identity or her whereabouts. She seemed even at that stage to belong to another world into which I feel she has already passed. And I believe she is still praying for me, "morning, noon and night."

The camel I rode was said to be the best conditioned of his flock; and yet he sometimes emitted the smells of a Calcutta backslum. He wore a vicious temper on his face, and used a quantity of foul language as the man in charge forced him to get up. He kept skulking and swearing for over a mile, and when lashed by the driver, he seemed to curse the whole universe in an undertone. As to his pace, it was a mixture of ramblings, shamblings and violent jerks—which made the ride a physical torture and a mental agony. But we jerked along with forced marches till we reached the outskirts of Songhar, where I was

taken down—a heap of flesh and cartilage *minus* the vertebræ, as I then felt.

At Songhar I was taken in hand by a Parsi friend, who gave me a cup of hot tea with something more heating smuggled into it. Next day being very warm, we went out a-fishing and landed some splendid river-fish which was baked and fried and pickled and sauced on the spot (in those days I pampered my palate to the full extent). Whilst the fish was getting ready, we took a swim in the river—a most grateful exercise. About four we returned home, to find there a special messenger from Rajkot, with whom friend Wodehouse had sent on my post. The bag contained a number of foreign envelopes which I was anxious to open, but could not, as the company sat down to a game of *naktiphi* (the only game of cards I am well up to). There were four of us—the Deputy Political Agent (a Bania), the Thanadar (a Parsi), the Court Vakil (a Brahman) and myself. After losing the game and paying the penalty (hitting of the nose with a card) I confessed my heart was more in my letters than in the game. So they opened the treasures and began to read them aloud. Most of them contained acknowledgments of copies of my *Indian Muse in English Garb*, sent through Miss Manning. The first letter that fell to my share was written in a very crabbed hand, but I could readily decipher the words—"Your far away but sincere friend, A. Tennyson." And mightily pleased I was with this, though the rest of the writing was too obstinate to yield at first sight. One of the company then handed me an epistle signed "F. Max Müller," precise and perspicuous, an epistle which served like a home-spun garment for my then naked soul. I enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed Tennyson's unread letter. Then there was one from Lord Northbrook, whom the company recognised as a just and courageous Viceroy—with its sober, stately compliments; another from John Bright in a crisp, business-like hand; another from the Duke of Argyll with his gruff Scotch courtesy, "Sir," "your most obedient servant"; another from Lord Shaftesbury, a courteous and a most kindly epistle written with a hand trembling with age, and perhaps with emotion; another from Mr. Gladstone, in as crabbed a hand as Tennyson's. There was one from Benjamin Carpenter, brother of the noble Englishwoman to whom I had dedicated my booklet; one from the Princess Alice, which I have always prized very high; and so on. Last, and perhaps the best, to my mind, was a fervid outburst of good-will from Miss Florence Nightingale, whose heart seemed to shine forth through the letter, a candelabra of universal charity. What a letter it was! And how beautifully worded!

It was read and re-read by the company, and some of its sentiments were cheered to the echo. The excitement was so great for me that mine host called for an early dinner. Before the company broke up, however, they congratulated me formally, said they were proud of a countryman whom so many lions had roared at, that it was a great day for India, &c., &c. I drank in these friendly sentiments like nectar. At this stage the Brahman Vakil joined his hands together, as if in an attitude of supplication, and asked, "May I add something?" "Certainly," I answered, expecting some extra-Oriental flourish. "All these are real English lions," said the Vakil; "but, *bhaisab*, our provincial tiger is greater than all these lions of universal fame." There was involuntary clapping of hands, and I looked crest-fallen. But I could not deny the justice of the remark. Yes, sir, what are all these great names—what are the Governor, the Viceroy, the Secretary of State?—what is Parliament, what is the Sovereign himself, compared with this "Tiger" of the Political Agent whose irresponsible powers enable him, if so minded, to do as he likes with Rajas and ryots alike? Was I not smarting under the most recent experience of his arbitrary powers? But why indulge in bitter thoughts on such an occasion? Let me enjoy my English letters. I pored over them again after dinner, spelling out the Tennysonian and the Gladstonian scrawls, and quickly assimilating the kindred psychological suggestions of Max Müller and Miss Nightingale. Of the sweet circle of friends I made that evening, nearly a score in number, only two have been spared to me now. Long may they live for the common benefit of India and England!

Max Müller was the first of the number to become a life-long friend, and he has been the last to leave this last and least among his friends. Like Tennyson, he has served me as a pilot during those storms and hurricanes of the spirit from which no earnest soul can hope to escape. People would hardly believe how little I have read of the works of these master-minds. But the workings of their minds I have somehow followed instinctively. There must be little in their writings that would baffle me to interpret, although I might not be able to quote any five lines from them consecutively. Both these masters appealed to me most in their poetical moods—as the most faithful, the most luminous exponents of the purest faith and the highest culture of the age. Max Müller's was the more expansive nature, more sunny, more sympathetic. His grasp of central truths was, therefore, at times superficial, his touch more light and transient. Tennyson's insularity, on the other hand, gave point to his depth of feeling and his intensity of expression. Both

were Aryas in their moral equipment—belonging more to the East than to the West. Both might in some respects have been born in Asia—the one a Perso-Arya, the other an Indo-Arya—re-incarnated Rishi-souls both. Both would have adorned Akbar's great Council of Faith. Both of them had a scorn of creed and dogma—which is the secret of their fascinating influence over all classes, cultured and uncultured alike. In this country they will probably always remain the two most popular Teachers of what is best worth learning. As mere scholars they would hardly have attracted us. Tennyson, as a scholar, would have been little better than a pedant; Max Müller, little more than a scribe—as it was, his scholarship sometimes lacked elasticity and openness of mind. But as seers and interpreters they will live so long as the world craves for something higher, something clearer, something more real.

If the most flattering to my youthful vanity was the letter from Tennyson, the most instructive was that from Max Müller. After complimenting me on my command of English verse, and modestly confessing that he had never himself attempted versification in English, which was a foreign language to him, as it was to me, that master of nineteenth century prose went on to advise, "whether we write English verse or English prose, let us never forget that the best service we can render is to express our truest Indian and German thoughts in English, and thus to act as honest interpreters between nations that ought to understand each other much better than they do at present." He went on to assure me that "the English public likes a man who is what he is." He paid a noble compliment to the "independence, the originality, the truthfulness of English writers," and wound up with the, for me, memorable words—"It is in the verses where you feel and speak like a true Indian that you speak most like a true poet."

On my return to Bombay, after a few weeks, I found a parcel of books from Oxford waiting at home. It contained copies of several of Max Müller's works, of which the Hibbert Lectures, on "Religion, as illustrated by the religions of India," caught my fancy at once. I went through the volume at three sittings, getting up after each with a glow of honest pride on account of my country, its literature and thought. What a glorious subject, and how gloriously handled! I am a poor book-reader, seldom engrossed even by my favourite works. But there was a genuine Indian ring about the contents of this volume, which sounded exceeding sweet to my ear and felt equally satisfying to the soul. The dedication to the memory of his beloved daughter also touched me deeply. In short, the Hibbert Lectures impressed me as being the flowers—not the

ripened fruit—of Max Müller's labours in the field of Oriental research ; and it seemed strange that none of our own students had yet thought of presenting them to his countrymen in the simple vernaculars of the land. I wrote to him, therefore, asking why he did not have the volume translated into some of the Indian vernaculars. Max Müller jumped at the idea. Nothing would please him so much, he wrote in reply, as vernacular translations, above all, a Sanskrit version of the Lectures, so that the indigenous thinkers of India might see what a foreigner had to say about the religion and the literature of the Rishis. But who would ever think of spending his time and resources on an undertaking as colossal as it would be unremunerative? Here was a sort of challenge. Should I accept it? I was in no sense a scholar, I reasoned, and yet it would be possible for me to find the scholars to take up the work, setting the example myself with a Gujarati translation. I informed him of this plan, stating clearly at the same time my lack of qualifications for such a task, and suggesting several likely names. His answer was like him, prompt and to the purpose. He should prefer me to take up the rôle of interpreter between the East and the West. I was so peculiarly well fitted for it. He would gladly give money for the start. Of course, I would not listen to this last suggestion. India was rich enough to finance an enterprise in which she was much more interested than England. So one morning I started the Gujarati translation of Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures, with the help of my friend Mr. Naoroji Mancherji Mobedjina. It was a very tough piece of work, conveying modern European expressions (more or less scientific) of ancient thoughts and ideas, to the native reader, through the medium of a half-developed dialect. We had very often to go to the fountain-head, Sanskrit, for our words, sometimes to coin them. We had to construct and reconstruct, pull down and build anew. We had to consult friends on the religious side of the work as well as on the philological side. Max Müller himself had to be troubled time after time. Mr. Manassukharama S. Tripathi and the late Mr. Kashinath Telang were among our earliest co-adjutors. It took us over a year to get ready with this Gujarati translation to which I added a sort of synopsis of Max Müller's theory on the origin and growth of language, and a biographical sketch for which he had kindly sent me special material, and which he got translated into English. He seems to have enjoyed the sketch immensely, telling me in after years—"If this is your prose, I can well imagine what your verse is like," and advising me to devote myself to pure literature, leaving politics to others.

Soon after this Gujarati MS. was ready I set about finding the ways and means for its publication. Max Müller again pressed upon me a grant of £20 for this translation, but was asked to mind his own business. Not to cause pain, however, I requested him to send us whatever literary aid he could, and also to write out to friends in India. And sure enough, at the end of a few months I received from him a little vocabulary of Sanskrit words and phrases, some of them manufactured by himself, to save us the trouble of translating the more abstruse portions of his Lectures. My mind was now made easy on this score. But the money part of the undertaking had yet to be settled. I therefore spent a morning with the *doyen* of the Civil Service, Mr. James Gibbs, who was rather fond of my writings. I infected him with my literary frenzy, and as he was predisposed to the disease, he drew up a business-like programme for me on the spot, and throwing it at me across the table, observed—"Here you are; it is splendid work you have taken up; go and prosper." At the same time he wrote to Mr. Peile, Director of Public Instruction (or Chief Secretary), and thanks mainly to these true friends of Indian progress, we received a money grant from the Bombay Government and a number of introductions to likely patrons of literature. Handing the Gujarati MS. to the printer, I now started on a tour of inspection (and of conscription) pressing in to the service of the cause every one who could be got at. I scoured the country in and out of season, rushing across Gujarat, Kathiawar, Kachh, South Maratha, parts of Bengal, N.-W. Provinces, Rajputana, Central India, and so on. Consumed by a missionary zeal, I covered enormous distances at a stretch, regardless of health and comfort, sometimes of personal safety. I arranged for simultaneous translations of the Hibbert Lectures into Marathi, Bengali, Hindi, Tamil and Sanskrit. I tried a score of translators, and engaged eight or nine for the series. Some of these were paid in advance from the money already paid in by the Government of Madras (thanks to Sir M. E. Grant Duff) and by several native princes. Often cast down, but never despairing, sick in body and in mind, and poor in purse (knowing my habits, the manager at Bombay had tied me down to ten rupees a stage, by Postal Money Order), I sometimes travelled third, often intermediate, starving at the smaller road-side stations, staying at shops in the bazar camping out under trees on the *maidan*, taking my chance of everything as it came. I kept Max Müller informed of these wanderings, and assured him they did not hurt in the least. But he became very anxious during the monsoon, warning me mail after mail to return

home, to take rest, to send out agents if necessary. I knew, however, that there was only one way of rousing the country, and I neither spared myself nor the hapless victims of my linguistic mania. Few of the princes and chiefs whom I could catch had the chance of eluding me. Each had to come out with his hundred or two, sometimes as much as five hundred. Baroda, Jamnagar, Kachh, Kolhapore, Sangli, Dhar, Rutlam, Indore—how many of them I bled unblushingly in open Durbar! Most of them were willing victims. Some few required gentle suasion, one or two had to be run to earth in their private apartments, and one, old Scindia, showed himself proof against all my Sanskrit-Hindi palaver. Sir Lepel Griffin, a gallant ally, had sent on a letter to His Highness. So that he was not unprepared when I rushed up to him one quiet noon. It took half a dozen of his Huzuris to help Maharaja Jayajirao Scindia to get up from the carpet he had been squatting on, propped up with pillows and cushions, half as huge as himself. I had commenced my oration before His Highness could be fairly established on his legs. Time was pressing; I was in the grip of remittent fever. The sum and substance of the two minutes' speech I shot at Scindia was that it was his *dharma* to help in such a cause, that I had come to him on a pilgrimage—all which jabbering seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. There stood His High-and-Mightiness, breathless from the exertion of getting up, and listening with blinking eyes and ears erect to a harangue of which he could make neither head nor tail. Seeing how matters stood, I yelled a sudden farewell to the fine old Maratha chief, whose strong point certainly was not scholarship. At this he held out both his hands and mumbled drowsily *Han, Sab, Vakil se bol dejiyen* (yes, sir, tell it all to the Vakil—his court representative at the Residency). I jabbered a bit at the Vakil as we descended the dark steps. But, as ill-luck would have it, this officer happened to be a Mohamedan to whom my discourse was so much Greek. However, like a courtier, he promised to send a Hundi after me, which is still coming. It was a bootless errand. But did I not frighten Scindia and his Durbaris effectively that day? Had I only waited for the usual ceremonies, *bansupari* and otto of roses, I might have made my own terms. But what could a stranger do with fever raging within and without? My experience at Jaipur was about equally disappointing. The Thakurs and other bigwigs promised substantial aid, and the Bengali ministers hoped to interest the Maharaja in our project. They got up a meeting for me to address, at which the Maharaja was to have presided, but which he gave up at the eleventh hour. How did the meeting go off? Why, did I not speak to the

gentlemen assembled in *Marwari* Hindi which threw poor Colonel Jacob into agonies of apprehension? It was a very indifferent performance, as such. But the newspapers came out next week with elaborate reports, with a number of set speeches which must have done good to Max Müller's heart to read! As to the Maharaja, he sent word towards evening that it was his special prayer-day which prevented his coming over to hear me. I thanked His Highness for the courtesy of his explanation, said he had missed nothing by his absence from the meeting; and as to prayer, I added that the best prayer for a Rajput ruler was action, that the word pray (with its Sanskrit root-equivalent *pravṛtha* originally meant *to act*). "*To act, to work*, is His Highness's dharma," I said to his messenger. Needless to add that the Maharaja never sent for me, nor have he and his Thakurs yet sent us the Rs. 2,500 offered as aid towards our translation scheme. With interest at 4 per cent. the offer has swollen a good deal by this time. May I make a humble present of it to His Highness? He is a genuine Vishnu-bhakt, and I respect him for what he is. But he would do better to read a little more of the Gita. My best remembered visit about this time was to the late Maharaja Tukoji Holkar. We had long talks overnight whilst I stayed with him, and we discussed many topics in English. He gave me the impression of being probably the best-informed Raja I had met. He was genial, often humorous, and I believe thoroughly loyal, whatever his enemies might say. That he loved his people with paternal affection, his personal friends with almost a passionate love, and that he hated his enemies with an equally passionate hatred, I felt convinced. On the third night, whilst taking leave, he beckoned to one of his men to carry a bag of money for me (a matter of Rs. 500 in cash). It was nearly 11, and as we shook hands mine host spoke in a husky voice, *Bhai, Holkar ko mat bhulio*. (Brother, don't forget Holkar.) "Is it possible to forget this?" I asked, pointing to the money bag. At that the much-maligned Maratha Prince laughed heartily, saying, *kuch nahi, kuch nahi* (it is nothing). In South Maratha country, too, I had some splendid encounters—Colonel Reeves, a victim to gout and chronic grumbling; his friend Sirdar Kagalkar, father of the present Maharaja of Kolhapore, I believe; Colonel Waller of Sangli, the only Political whose hospitality I have accepted; Colonel West, one of my ideals of a gentleman and a Political Officer, who came over from Savantvadi to meet me, but whom I missed, to my life-long regret; Rao Bahadur Shirgaonkar, who told me some stories about the Savants and the Brahman officials of a former generation—which narratives still haunt me at times. To most of these I had

been known as perpetrator of a little book, *Gujarat and the Gujaratis*, and one and all they were eager to help. At Sangli I had the best Hindu breakfast ever taken, the numerous dishes brought over piping hot, and served by the lady of the house, as her lord, the State Manager and myself sat down on the floor side by side. It was after this savoury breakfast that I surprised H. H. the Sanglikar in the recesses of Hanuman's Temple, where I found him in the clutches of his barber. My sudden appearance scattered the attendants to the right hand and to the left; the operator stood paralysed, and dear old Tatya Sahib got up with only half his chin polished, a picture of benevolent protest. "Proceed, proceed, Sirkar," I said, "the sun will soon cross the meridian." "It does not matter," he replied, and asked, "Are you the Farshi gentleman come for the expenses of a Sanskrit book?" I pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment, whereupon, without further ado, Tatya Sahib Sanglikar declared, "What I have is yours." I felt doubtful as to whether the mild-mannered Maratha referred to the razor which was lying beside him, or to the treasure supposed to be buried under a vault of Hanumanji's Temple. Anyhow, it was a clean shave I made of it that noon, and Tatya Sahib sent me a Hundi for Rs. 500 in less than a fortnight. Our kindest patron, however, was the late Maharani Shurnomoye. But for her thousand rupees the Bengali translation would never have seen the light. The Maharaja of Benares, or rather his factotum, Raja Siva Persad, was our most disappointing ally. Of him some other day. I had to pay two translators for the Sanskrit, but both translations were rejected by Max Müller. The Tamil has proved almost equally unlucky. Knowing that the Maharaja of Vizianagram had munificently patronised my friend's edition of the Rig Veda, I offered him the dedication of this Tamil book, as a slight token of appreciation. In reply to my letter the Maharaja telegraphed from Madras, saying that although he did not read Tamil, he had the greatest pleasure in accepting the volume. Some time after, His Highness, unfortunately, died. I sent a copy of the book, when ready, to the Manager of the State, and asked if the late Maharaja's family would enable us to bring out a Sanskrit translation. There has been no reply up-to-date, and the Tamil volume is lying idle. Will some South Indian Pandits, Shastris and patrons of literature take the edition off our hands? We give away copies free as soon as the expenses have been covered. In the present case we won't wait even to recoup ourselves so far. The Bengali edition, done admirably by Mr. Gupta, was given away free, not a single copy having been purchased. The Marathi, very ably rendered by my friend Mr. G.

W. Kanitkar, went off well ; so also the Hindi, rendered by Munshi Jwalāprasad. Max Müller liked the Bengali best, as he could read it. His wish for a Sanskrit version remains ungratified. It is a sacred trust, and I still hope to execute it. This project of vernacular translations has, on the whole, ended poorly, like most projects in India. In a word, it was premature. But I am far from regretting the time and strength given to it. It helped me materially, for one thing, in studying the condition of the country as a whole, its wants and requirements, its merits as well as defects. It also brought me in close contact with some master-minds of the day, securing that subtle soul-union which recognises no difference of race, sex or rank, and which neither distance nor death itself can dissolve. Such was the friendship with Max Müller, which this scheme of vernacular translations brought to me. Years afterwards, sitting by the fireside in my friend's library at Oxford, I recounted to him at his request some of my vicissitudes of the early eighties, my trials and triumphs—throwing such side-light as I could on the character and capacity of the race whom he loved and laboured for all his days ; and then, after the recital had ended, he got behind my chair, rubbed my forehead, as if to relieve its tension, and stroking my hand fondly, asked, "So you became rabid over my poor Lectures ?" "Yes," I replied, laughing, "quite mad, as is my wont ; even your sobering influence could not restrain me." At this he leaned against my shoulder, whispering, "I wish I had more of your madness." Who would not be mad, to be envied by so eminently sane a monomaniac as Max Müller ?

(To be concluded.)

THE TAJ.

ON the 14th night of a lunar month I started alone to see the Taj. The mellow light of the full-orbed moon had glorified all Nature by its magical effect ; and to a student of æsthetics, who had read Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," there could be nothing more delightful than to feed his senses on than "dream in marble," at such a time as that. Myriads of eyes peeped out of heaven and seemed joyfully to wink at the sight of this beautiful world, which men who are accustomed to live in it are too often prone to undervalue.

Solemn as the scene was, it was rendered more so by the stillness and calm all round. The busy hum of life and the tiresome din of traffic had all been hushed. All was silent, and calm, and serene, save the gentle music of the spheres, which one heard not, but felt. The breeze whispered softly through the unruffled foliage by the wayside and conveyed the kiss of one tree to another in the pledge of life-long love and enduring harmony.

Enamoured of the lovely scene, I was sauntering through the park, adjoining the great mausoleum. Its artificial mounds, covered with velvet grass, rising and sloping irregularly, in all the appearance of real Nature, arrested my attention ; and the beautiful lakes girt with drooping plants, which cast their shadows on their silvery surfaces, along the curvilinear embankments, almost overpowered my fancy by their superb and artistic simplicity. The red gravel walks running in fantastic turns, some describing full circles, others stretching off in forms parabolic, were executed in delightful symmetry ; and after loitering about these for a while, I proceeded to the outer gate of the Taj Mahal. On entering I came upon two long rows of vacant stone-built barracks apparently intended for the keepers, and past these I reached what may be called the main gate. A huge massive building in itself this is, beautiful and grand in its design,

with choice and suitable extracts from the *Koran* engraved on marble and set in with slate on both the facings of the arched doorways.

Just in front of this, I beheld the Taj, glorious, of transcendent beauty, passing all praise or description. It is a shrine of immortal love, standing out as the finest and noblest specimen of architecture to which human genius can attain.

The informant senses of the mind are hopelessly carried away by boundless wonder and admiration, till one stands as in a trance, enchanted, utterly lost to himself and to the entire world.

On recovering with considerable effort from such rapturous amazement, I found myself seated on a fine marble platform, near the fountain situated half-way between the gate and the tomb. There is an air of sweet repose about it; and the rich gardens on either side add to the picturesqueness of its position.

The blended odours of the *champa*, the *moulsiri* and a hundred other varieties of delicious flowers filled the place with an elysian fragrance, benumbing and overpowering in its effect. The dark green tops of the trees seemed to be studded with gems as the countless fireflies sparkled over them. These tiny luminaries of the insect world, flitting across the watery basin of the fountains, reflected their little lights on the surface, and whole constellations of these could be seen, mirrored in it, as they passed, now here, now there, each appearing and disappearing in quick but measured succession. One might fancy that an entire fairy realm was let loose into this earthly paradise, radiant with everything that is exquisite.

After lingering a long while about this delightful spot, I continued on a fine terrace, which led up to the chief edifice. By a marble staircase I ascended the upper floor, which is on a level with the main entrance. Below, on the left hand, there stands a big mosque for the Hafizes to recite the Holy Koran and other prayers, as vicarious offerings on behalf of the royal couple whose mortal remains are interred within the mausoleum. A *yateem khana*, or Orphan House, of corresponding shape and size, is erected on the right, which in the Moghul days might have sheltered thousands of poor helpless creatures, snatched away by inexorable fate from the care and love of their parents, at an age when they could scarcely know the ways and conditions of life in this world. Here they were fed and clothed, and looked after; here they were taught and trained in the

arts that enabled them to earn an honourable living ; here they grew up from wretched childhood to useful manhood, from a state of abject dependence to one of self-support and freedom.

It was a great relief to turn from this desolate scene to the river bank. The Jamuna flowing silently by, and reflecting the glorious and exquisite shape of the dome, affords a very beautiful view ; and the mica work on the jewelled facings of the side wall, overlooking the river, shines on the surface, to the wonder and admiration of all spectators.

The following translation from a rare old Persian manuscript, about the royal buildings at Agra, will be of interest. It includes a chronogram on Taj Mahal's death and a beautiful poem by the Emperor Shahjehan himself, in which the praises of the Queen's mausoleum are sung in sweet and elegant language. The story of the Queen's death and of the subsequent erection of the tomb is briefly narrated thus :—

Bāno Begum, known as Mumtaz Mahal or Taj Bibi, was the daughter of Nawab Asaf Khan, the Vazier, and the grand-daughter of the famous Nawab Itmad-ud-Dowlah. She was the favourite wife of the Emperor Shahjehan, and had four sons and three daughters. The birth of the fourth daughter, named Dehr-Arai, caused her death. It is said that Dehr-Arai cried while she was in her womb, and on hearing her wail, the Queen despaired of her own life. She sent for the Emperor, and when he came, she said, "My loving Lord, when a child weeps in the womb, its mother never survives. Such is the tradition of the world ; and since it has befallen me, I am shortly destined to die. My lord, my life with you is very short, pray pardon me for my past faults which I may have committed by word or by deed." The Emperor was so overpowered by these words, brokenly uttered, that he burst into tears, and both wept and wept until they could weep no more.

After a time, the Queen began again : "Dear Lord, know that I was your companion during all your days of misfortune and captivity. And now that the Almighty has granted the kingship of a realm to you, I die of a sore and reluctant heart. In consideration of my past sufferings with you, I ask two favours of you, which will be my last requests." The Emperor, who was quite speechless all the time, nodded assent, and the dying Queen resumed, saying : "The first thing, then, is that you have been blessed with eight children already. I wish you to be content with these and not to marry another wife after my decease ; because I fear

lest there should be quarrels and bloodshed among step-brothers, by your marrying another wife and having more issues by her. My next desire is that my tomb should be unsurpassed by any in the world."

When the Queen died the bereaved husband gave orders for plans, and hundreds of these were laid before him and were rejected. The plan prepared by Easa Khan, Nadir-ul-Asr, was approved at last and a model cut in wood was shown to the Emperor before the mausoleum was begun. No less than thirty different kinds of precious stones were employed in the building, whose walls are inlaid with these jewels representing birds and flowers and other artistic designs. The construction covered a period of seventeen years.

The chronogram is a quartrain, the last verse of which gives as date the year 1040 A. H. It runs as below :—

Zeen jehan raft cho Mumtaz Mahal,
Dar-i-jannat barukhsat Hoor kushad ;
Bahr-i-tarikh malaik guftand
Jái-Mumtaz Mahal jannat bad.

Translated into English it would stand thus :—

"When Mumtaz Mahal quitted this world, the Virgin of Paradise opened the door of Heaven for her, the angels sang the date of her death with the words, *Heaven be the everlasting abode of Mumtaz Mahal.*"

The poem written by Shahjehan himself cannot be quoted in the original Persian for want of space, but I give a literal translation of it in English. There is a balcony in the Fort, where, it is said, the Emperor used to sit viewing the Taj, which was to him the dearest memorial of his departed love. It may perhaps have been on one of these occasions, that the following effusion of his heart was transcribed on paper :—

Blessed be the holy tomb of the Bilqees* of the age ; it is the resting place of the world-famous queen. The place is refulgent like the garden of Eden, and is fragrant with the amber odour of Paradise.

Its courtyards are fresh and sweet-scented ; and the virgins of Heaven sweep its entrance by their eye-lashes.

Its walls and doors are inlaid with precious jewels ; and the air of the place is as fresh and pleasant as the sight of a brilliant pearl. The builders of this sacred fabric have brought water from the fountain of divine blessings.

* Bilqees—This was the name of the virgin Queen of Egypt whom King Solomon wooed. She was noted for chastity and beauty.

The clouds of God's blessings constantly rain on this exalted palace of purity.

The favour of God dwells here and every prayer is granted.

The dwellers of this place are famous for their hospitality. Their names are proverbial throughout the world. If thou (general expression) wantest aught, come hither ; for even the air does not pass by without receiving a share of the bounty. In this garden, the flowers of divine forgiveness bloom forth ; and the scent of its flowers imparts fragrance to whole gardens. The flowers open here under screens (the reference in this verse is to the purdah), and instead of rain, the mercy of God is poured upon its plots. If a sinner takes shelter within its precincts, he is rendered as pure as though he were innocent. There is such a tranquillity, that even the buds make no noise when they laugh (open) ; nor does the air stir a single straw. The breeze is so pure that it creates a screen for itself (by bending the branches towards the ground as a maiden stoops to hide her face), and its breath hides itself in buds and blossoms.

The sky has hopes of obtaining some award, and the sun and the moon come and go in the morning and evening, respectively, to beg the same.

Immortality desired a dwelling for itself, and Providence created this palace for it. Time has produced such a building in order that the glory of God may be made evident. Its foundation is as stable as the very earth's is ; it stands firm as the faith of the believers.

The builders have endeavoured to make it so strong and enduring that eternity itself had fixed it as the place for resort. When this mausoleum was built by the hands of immortality, desolation fled in precipitate haste to the forest, never to come back.

SAYED ABU MAHOMED.

THE BRAIN IN THE HAND.

A PROFESSOR of the University of Chicago, in charge of the Dewey Experimental School maintained by the University, some time ago related before a large audience of educators and parents, the result of an examination of a great number of children of the age of from four to twelve years, on a certain subject ; the object being to determine the child's power to observe carefully and describe accurately. The answers were to be given, partly in writing, partly orally, and partly by drawing. The result demonstrated that the ability of the child to observe, to report in his own language, and even to express the salient points by picture writing, *decreased* with the length of time the child had been in attendance at the public schools.

This was the most serious charge that had ever been made against a public school system. Such training will surely prevent our public school graduates from finding out their deficiencies, else they might well do as did the young Englishwoman of whom the story is told that, having undertaken a course of education with the view of marrying a certain elderly gentleman, when he refused to carry out the implied agreement, she presented a bill against him thus :—"To loss of time in improving my mind, £100."

The remedy for this growing deficiency in power to observe must lie in letting the block-building stage of the child's life have its normal evolution into the kindergarten and the manual training school, because in both these the hand and eye work together, the attention and observation always preceding the execution.

Some time ago, a *post mortem* examination of the hands of a blind person demonstrated the existence, in the ends of the fingers, of convolutions of grey matter similar to that of the brain. The fingers had by their long continued concentration of the consciousness upon

their action, developed in a marked degree the machinery by which the brain takes cognisance and acts intelligently. Truly there was the brain in the hand. What was found in this case must exist in the hands of everyone in proportion to the training in intelligent activity.

Hindu philosophers taught thousands of years ago that the conscious, intelligent, directing power—which we have supposed functioned only through the brain and, according to modern science, the spinal cord—is existent everywhere in the body, and functions in every part of it ; being aroused to activity and subtle functions through concentration of the attention upon any part. If this be true, that part of the body by which we most come into contact with things outside of us would be the first to bring the intelligence to a centre where its action could be more readily recognised.

I recently gave some attention to learning the mechanical art of type-setting ; and ever with a remembrance of the blind man's "brain in the hand," I watched to see if there was any action that I could consider was the result of the intelligence of the fingers instead of, or supplementary to, that of the brain. Had I carried the effort to a fair degree of mechanical perfection I should probably not have been able to observe any double action as hand and brain, or spinal cord, would have become correlated. But in this period of learning, the fingers acquired skill in the craft far quicker than did the brain, which was too apt to be busying itself about other matters. The fingers, told to take a certain letter from a certain box, learned the lesson so well that on occasions when the inattentive brain would send them to the wrong box they would refuse to go, contrary to orders that had before been impressed upon them, and would hover hesitatingly over the case until the arrested attention of the brain corrected its mistake and brought hand and brain again into harmonious action. Not only this, but the fingers detect differences in thickness not visible to the untrained eye ; and while, when a letter is in the wrong box, the brain can do nothing else but send the fingers there, the fingers discern the error and report it to the brain, by the hesitation or failure to act, bringing the attention of the brain from, most likely, some vagrant fancy, and securing its co-operation in setting the matter right. Such facts may not be sufficient as a scientific basis for the assertion that the hand does some thinking of

its own, but they are sufficiently numerous and varied, as observed by the intelligent worker, to give him the impression that the hand often corrects the brain and surpasses it in quickness of discernment.

Professor Elmer Gates, who has a wonderful psycho-physiological laboratory near Washington, which is the Mecca of all investigators, has demonstrated that brain-structure can be built to develop the subject in any direction desired. He says :—

“This brain-building process embodies a number of successive stages. The first stage consists in enregistering the sense impressions of all the senses, so as to produce sensation-structures. The conscious state which we call perceiving a sense impression produces a chemical disposition of matter in the brain-cells, and each repetition of that sense-consciousness increases the amount of matter deposited, the result being a sense-memory structure. The refunctioning of that structure constitutes memory.

“As soon as all the sensation-structures have been formed in the brain, we can begin the second stage, which consists in causing the child to discriminate between the different sensations previously acquired and to associate them in consciousness, so as to produce what is called an integrant of the second order, or images, the units of which are the sensations of the first stage of brain-building. And so on through thirty or forty successive stages.”

Clearly there is no difference between the processes thus described and those which induced the chemical disposition of brain matter in the ends of the fingers of the blind.

This process of brain-building can be applied up to the period of decrepitude, says Professor Gates, and this explains why decrepitude is vastly postponed when brain or hand is in use in activities that have not become mechanical, but require intelligent attention and discrimination.

“Mind,” says the same scientist, “is the functional connection of the individual organism with the cosmic environment”; as this is accomplished primarily through the hand, the intimate connection of mind and hand cannot be disputed.

What, then, does it mean if we have realised that there is a brain in the hand? Surely this, that skilled hand labour is elevated to the dignity of the learned professions.

The subject is of the most vital importance. If the hand stands

to the person as a lesser brain, the maintaining a system of manual training through all the primary and secondary schools becomes our first consideration in education ; and we see why, as is universally shown to be the case by reports of manual training schools, the health, general intelligence, and even morals, of those who have had manual training average higher than in those who have not. This suggestion offers a scientific explanation of facts well established.

It is a matter of daily observation and experience that manual labour conduces to health. In insane asylums, the mind of the patient is calmed and he is on the road to recovery when he takes an interest in handiwork. (The instinctive liking of women for fancy work has doubtless a physiological basis.) It must certainly be of the greatest importance that the bodily powers of the pupil should not be weakened by the school course, as they now almost invariably are, where manual training is not in vogue.

A marked instance of the effect of manual training of children, not only on their own health, morals and manners, but through them indirectly on those of the whole community, is afforded by the James Forten School, in Philadelphia, where Sloyd is taught in addition to the elementary branches. It was established about a decade ago in the worst portion of the city. Filth, poverty and immorality, and the inability of many to speak the English language, were the difficulties in the way ; yet this school has worked a revolution in the pupils in mental, moral and social improvement, and incidentally the same in the families from which they come. "A little child shall lead them," is a prophecy fulfilled whenever a child finds in the school a higher plane of activities and ideals than the home offers. For all unconsciously he becomes to the home an evangel of the hope and inspiration which he finds in the atmosphere of the school.

In all schools where manual training is given good discipline is assured. The Superintendent of the Toledo, Ohio, Manual Training School, which is a department of the High School, told me that since his department had been established discipline had been unnecessary in any of the rooms, the mere threat to exclude pupils from the manual training, if they behaved badly, being all that was needed to secure correct behaviour.

It has been found that the inmates of penitentiaries are for the

most part educated persons, and many of them have had religious instruction in the Sunday schools ; the one almost universal defect in their education is the not having been trained to useful labour.

Manual training is conducive to concentration and effectiveness. The pupils of manual training schools, who spend but half the school time in study, and the other half in work, stand as high in their studies as those devoting all their time to books. It must be an advantage to do the same thing equally well in half the time. Mr. Chadwick, after having given fifty years to the study of educational problems, involving more than fifty thousand children, testifies that the receptivity of the mass of students for direct class teaching was limited to three hours. Whatever time above this is devoted to books is worse than wasted. He further says that half-timers do better work in school than whole-timers, and are superior in mental activity ; the full-time scholar in the Board school being, at the age of fourteen, three years behind the half-timers from school and factory.

Manual training produces conscientiousness. The scholar cannot shirk or deceive ; the work tells its own tale. Moreover, errors are self-condemnatory, and this is far more efficacious in producing a desire for excellence than when blame is attributed by another, whom the child may sometimes consider to be influenced by partiality or lack of information.

Manual training in the schools breaks down class distinctions. He who is a skilled artisan himself will always respect the members of his craft. The majority of mankind must earn their living by the brain in the hand rather than by that in the skull. Then the education which best fits them for success along this line, which contributes to health, to good morals, and to a concentrated mental activity, is the education that is best ; and this must include manual training. It must be that education which, as George William Curtiss has said, "shall with one hand point the youth to the secrets of material skill and fullest intercourse with all mankind, while with the other it points to lofty thoughts and commerce with the skies."

If in addition to this there may be such recognition of the dignity of manual labour from a scientific standpoint that the skilled hand shall be honoured equally with the skilled brain, then mankind will reach the highest average ; and the labourer will so respect himself

and his craft that he will do his work with a royal spirit and a glad fidelity. He will be like the old violin-maker, whom George Eliot has enshrined in her verse, who said :—

“ If my hand slack'd I should rob God,
Who is fullest good, leaving a blank
Instead of violins ; for He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio.”

CLARA BEWICK COLBY.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE MUTINY PERIOD.

SOME of the strangest, and not the least remarkable events associated with the Mutiny in 1857 took place in the Province of Oudh. There was something mysterious in the whole of the movements which were characteristic of the period. There were scenes which neither time nor research can throw light upon. Indeed, some of the darkest episodes of the Mutiny will for ever remain a mystery, the causes being as yet more or less matters of speculation. The attitude of those who were suspected to have taken a leading part in the convulsions which followed was in many aspects misleading, and even contradictory. But no great movement is of sudden growth, more especially so in a country like India. The under-current of thought takes time to shape itself in order to meet the ostensible object which may be in view, unseen and unknown, till the time comes, when the passions at work can no longer be restrained. And so it was with the Mutiny. There were not one, but many factors, the growth of time. This, however, is not the place, nor the occasion, to bring under discussion the subject of those causes which culminated in the revolution which, had time and opportunity been more propitious, and the actors in the scenes been less sanguine and more sagacious, might have led to consequences which none could possibly have foreseen.

Upon the annexation of Oudh, the province was divided into Districts and Divisions on the model of the Punjab for the more effectual administration of the territory included within it. At the head of each was placed a European officer of experience. One of the four Divisions into which the Province was divided was Babraich. Babraich was also the headquarters of a Division where the Commissioner resided. It was some distance north of Oudh, and constituted, as such, one of the most important charges in the Province. As in every district in Oudh, so at Babraich, all the residents were compelled to leave, owing to the disturbed state of the country, and the attitude of the population. Nor was there much time to be lost. Delay on some

occasions only resulted in fatal consequences. Among the refugees from Babraich* were one Mr. W. and his wife, disguised as natives of the country. They were familiar with the usages and customs of the different classes of the population, and the fact was calculated rather than not to favour the disguise. Many had to resort to it in the times of which I write. There were other difficulties in the way incidental to, and inseparable from, the period, and they had to be met and overcome. Danger accumulated at every step taken by those who sought refuge in Lucknow, the capital of the Province. These carried their lives in their hands all throughout the journey. For concealment, to be effectual, needed certain essentials which were not always at the command or within the reach of the refugees. Even the natives about them could not be depended upon; some merely awaited the opportunity to throw off the mask, and then appear in their true colours. Many who were thought to be well disposed proved in the end to be most dangerous, whilst others, of whom nothing was known, and from whom nothing was to be expected, proved true to their charge when the crisis arose. The instability of human passions had every opportunity for display. There existed no certainty. Anything might arise. Anything might occur. The shadow of death hovered everywhere. No measures of precaution were sufficient to provide against the possible evils of the hour and the day; yet there were instances in which the parties escaped after numerous trials and unheard-of privations, though of their escape no possible hope could have been entertained. Some too, owing to the strangest of coincidences, wholly unexpected, were rescued, as it were, from the very jaws of death.

It was essential that everything should be done in silence and without delay, so that after the observance of all possible precautions, Mr. W. and his wife started from Babraich for Lucknow towards the latter part of June 1857. The heat was terrible, and yet, as it turned out, not an hour was to be lost. The party, after leaving the station, managed to secure a covered cart drawn by bullocks. Few were so fortunate. Both passed, of course, as natives of the country, the wife as a native lady, her face and beautiful features concealed; Mr. W., small and slim, was not calculated to attract much attention. Under ordinary circumstances no fears need have been apprehended. But here it was quite different—suspicion centred almost in every mind, and the greatest circumspection was necessary on the part

* Babraich is about 100 miles from Lucknow.

of the refugees. A move, or gesture, might undo everything. Walls have ears, and so had the country through which the party had to pass. Halts were not infrequent, and they were not calculated to lessen the dangers of the party: there were others similarly situated whose fate it was never to reach their destination. Well it is to throw a veil over these scenes. In almost all these adventures there were individuals who were only too ready to divulge their suspicions, which resulted in consequences precisely the same, the fate of the victims being sealed, and irrevocably sealed. There was neither mercy shown, nor appeal to a higher authority. There was something strange and unusual in the atmosphere of almost every scene through which the party had to pass. They felt at times that they dare not attempt even to impart their fears, as if to do so would bring on them the evil which had already possessed their minds. Such were the times. The calamities came on so suddenly, and passed off so quickly, involving in some instances the death and destruction of almost the entire party, the victims of an unscrupulous and insidious foe who spared neither sex nor age.

Mr. W. and his wife made good their way over a large tract of the country through which they were bound to pass, before reaching their destination. As they had escaped so far, they might well have thought that they had started on an auspicious day and moment. In the East an auspicious day counts for much, and often constitutes quite a study. They might, after all, elude the vigilance of the enemy—who can say?—the probabilities were now much in their favour, so at least communed the husband and wife. But the scene might change at any moment, as it often does in times when the passions of men are aroused, the controlling power is absent, and the functions of the state are in abeyance for the time being, as was the case here. For in India, it is not what you see, but what you do not see that is most to be dreaded. The undercurrent of native thought is one of the chief factors which the individual, as well as the state, has to deal with and guard against. It is so even now.

At length, at one of these halts which were inevitable, something quite unusual was observed as compared with the calm which had hitherto prevailed throughout the journey. The cart was surrounded on all sides. The people, excited as they were, came trooping from the village to take part in the little drama which was for the first time to be enacted in this hitherto quiet and tranquil village. Something had happened, which led to the commotion visible on the spot: yet to few

even among the multitude assembled on the occasion was the cause apparent, for these carts with their inmates passed almost daily, attracting little or no notice. Why should this, the inmates of which to all appearance, at least, were natives of the country? But some knew, or assumed to know better. It may have been, after all, mere suspicion, but a suspicion carried its consequences in those turbulent times. Some Judas had evidently appeared on the scene—who it was, no one knew. Herein lay the mystery. The persons of those in the cart were, however, no longer respected; they were compelled to come out in order to satisfy those whose suspicions had been aroused. The ordeal through which the victims passed may be better imagined than described, as all must know who have passed through the ordeal of the Mutiny, and been brought into contact with fiends who respected neither age nor sex, youth nor beauty. From such a scrutiny none could hope or expect to escape. There must have existed some distinctive features differentiating the Christian from the native of the country from the very nature of things, although not quite obvious to every mind. Mr. W.'s knowledge of the ways of the people and the language of the country served him well on this occasion. The party might, after all, have passed the ordeal successfully, since to many present there was nothing apparently sufficient to justify the suspicions entertained. It was found, nevertheless, impossible to remove the doubts which had been raised in the minds of some. These still persisted in their suspicions, still remained obdurate, still resolute in their purpose, and nothing would restrain them. The result of the scrutiny was not yet known—the decision hung, as it were, in the balance. Meantime, something again, some movement had happened, or gesture made, something had dropped which attracted attention. Any little incident was calculated to be made much of in the state of mind of all those present. Carried away among the crowd, faint and exhausted, the party not unnaturally felt that the time had come to resign themselves to the fate which now awaited them. Alone and helpless, resistance was out of the question. The shadow of death already hovered over them, imagination lent fears to every passing scene around them. The situation was one which can only be fully realised by those who have passed through such or similar scenes. The scrutiny was calculated to prove fatal unless warded off by some unexpected incident. A scrutiny of the hands and the nails was enough. There was something in the latter which gave rise to grave doubts. The nails were not those of a native, but those of a Christian—such was the verdict, and from that verdict

there was no appeal. The victims were now, to all intents and purposes, doomed. They felt that there was no escape from the meshes of those into whose hands they had fallen. How many had already fallen in the same way! Yet the heroism of the wife did not fail her on the occasion. She was resolute and would not be separated from her husband. For she well knew what this meant in the times of which I write. It was only by the interposition of one of those accidents not unknown even during the Mutiny that the victims might escape. And now the question which naturally arose at this stage was, what was to be done with the Christians who had managed to elude the vigilance of their enemies? Here, as in other places, the mob were incited by a few of the most unscrupulous of them, who, for reasons of their own, or from religious animosity, instigated others to deeds in which they themselves did not care to participate. The reasons were obvious. They did not believe in the idle rumour of the day that the Government of the country had passed into other hands; they were far more calculating, and were resolute not to commit themselves to acts which they knew, or thought, were calculated to compromise them in case things should take a different course hereafter.

The existence of these sentiments prolonged the tragedy, or what threatened to be one. None cared to strike the first blow. The delay was providential, for, just as matters here were about to assume that fatal form so common to scenes during the Mutiny, there was a sudden and wholly unexpected diversion. To all appearance there was something going on near the spot where the victims were standing, which had not been calculated upon. For the dense mass which surrounded them seemed to be visibly affected. And yet for the moment to those in the distance the reason for the commotion was not quite apparent. An Asiatic mob is liable to be affected, and at times even diverted from its purpose, by what may seem, from a mere spectator's point of view, a very small incident. The sudden cessation in the action and movements of the multitude which composed the mob was not, however, here without a cause. For presently might be seen a tall stalwart form, approaching in the distance, evidently bent on some errand, cleaving his way through the dense mass, which nevertheless seemed to be reluctantly giving way to the efforts of the stranger. Such at least was the idea which suggested itself to the mind of those who were removed somewhat from the scene; still the agitation did not altogether cease, although it may have subsided somewhat. The approach of the stranger was necessarily retarded by the throng of people

round and about him, some of whom were inclined to view his presence with suspicion and even to resent his intrusion. But his very appearance and demeanour were calculated to daunt, if not overawe, the crowd. In the meantime, the stranger was gradually lessening the distance between the centre of the mass, and those who were about to be added to the number, already too numerous, of the victims of the Mutiny. The stranger had now approached sufficiently near to perceive the cause of the excitement among the mob. He was apparently used to these agitations, for he took in everything at a glance. He resolved to act. It was one of those cases, not altogether unknown during the Mutiny, in which the native character shows at its best. But who was this stranger? In the Punjab is included a district known as Kangra. It was the headquarters of the Deputy Commissioner of the District, the Deputy Commissioner being the civil, as well as the chief executive officer of the country included within his charge. Kangra is situated in the Hills; it has a splendid climate, and is surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery. Not far from it is the famous Kuloo valley, a beautiful valley, not perhaps so well known, but in many aspects quite equal to any in Kashmere. It was at Kangra that Mr. W. happened to be stationed for many years prior to the meeting. From thence, on the annexation of the Province in 1856, he came to Babraich in Oudh, then under the charge of Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Wingfield, Chief Commissioner of the Province of Oudh. As was the practice in those days, the local treasury was always kept at the headquarters of the district, as being the safest place, under a guard. Kangra was no exception to this rule. Before the Mutiny the guard was invariably composed of soldiers of the regular native army. The duties which devolved on Mr. W. in connection with the treasury necessarily brought him in frequent communication with the native officer in command of the guard, whilst he saw the sepoy daily, and of course, being, as they frequently were, for days together in the same place, the sepoy got to know him, and he to know them. The feeling which then sprung up never abated. Here, then, we have the explanation as well as the solution of the episode in the small village in Oudh. It was one of these men, Matadin by name, who recognised Mr. W. and his wife under the circumstances described. Like many others of his class, Matadin was on leave from his regiment and had retired to his native village in Oudh. He had only reached his destination a few days before. Hearing of the tumult, and impelled more by curiosity than anything else, he went to see what was up. And now, inexplicable as it may seem, in the excitement and confusion of the

moment, and amid the dangers which then beset human life, the stranger thought, or fancied he thought, as he scanned their faces, that the features of those in whose behalf he had resolved to intercede were not altogether unfamiliar to him. The more he looked, the more he was confirmed in this assurance. To make certain, however, he approached the party sufficiently close so as to remove any doubts he may have entertained as to the identity of the Christians. He was now fully assured as to the identity of the party, although many years had elapsed since he had last seen their faces, under very different auspices, however, to those under which he now recognised them. The recognition was now mutual, and the feeling which actuated one side was fully reciprocated by the other.

The stranger was now resolute to act in behalf of those whom he had recognised and known years ago, and to whom he may have been indebted for some little kindnesses from time to time not readily to be forgotten by the Asiatic, and for which, in many instances, during the Mutiny, the latter, notwithstanding the risks attending any such recognition, did not remain entirely oblivious, or unmindful, where the occasion arose to make a return. To rescue the victims from the mob called for the observance of the greatest tact and discrimination. To comprehend all this we must be conversant with the history of the times and the trend of the influences then at work. There was a time when the whole village was excited when the Sepoy returned to his home on leave, or upon retirement from the service, to live at ease and in comfort upon his well earned pension. Then the best that the village could command was at his disposal, nothing was too good for him. The old soldier dwelt with pride upon his past career. He recounted his services, and those present applauded. He was looked upon as the favoured among the favoured, one among the honoured. But now the whole scene was changed. Yet Matadin was not unknown in his village, and was a man of some influence. He remonstrated with the mob as regards the treatment of the victims who had been placed in their power by an act of base treachery. They were innocent of any crime against any one in the village. Why should any crime be committed upon them? He then appealed to the compassion of those who showed a reluctance to proceed to extremities. The appeal he felt, was not in vain. The open sympathy of some of the women in the crowd was not without its weight and significance at this stage, as often happened during the Mutiny. To the bolder spirits in the crowd he spoke in a different strain. He avowed that he knew who the

party were, what influence they possessed, and he darkly hinted at the dire consequences that would ensue if a single hair of their head was touched. The men exchanged looks, they whispered, they stared, they grunted, and some of them apparently remembered that their presence was required elsewhere. At length it became manifest that the appeal on behalf of the Christians had an effect favourable to their cause. The scene of which Matadin was witness was not to be prolonged for any length of time, for the minds of those about him were still greatly agitated, and there were some among them quite capable of any evil, even when professing their willingness to refrain from proceeding to extremities. As the crowd was undecided as to the course it should adopt, Matadin quietly, but with the confidence of a man who was master of the situation, led the party away, and escorted them back to the cart, and secured them against further molestation. Many and heartfelt were Mr. W. and his wife's expressions of gratitude. No less profuse were the old soldier's protestations of fidelity and the gratification at the service which he had the good luck to render to those whose salt he had once eaten. He followed the cart beyond the confines of the village and made sure that the travellers were once more safe and unnoticed. The party ultimately reached Lucknow in safety, where they had been given up for lost. Matadin must have been a marked man ever since that day, and may have paid the penalty of his singular conduct. But history has spared us the pain of knowing what befell him. Of one thing, however, we may be sure: never has the European felt more closely drawn towards the Native than on the day when Mr. and Mrs. W. were saved by the courageous and faithful Matadin.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS LINCOLN.

MODERN INDIA.

Note.—India still moves in the groove of her forebears. But the waves that from the West break against her shores operate not merely upon the trend of her thought but undermine the immemorial towers of Brahmanism and threaten many a valuable possession. For the distant observer there is no spectacle of greater interest than the interaction and counteraction between the Eastern and the Western phenomena of civilisation, and the *agonia* of the conflicting spirits of the two worlds. In this delineation I am wholly dependent upon my sources—Crooke, Hunter, Lyall and others. If I have purposed to base this portrayal of India to-day on the works of others, I am convinced that the observations of experienced statesmen are more to be prized than the fleeting notices of modern travellers.

ALFRED HILLEBRANDT.

Translated from the German of Dr. Alfred Hillebrandt.

THE broad land which stretches from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and which counts a population of 287 millions, has rightly been compared to a continent. There is no other name to properly designate the congeries of peoples and the Babel of tongues which fill this peninsula, and which, with its hoary antiquity and its passing present, confronts us with a full measure of hard and deep problems. In the North prevail the Aryan languages, the South is dominated by tongues of Dravidian origin, and between them interpose the Colarian family of speeches, forming a world among themselves. An English linguist has attempted to classify these languages, and he distinguishes in India between fourteen Aryan tongues with close upon 125 dialects, fourteen Dravidian with 30 idioms, and 10 Colarian with five sub-divisions, leaving wholly out of account the Zibeho-Burman languages which send off their multiform spurs in the north and the north-east of the country.

Such exact figures and minute divisions give rise to suspicions, but they are at all events serviceable, inasmuch as they afford an idea of the actual diversity.

Diverse as are the languages, not less so are the races. India adduces before our eyes the types of human development, from the nethermost grade to the topmost rung of ethical culture. Hunter, one of the authorities best acquainted with India, has denominated India a museum which places before our vision living examples of this manifold evolution. When, several thousand years prior to our era, Aryan swarms pressed forward into India they came upon a swarthy genus of men whom they thrust back into the interior of the country. In the hymns of the Rig Veda, we hear the echo of the struggle with the "dark skinned" races, in which we notice the Aryans disputing with the aborigines the suzerainty of the realm. We still recognise the descendants of the former in the Brahman and the Rajput tribes that have been relatively exempt from promiscuous intercourse with others, while the original indwellers have partly retired into mountains, where they still abide under conditions which are anything but conspicuously divergent from those of their forebears of thousands of years ago. In the Anemalai hills, for instance, in South Madras, there live the "wild-looking long-haired Puliars who live on the products of the jungle, on mice and other minor animals." Till 1835, when the clans of the Kondhs were brought under British subjection and were thus forced into less barbarous habits, blood revenge and human sacrifice prevailed; and even now, after they have been converted into a friendly and useful people, they have preserved usages which remind us of the primitive condition of human society.

The bulk of the population of India, however, is composed neither of Brahmans and Rajputs nor of the primitive septs, but of a conglomeration which has arisen from the union of Aryan with the non-Aryan, Kolarian and Dravidian clans. It remains uncertain whether it was the Dravidians who first immigrated into India, or whether, as physiologists claim, they are not to be separated from the Kolarians at all. When we add that from about a century before and up to the fifth century after Christ, Scythian tribes repeatedly made inroads into India and even founded principalities; that the waves of Mahomedan invasion have time and again swept over the country and have brought with them motley crews of peoples; that in the Gangetic delta in the Eastern Himalayas we meet with Mongolian clans—we have a picture far from complete of the variety of ethnographical phases of the Indian populace. The delineation gains in variegation when we cast a glance at the castes.

The ancient divisions into Brahmans, Warriors, Agriculturists, and Sudras falls far short of suggesting the mixed multiplicity of castes which in actuality marks off the inhabitants of India into an interminable number of circles rigidly detached each from all the rest. There are ten distinct classes among the Brahmans, whereof five have settled on the north and five on the south of the Vindhya mountain, and within these ten divisions fall 1886 sub-categories.* No fewer than 3,000 castes have been counted, which bear each a separate name, have the sentiments of a distinct class, and marry only among themselves. But no one yet has succeeded in establishing the precise number of all the castes. The large ethnographical work, composed by Mr. Risley at the instance of the Government of India, upon the tribes and castes of Bengal alone embraces four volumes. The system of caste pervades and runs through the thought and life of the folks of India; so much so that the Mahomedans† have not been able to remain immune from it, and we are told of the indigenous Christians of Konkan that they still adhere to the castes to which their ancestors belonged when Francis Xavier made proselytes of them.

The existence of caste is generally depicted as a great misfortune. But alongside of the disabilities and the hardships which are undeniably generated from the exclusiveness which is leagued with the system, we are apt to forget its excellent features which are as dissociably connected with it. The high culture of the art industries of India owes in part its origin to the circumstance that proficiency and dexterity descend from father to son or at least continue to flourish in circles of limited extent. Every caste, says Hunter, is in a certain way a trade guild, and it ensures the apprentice his training in the special industry; it fixes rules for the trade, and promotes good fellowship by means of fixity and social union. The caste looks after its poor and seems in many cases to secure for its members that for which our workmen strive in vain.

In 1873, in Ahmedabad, a number of masons could not find sufficient employment, because others worked for extra hours in order to add to their wages. On the complaint from a few families the guild combined and resolved that owing to lack of sufficient occupation for all, extra hours should be altogether abolished.‡

The origin of the castes is variously traced. Ethnological and

* Hunter, *The Indian Empire*.

† Ibbetson, Also Strachey, *Indi...*

‡ Hunter is my authority, p. 247. See Hopkins, *Ancient and Modern Hindu Guilds*, in the *Yale Review*, May and August, 1898.

political circumstances and religious predilections have contributed to the splitting up of the Indian society. The abundant material for ethnographical and sociological problems which is found on the surface of modern India has neither been adequately collected nor made use of. Reliable authorities on India, as it is, refer with emphasis to the semi-dependent states in the interior of the continent, which exhibit social stages in the process of evolution which have more and more vanished from modern Europe.*

There we encounter clans which are held together by bonds of blood, the beginnings of primæval nobility and religious fraternities, pilgrims who from holy shrines are bound for the sources of the Ganges, and who know no other name except that of some one or other of the saints who points to them the path of salvation.

We meet with half-nomadic septs which drive their herds of goats or sheep through thick woods over mountains, and come upon primitive legal environments like the purchase of brides or expiatory compensation for those slain in battle. And when, as it constantly happens, such tribes are received into Hinduism, the old community becomes related to it as a new caste.

The number of castes is ever on the increase and the sectarian spirit of India has proved itself most prolific in this respect. The religious circumstances of India have from the first drawn upon itself the eye of the science of religion and they still belong to the most remarkable phenomena of the land. The Hindu religion, says Sir Alfred Lyall, is like the troubled sea without shore or horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque invention. Every system of belief and tendency is here represented. Alongside of the Fetishism which demands adoration for a common or artistically hewn stone, or which finds expression in the worship of a milestone or telegraph post unexpectedly erected, we notice the lofty porches of philosophical systems which have been reared in India from times immemorial. The astrologer's and the soothsayer's callings are in full swing. Beliefs in witches and spirits sway the Indian mind. The restless ghost of a dead person can find a habitation in a formidable tiger. An old woman is tortured because she is suspected of metamorphosing herself into a wolf of nights; then arise religious reformers who proclaim pure divine worship, philosophers who found a sect and long survive in their system among a small brotherhood, and mendicant friars of various Vaishnavite or Shaivite denominations, or atheistic apostles propagating

* Here I am indebted to Sir A. Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*.

materialistic doctrines. A remarkable turn of luck, great natural gifts, piety above the common, elicit attention and find the many prepared precipitately to suspect or attribute supernatural potency. Lyall tells us of a native officer who had somehow come into the odour of sanctity and was so persistently pursued by crowds ever on the increase, that he was no longer in a position to carry on his duties. General Nicholson, who fell at the storming of Delhi in 1857, was venerated as a hero during his lifetime in spite of his vehement persecution of his devotees.

In India it is difficult to win over a decent number of converts without the gift of miracles, without self-abnegation and asceticism. Hence it was that the evangelist to secure the most unequivocal success among the Hindus was Francis Xavier, who lived after the manner of the Indian anchorites, slept with a stone for his pillow and thanks to his extraordinary endowments, soon acquired the fame of a worker of wonders.*

New prophets arise who are followed by throngs of adventurers or enthusiasts. Schismatic seceders and the hermits who have forfeited their caste and with it their social position join them, and the future of the new order thus composed depends upon the personality, the vigour, and the ingenuity of their leader. They then turn a new sect, even a new sub-caste if their captain is not wanting in mental calibre, and, under circumstances, a strong right arm.

Of this we have an eloquent example in the Sikhs, whose arms inflicted a blow upon the English in 1845 and again in 1849. Originally the Sikhs were nothing more or less than a religious order, founded about the close of the 15th century by Nanak Shah, who proclaimed the unity of the Godhead, preached a pure life and desired the annihilation of castes.

The census † report furnishes us with detailed information about the sects.‡ Besides the Kabir-panthis, of more liberal views, who number 685,000, the philosophical Ramanujas, who go by the name of a celebrated teacher of Vedanta, Madhavas and others, we come across strange corporations, e.g., the Urdhvabahas, who keep both the arms held aloft, Adbhutas, who go about in a state of nature—types that we read of at the time of Buddha, and that may be pre-supposed for still earlier eras.

Lyall brings forward various illustrations of sect-building. Ram Singh; the son of a carpenter, chanced to be reputed a saint and a thau-

* *Asiatic Studies*, 113; Baines, General Report, 160.

† Not the latest.

‡ Jolly in the *Deutsche Rundschau* 1897, August.

maturgist, but eventually came in conflict with the English Government, for he fanned the fanaticism of the masses against the slaughter of cows to the point of doing to death the butchers.

A queer product of the Indian religious atmosphere was Hakim Singh who, indeed, gave his adhesion to Christianity, but presently set up for a new incarnation of Christ, demanded recognition from the missionaries as such, at the same time that he did homage to the sacrosanct cow.*

All this proceeds alongside of and within Brahmanism. Brahmanism does not take up a hostile attitude towards new prophets, even though the latter address themselves indiscriminately to all, irrespective of creed or caste, provided only they do not stand in direct antagonism to itself. For experience teaches that all endeavours to set afoot new brotherhoods and new confessions of faith terminate in Brahmanism and provide it with an accession of strength in the shape of new sects of adherents. Brahmanism is a scheme of religion which accompanies a man all along his road from birth to the funeral pyre. It sets its impress upon all the operations of life, and is cognisant of no distinction between religious and secular matters. The Brahmanic law conducts the Hindu along the path of existence. The law lies inscribed in the ancient sacred scriptures and has to be confided to the custody of younger priests. "Veneration for the Brahman," says Mr. Robertson in the census report for 1881, "runs through the entire social and religious life of the Hindu peasant No child is born, named, betrothed or given away in marriage, none breathes its last or is cremated, no journey is undertaken, no auspicious day elected, no house built, no agricultural operation of consequence inaugurated, no harvest is reaped without feasting Brahmans. A portion of all that the fields yield is set apart for them. But with the spiritual life of the folk, so far as it exists, the Brahmans have nothing to do. Sacerdotal despotism has thrown into the shade the religious element." We should commit an error did we deny vigour of life to Brahmanism. New professors are constantly joining it. Brahmanisation, according to Lyall, is the first step on the road to Indian civilisation for the tribes lying beyond its pale. Brahmanism is a mild system which imposes by no means too trying duties on its neophytes. It requires no alteration in the inner man, but merely an exterior conformity, and thus the non-Aryan occupiers of the land glide gradually into Brahmanism, which is not loth to adopt along with the worship-

* Lyall, 108.

pers their old divinities and to provide the latter with a Brahmanic veneer. Whether the faith of the Brahmins has the inner strength to evince palpably new life and to remodel the religious phase of India by means of radical reforms is doubtful. Brahmoism, called into being by Rammohan Roy, which erstwhile was hailed with enthusiasm, numbers—Mr. Baines is our authority—not more than 3,051 disciples; the Aryanism scarcely 40,000.

India to-day is irrefragably agitated by the internal ferment generated by the influence of British civilisation. There is scarcely a more interesting picture, as has been said with justice, in the history of culture than the concussion and convulsion consequent upon the impact of European with Asiatic civilisation. What the stirring story of India had not long since known—internal pacification—that the English rule has secured for it and therewith the leisure and ease to bestow a thought upon itself. "The alarm of battles," writes a learned Hindu, Haraprasad Shastri, "has not been heard in Bengal and Bihar since the days of Mir Kasim, nor in Guzerat since the first Mahratta War. South India enjoys the profoundest peace since the death of Sultan Tipu in 1799. . . . Two prolific sources of insecurity which undermined the Moghul Empire, the personal ambition of provincial governors and the civil wars between rivals with every new succession, have ceased to exist. The wild tribes of India, the perpetual cause of internal disturbance of tranquillity, have been tamed. The times of anarchy, of restlessness and changing tyrannies, are over. The arbitrariness of the potentates in the dependent states has been reduced within salutary bounds. Railroads, the post and telegraph, draw the peoples of India into a closer proximity to each other, and league them with European culture. Order and law hold their sway over peoples of diverse tongues and nationalities in place of native despots and corrupt judges."* "For the first time," says Haraprasad, "equality before the law has been proclaimed in India and the Indian justices have earned honourable fame for immaculate probity and legal acumen. India understands and appreciates the value of England's rule, and earnestly desires its continuance."

It is, despite many flaws, a brilliant portrayal, this which is held before our view as we, step by step, pursue the occupation of all India by Britain. A succession of distinguished politicians unfold the British banner and bear it aloft over the whole Peninsula, with the greatest circumspection, with dauntless daring whenever it was demanded. By virtue of a subtle cleverness which was beyond the reach of the Portu-

* History of India, Calcutta, 1895.

guese and the Spaniards, possessed neither by the Dutch nor by the French, a powerful empire arose out of insignificant trade settlements; and it is with justifiable pride that an English statesman writes the following words regarding this process of development: "The English East India Trading Company passed its youth under the severest self-discipline imposed by necessity to render profitable a bold private enterprise. They gathered a thesaurus of information before they contemplated any conquest. When, however, the dissolution of the Moghul dominions offered them the choice either to abandon India or to dominate it, their resolve was formed. No sorrows, no misfortunes for a moment ever shook this determination, nor have the British nation ever given it up in the hour of peril."

It is obvious that the Government in a country with such immense internal contrasts can only slowly and with cautiousness introduce the influence of European views. The British rule has not been spared the reproach of having proceeded too tardily with the introduction of necessary reforms and with the abolition of grotesque abuses. On the one hand they could not well avoid the obligation of promoting occidental civilisation, and on the other they had to reckon with given circumstances and to assure the indigenous populace of the protection of their time-honoured usages and institutions. The trend, therefore, of the English policy in India—I follow Lyall—evoked the well-founded charge of the Europeans that it complaisantly bore with all Indian anomalies and subsequently set about complaining of the exclusiveness of the Indian religions. British tolerance towards the natives went far indeed. Native Christians who declined to follow the ways of the idolators were openly maltreated by their quondam co-religionists; those who had gone over to Christianity were robbed of their wives, their children, and their worldly goods. Then, when in 1832 a law appeared prohibiting this lawlessness, the Hindus stigmatised it as a violation of given pledges. The Christians, on the other side, necessarily wished that an unconditional preference should not be accorded to the autochthonous creeds. The officers, in virtue of their office, were compelled to participate in the heathen festival of Jagannath. Mahomedan mosques were carefully restored, while dilapidated Christian churches were simply pulled down. The British policy concerned itself with remaining neutral. But when the Indian administration attempted to commit the management of pious foundations to the hands of Hindus and Mahomedans, both communities would have none of it, for, forsooth, this control was from immemorial times one of the most essential duties discharged by every native prince, and which

must devolve upon the rulers alone. And when the Government transferred to the Mahomedans the nomination of the half-spiritual, half-temporal Kazis, they renounced a part of their political authority, but on the other hand did not satisfy their Mahomedan subjects, inasmuch as the appointment of the Kazis by Government invested them with a semblance of peculiar authority. These instances denote the difficulties which the British Government had to surmount when they ventured upon a decided step forwards. It is well known that one of the greatest services rendered by Lord William Bentinck to the Indian civilisation was the interdict issued in 1829 against the self-immolation of widows. This was probably a custom dating from a remote past, having its roots in hoary antiquity, and we meet with it among various peoples, Thracians, Slavs, and Germans. The Brahmans based it upon a passage in the Veda which they corrupted with a view to adducing a religious ground for the rite of *satee*. The practice was so common among the believing Hindus that in 1817, in Bengal alone, several hundred relicts were burned to death; in the year 1823 in Bengal 575, inclusive of 208 between 20 and 40 years old, and 32 girls under 12 years of age.* Akbar the Great Moghul had striven to abolish this savageness which had taken deep roots among the upper classes, but in vain. In 1813 Ram Mohun Roy raised his voice and denounced widow-burning as a barbarity, but met with the most strenuous opposition on part of the most influential and wealthy part of the Hindu society. The whole aristocracy of Calcutta rose against him.† He was reviled as an outcast, a reprobate, and the few who sided with him were persecuted. Ram Mohun Roy did not rest content till he succeeded in enlisting the interest and assistance of Bentinck. The good and the evil of the custom were investigated, the *pros* and *cons* were discussed, till finally, after a decade of dreary wranglings, the prohibition was announced, not in a direct form; Lord Bentinck, and Ram Mohun Roy himself, shrank from it, but it was resolved to punish for murder those who took part in the burning of a widow. These immolations have not ceased altogether yet; in 1875 thirty accomplices and abettors were condemned for murder, but they have been almost put a stop to, at least beyond the so-called independent States.‡ They would once more reappear should the English supremacy decline.

But the lot of the widows, in all conscience, has not been amelio-

* Max Müller, *Biographical Essays*, 26. † See Bose, *Hindus as they are*, 284.

‡ For an exhaustive account see L. V. Schröder in the *Baltische Monatschrift*, 38.

rated. Their piteous existence has been described by enlightened natives—more pathetically than by any one else by Raghunath Rao, a warm Hindu promoter of reforms, whose words Garbe has made accessible to a larger public in his *Indischen Reisenkizzen*. In fact, one of the most momentous questions of India is the woman problem. All earnest reformers focus their gaze upon two points; the re-marriage of widows and the abolition of child marriage. The caste rules prescribe the marriage of children at an early age. The child does not go to the house of her spouse—this happens after a second rite—but the compact is actually and irrevocably made. If the husband dies she is and remains a widow, whether or not she be in her earliest childhood. "When a maiden of ten or eleven loses her husband," writes Mr. Bose, in his work on modern Hindus, "with whom she has scarcely exchanged a word, she is not aware of all the misery to which she is destined for the rest of her long life." And in another passage he says: "It is a dark picture from first to last and grows gloomier with the time that passes over her ill-fated head." The young widow, if she has no issue of her own to make her lot supportable, is in very deed precluded from all the joys of life and commerce with her fellow-creatures.

G. K. NARIMAN.

MRS. LEMESURIER.

CHAPTER X.

"IT is really most provoking," said Mrs. Sandeman to her husband, "about those Bridges sending an excuse at the last moment. Now I shall be condemned after dinner to a *tête à tête* with Mrs. Le Mesurier. I must beg of you not to sit very long over your wine. I never liked her and we shan't have many subjects to talk about in common."

"Oh you'll get on all right," said the Colonel. They were sitting in the drawing-room awaiting the arrival of their guests. "Why on earth shouldn't you?"

"I dare say she has improved since her marriage," returned his wife rather ungraciously, "but I dislike my little parties being disarranged. A big dinner it doesn't matter whom you ask to, but a small one you must have congenial spirits for."

"Well, why do you suppose we are not going to have congenial spirits to-night?"

"I feel there are discordant elements and I have a presentiment you will say something you shouldn't."

"Come, that isn't my invariable custom, Carry."

"No, but mistakes, even though only made occasionally, are disastrous. I can't forget our last dinner at which you would persist in telling Colonel Thierry what charming people the Fletchers were, when you ought to have remembered that Mrs. Fletcher was Thierry's first wife, who had been divorced from him a couple of years ago."

"That was a little unfortunate," admitted the Colonel. "But we have no divorcees dining with us to-night, have we?"

"Not that I know of; but although Indian society is not run on quite the same principles as it was during Lord Lytton's viceroyalty, when every man dined with his legs under another man's table and delicately trod on the toes of his neighbour's wife——"

"Carry!" expostulated her husband.

"Still," Mrs. Sandeman went on, "one can never be perfectly sure of one's company."

"Yes, you can," said the Colonel. "We know all about Showers and young Forsyth and nothing to the detriment of Le Mesurier and his wife; so cheer up, my dear."

Mrs. Sandeman prided herself on her dinners, and in spite of the gloomy forebodings, this one was not an exception. Good food and good wines generally make people good tempered. Sybil was in radiant spirits and looked unusually beautiful. Whatever might have been her

just sensation of repugnance at the thought of going to Shal, she had overcome it. She had, indeed, told her husband she would rather live anywhere else, but when he represented to her that a refusal of this appointment would probably spoil his whole after-career, she withdrew her opposition at once. As she assured Basil and herself, it really mattered little where they went. Any place with him would be heaven.

With this conviction it was not likely she could allow any disagreeable recollection to spoil her own or her husband's life. Most of us can forget unpleasant occurrences if not wantonly reminded of them. Repentant sinners have found it necessary to keep their crimes in remembrance by cultivating perpetual open sores on their persons. But for the constant physical irritation the moral sense would become dull. It is so natural to forget.

When the ladies left the dining-room the men lit their cigarettes and drew their chairs nearer the fire.

"How jolly it is," observed Le Mesurier, "to be stationed in a place where one can live like a civilised European nearly all the year round. This really feels like home."

"And it sounds like home too," said Forsyth, "just listen to the rain."

A sudden gust of wind swept past the house, then the steady patter of rain was heard on the iron roof.

"Do you usually have it wet at this season?" asked Le Mesurier.

"I don't know," returned Forsyth. "I wasn't here last year, and the year before we had hard frosts nearly all November. This will make a difference in the hunting to-morrow. Some one ought to be bogged crossing the river."

"Do you know" said the Colonel suddenly, "that this is the anniversary of poor Herdon's death?"

"So it is," replied Showers, "I had forgotten."

"So had I," returned Sandeman, "but talking of frosty hunting mornings reminded me of that meet when you drove out and told us what had happened."

Le Mesurier looked up, interested.

"I got a great shock," he said, "when I heard of that poor chap's death. You know he saved my life."

"Did he?" asked Showers; then thoughtfully, "Yes, I suppose that was a good deed. I am glad to hear of it because I've always thought the only decent act of Herdon's life was his death; and that was an accident."

"An accident?" repeated Le Mesurier. "I thought it was suicide."

"Suicide—rot!" said Showers. "Do you suppose a man like Herdon would shoot himself intentionally?"

"That was the verdict."

"Oh, yes, it was the verdict right enough. We didn't want a prolonged enquiry into a case like that. We were afraid of scandal. His death luckily occurred in time to stop one."

"I shall never forget Martindale's face," said Forsyth, "that morning when you brought us the news. Poor old chappie, he had made up his mind to go home."

"He behaved very honourably all through," said the Colonel. "Mind you, no one could say a word against either him or Mrs. Herdon. They both resisted a temptation to which—God forgive me for saying such a thing against the dead—I sometimes thought Herdon would not have been very sorry if they had yielded."

"How do you account for a man accidentally shooting himself in the middle of the night?" asked Le Mesurier.

"I don't account for it," said Showers.

"I understood," Le Mesurier continued, "that it was proved Major Herdon had himself arranged to be left entirely alone that night."

"It was."

"In order to accidentally shoot himself?" asked the police officer. "That is hardly likely. Why do you suppose he wanted to be alone?"

"Couldn't say," returned Showers shortly; "but I suspect he was up to some devilry. When a man of that stamp does anything mysterious you may take your oath it is something wicked."

"Come, come," said Sandeman. "This isn't a pleasant subject. I hear music in the drawing room. Shall we join the ladies?"

He opened the door and let in a flood of melody. Sybil was singing gaily—

And wish him the longest of lives
With his one little, two little, three little, four little, five little wives.

The utter irrelevance of words and air to what they had been discussing came as a pleasant relief to the men. The rest of the evening was spent in song and mirth.

"I got on much better with Mrs. Le Mesurier than I expected," the Colonel's wife confided to him when they were alone. "She has certainly improved and she doesn't attempt to conceal the fact that she is very much in love with her husband. I like that."

"I always told you, you misjudged her," the Colonel couldn't refrain from saying.

"Of course, dear, you were right as usual; and what did you think of the husband, and what did you talk about when we left you to your smokes?"

"Oh, various things."

"Anything in particular?"

"The only particular thing was rather disagreeable; unfortunately, I remembered it was the anniversary of Herdon's death."

"You didn't talk about it I hope, Mark, before Mr. Le Mesurier?"

"No I didn't, but the others did."

"What on earth had they to say?"

"A good deal, it turned out. Showers declared he didn't believe it was a case of suicide at all."

"Didn't he?" said Mrs. Sandeman quickly. "What did he think?"

"That it was an accident."

"Oh, and what did Mr. Le Mesurier think?"

"I'm not sure," returned the Colonel, "but I have an idea, he didn't put much faith in the accident theory."

CHAPTER XI.

Some one has said that life holds no unimportant events. On the most trivial every-day occurrence, on the idlest remark, hang the issues of destiny. We do not notice these things at the time, but afterwards, when the end is accomplished, we look back and see how the inexorable hand of fate has ever led to one goal.

Le Mesurier had never suspected, had never wanted to suspect, that Major Herdon had met his death in any other way than that assigned at the inquest. The only doubt in his mind was whether the man had shot himself in a fit of temporary insanity or deliberately while in full possession of his faculties.

But little by little a conviction was being forced upon him that there were incidents connected with that ghastly night, which had never been fully explained. His professional instincts were roused.

One day Showers asked him to come round to his house to see a map of South Africa. The Boer War had just begun and maps were being eagerly bought and studied. Basil was too cautious a man ever to express his opinions very freely, but he would have been more than human if at that time he, as a non-combatant, had not thought himself justified in criticising every movement of our troops.

"You are entirely wrong on that point," Showers maintained, after a heated argument, "and if you will come over to my house I will prove it to you by my map." So Basil went.

"You have got very nice quarters here for a bachelor," the young man remarked.

"Well, yes," returned Showers, "the fact is this place was always occupied by a married Major, but when Herdon died in it——"

"Oh, was this Herdon's house?"

"Didn't you know? Yes, it was here he shot himself, and after that no lady could be persuaded to live in the place, so I came over and gave up my quarters to a married man."

"Was this the room where it happened?"

"No, the one opposite. I'm not particular, but I couldn't make my den in a room with such associations"

"Naturally. Would you mind showing me the other room?"

"Not in the least. But are you particularly interested in so old an affair?"

"I am rather, and I don't mind telling you why! Do you remember that evening we dined at the Sandemans, saying you didn't believe that Herdon committed suicide?"

"Certainly."

"And it never occurred to you to form any theory to account for his death being accidental."

"I have never found any satisfactory one."

"Well, if you will show me the room I may be able to tell you something you have never yet heard."

Showers looked curious. Without a word he led the way across the passage. Like most rooms in Indian houses this one had glass doors that opened on to a verandah. It was never used, and the dust lay

thick on floor and windows. The police officer looked carefully round, then stepped out into the verandah.

"Will you tell me," he asked presently, coming back into the room, "where the body was found?"

"Just about there," Showers indicated a spot a little at one side, not very far from the door.

"Yes," said Le Mesurier, "and close beside was a table on which stood a lamp."

"How the deuce do you know that?" asked Showers in some surprise.

"In a rather odd way. You know you sent me a munshi to teach me Pushtoo."

"Yes, he is my chowkidar at night and gives lessons in the day-time."

"Exactly, and when he is supposed to be guarding your house at night he occasionally breaks into other people's."

"He is suspected of doing so," corrected Showers.

"Suspected, if you prefer the word. At any rate, yesterday he was marched off to jail on the charge of being concerned in a robbery at the Sandemans'."

"I heard something to that effect."

"This morning he asked to see me alone. He said he had something important to tell. I think he was drawing on his imagination to a great extent, but I didn't know at the time that you were living in Herdon's house. Was this man really chowkidar here when Herdon died?"

"Of course, but he wasn't near the spot at the time."

"No, but he declared to me that when he came back with the answer to that note there was a light burning in this room. He could see it distinctly from the other side of the garden where he was standing. Suddenly a shadow came in front of the light. It was turned up and then as quickly put out altogether."

"He never said anything about this before."

"No, and it is quite possible he is lying now. Understand, he has always said that no one entered or left the house from the time of his return till his mistress came back from the dance."

"Yes, and he also swore," observed Showers, "that he had heard no shot fired. It was therefore inferred that Herdon came home and shot himself while the chowkidar was away."

"Exactly," Le Mesurier returned. "It's nearly dark now. Do you mind, Showers, having a lamp brought into the room?"

Showers gave the order and a small table was also brought in. They were placed as nearly as he could remember in the position a lamp and table occupied on the morning Herdon's body was found.

"Now come outside with me," said the police officer. "Let us go to the end of the garden and see for ourselves whether it was possible for anyone in the place where the chowkidar says he was standing, to see into this room."

They crossed the drive and went about a hundred yards away. A few leafless trees stood between them and the house. So the dimness outside the room seemed brilliantly illuminated.

"Of course he could see as clearly as possible," said Le Mesurier, "he ought to have mentioned the fact before."

"Why," asked Showers, "what difference could it possibly make?"

"Don't you see," returned Le Mesurier, "if Herdon shot himself in that room before the chowkidar returned, who the devil put the light out?"

CHAPTER XII.

Few prejudices are ever maintained for any length of time. Our instinctive likes and dislikes for people when we first meet them are invariably modified. Our enemies of yesterday are often our friends of to-day, and naturally the reverse holds good.

Mrs. Sandeman's early antipathy for Sybil Fancourt had changed into an affectionate regard for Mrs. Le Mesurier. The alteration in her sentiments was not altogether inexplicable. The handsome girl who in the eyes of many besides the Colonel's wife came as a firebrand into a household where there were too many combustible ingredients, would get little sympathy from a virtuous British matron. That she was subjected to attentions entirely unsought for did not particularly excuse the offence to censorious minds. Women rarely believe in the immaculateness of their own sex, and Mrs. Sandeman considered she had sufficient grounds for mistrusting Nan's friend.

But the elder lady, though a stickler for propriety, was not uncharitable, and now that the whole Herdon incident was closed, she found herself drawn into holding out the right hand of fellowship to the beautiful young wife.

There was no doubt about it, Sybil was a charming creature. On her first visit to Shal she felt herself in a false position. The consciousness of her friend's melancholy lot weighed upon the girl. The restraint that in those days marked her manner was attributed by many to pride, by others to a want of openness of character; consequently she was not popular. But now all this was changed. Nan was happily married. Sybil was Basil's wife and had no secret grief and no occasion to conceal her naturally frank, happy nature. Every one likes a cheerful soul. You may admire and respect a tragedy queen, but you hardly grow fond of her.

The amusements of an Indian station are not peculiarly exciting as a rule, but such as they were at Shal Sybil joined in them. His work often took Le Mesurier away for the whole day, and it was not uncommon at these times for his wife to lunch with Mrs. Sandeman and go on later under that lady's guardian wing to any entertainment that might have been arranged for the afternoon.

One of these occasions arose about the middle of January. It had been a bleak, cold day, and the two women were having their tea cosily beside the drawing room fire.

"I really don't think I can venture out again to-day," said Mrs. Sandeman. "It looks like snow. If you want to go to the dance at the club you must go yourself, my dear."

"Oh that's all right" returned Sybil, "Basil promised to be back early and call for me here."

"Then I shall certainly not leave my own fireside! Draw your chair in closer. Did I tell you, by the way, that I had a long letter from Nan last mail?"

"No, but Nan said she intended writing to you."

"Do you hear from her every week?"

"Yes, we never miss a mail. This is almost the only home letter I ever get. You know I have no one else belonging to me?"

"The Colonel always admired your friendship for each other," observed Mrs. Sandeman. "He used to declare your devotion to your friend most touching."

"Poor little Nan," said Sybil. "Who could help loving her?"

"Or being sorry for her in those days," replied Mrs. Sandeman. "One could hardly have hoped then that things would end so happily for her. Dear me, how well I remember that night at the Sapper Ball. I kept my eye on her and Martindale, because I was afraid they were getting desperate. And you can never tell what folly young people may commit when they feel like that."

"You needn't have been afraid of Nan," said Sybil. "Oh!" jumping up eagerly. "here's Basil."

The Colonel and Le Mesurier came into the room together.

"You do look comfortable here!" exclaimed the former. "You have no idea how beastly it is outside."

"You will enjoy your hot cup of tea, then," said Mrs. Sandeman. "And there's no need to hurry your wife away yet, Mr. Le Mesurier; the dance doesn't begin till six."

"I'm in no hurry," returned Basil.

"That's right," said Sandeman, "because Mrs. Le Mesurier has promised to give me my revenge at chess this afternoon. Are you ready?"

Sybil nodded pleasantly and joined the Colonel at the other side of the room.

"Now you must reconcile yourself to a chat with me," said Mrs. Sandeman to the young man. "Let us creep away into this corner and talk in whispers so as not to disturb the other two."

"What have you and Sybil found to say to each other all this long day?" asked Le Mesurier, as he seated himself beside his hostess. "I always tell her I expect to hear the latest Shal gossip when she has been *tête-à-tête* with you so many hours."

"Of course you do, and I suppose are greatly disappointed if it isn't spicy enough. Why, if our friends never did anything for us to talk about, how dull life would be."

"Dreadfully," assented Basil, smiling. "Well, who have given the spice to your existence to-day?"

"To tell the truth," replied Mrs. Sandeman, "we haven't had any obvious scandals to discuss, so just as you came in I was referring to a long past affair that might have become a scandal."

"What was that?"

"Oh, it was about the Martindales. I was saying how little at one time any one supposed Jim Martindale would marry his present wife."

"Why, was he in love with any one else?" asked Le Mesurier indifferently.

"No, but she unfortunately had a husband, and a real bad one too."

"It seems to me," said Basil, "that you are all extremely hard on Major Herdon. For my own part, I owe him a debt of gratitude for saving my life. I have never met any one who was wholly bad, but no one has a good word to say for that unfortunate chap. As far as I can understand, he was very much in the way, and he most thoughtfully removed himself. Yet Major Showers for one won't even give him any credit for that."

"No, I have heard that Major Showers believes his death was accidental," said Mrs. Sandeman.

"It isn't a matter, perhaps, of very much consequence now," replied Le Mesurier, "but I dare say we could get a deal of evidence that might settle the point from Shere Ali."

"From whom?" asked Mrs. Sandeman.

"Shere Ali—that's the man who is supposed to have robbed you the other evening."

"What has he to do with it?"

"He has been the chowkidar at Shower's house for the last three years, and he now tells me he has a lot of valuable information to give me—in return, of course, for his acquittal."

"What sort of information?"

"Well, it's very vague at present, and so mixed up with palpable lies as to be almost worthless."

"It is odd," observed Mrs. Sandeman thoughtfully, "how great a tendency we all have to brood on and talk about any unpleasant subject. I have entirely forgotten many incidents in my life and most of the dances I have been to. But that one, the night that Robert Herdon died, I suppose will always be engraved on my memory."

"Was there anything special in the dance itself for you to remember?"

"Yes, you see there was my trouble about that poor child, his wife. I didn't know what a good woman she was, and when I saw her come back looking like a ghost into the ball-room, with Martindale, after having been outside with him for goodness knows how long, I really thought it was time to interfere."

"How long do you suppose Mrs. Herdon was absent?" asked Le Mesurier.

"I really don't know."

"Should you think half an hour?" persisted the young man.

"I daresay, perhaps more," returned Mrs. Sandeman, laughing a little. "Don't question me like that, Mr. Le Mesurier; I feel as if I were in the witness-box."

"I beg your pardon," said Basil, "but the fact is I'm trying to find out how much of Shere Ali's statements I may believe, and out of the

mouths of two or three independent witnesses truth is sometimes established."

"And what particular truth are you in search of to-night?"

"I want," said Basil, "to find out the truth about Major Herdon's death,"

CHAPTER XIII.

As he said the words, "I want to find out the truth about Major Herdon's death," Basil Le Mesurier saw a strange look come into Mrs. Sandeman's face. Her usually bright colour suddenly faded, and with an expression of startled horror, she gazed at her companion. The same thought had come into her mind that had flashed into it more than two years ago. Then she had been alone with her husband. Now the keen eyes of the young police officer were on her.

The thought was so terrible, she had put it away from her at once. She dared not entertain it. Later, it had seemed to her mere foolishness. But this evening all the memories of that never-to-be-forgotten night had been awakened, and if the hitherto received explanation of Major Herdon's death was to be doubted, she asked herself to what might the search after truth lead?

She recalled her former judgment of Sybil. She had grown fond of the young woman, and she would willingly forget any shadow that might have been on her past. And she felt that if Le Mesurier began to investigate too closely he might learn more things than he calculated on.

Mrs. Sandeman did not know how far Sybil had allowed her fancy to be taken by her friend's handsome, wicked husband. It had been Robert Herdon's boast that no woman had ever resisted him for long. Had Sybil been his latest victim? But whatever had happened long ago, the Colonel's wife had no desire to bring up now against Mrs. Le Mesurier, and she would have given worlds not to have betrayed any emotion before the young husband.

For she knew his eyes were fixed earnestly on her, and that an idea, the germ only of which had hitherto been in his brain, had suddenly taken form.

"For God's sake," she whispered, "don't think anything more about this matter. Believe me, you will do no good, and may work incalculable harm."

She looked from him towards the table, where Colonel Sandeman and Sybil were playing. The Colonel had just made a move.

"That is checkmate," he said.

Mrs. Le Mesurier rose. "We must be going now, Basil," she remarked.

"Good-bye, my dear," said Mrs. Sandeman with ill-concealed relief. The tension had been great for the last few minutes. "Why, how cold your hands are—like ice—and your cheeks look burning hot. I hope you haven't got a chill sitting so far from the fire."

"Oh, no, I didn't feel cold," said Sybil. The Colonel was helping her on with her fur coat.

"You weren't up to your usual form to-night," he declared. "You didn't go on as well as you began. That move when you lost your Queen made the game a certainty for me."

"Yes," said Sybil quietly, "I made a mistake. I must be more careful the next game I play."

(To be continued)

Y. F. KEENE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**India's Sacrifices
for the Empire.**

No part of an Empire ought to exist entirely for itself : we may admit that there is no more justice in the cry of "India for the Indians" than there would be in the corresponding maxims, the Colonies for the Colonials, or Great Britain for the British. Each part should contribute to the well-being of the whole in the shape of men or money, scope for employment or other advantages, according to the measure of its capacity and resources. In this cardinal note of Imperialism one cannot refuse to join, when international jealousies are growing keener and keener, and when events are making it increasingly clear that the race in future is for large empires and not for small islands standing in proud isolation. But what is the sacrifice that each part shall be called upon to make for the whole ? What is the sacrifice that India may legitimately be required to make for the Empire ? The conflicts of the India Office with the War Office and the Colonial Office bear witness to the frequency with which this question may present itself when every part of the Empire wishes to advance its own interests no less than the whole. India is called a dependency. Is it because she may be compared to the slave of a family, England being the mother and the Colonies the children : or is it because India is politically a minor, unaccustomed to self-government on modern lines, and hence dependent upon England for protection and guidance ? We suppose that when slavery was abolished, the spirit of it too was discredited, though in the legislation of South Africa and of certain parts of India a tendency towards its recrudescence is sometimes observable. We take it that responsible statesmanship and the acknowledged ideals of the British Empire will avow that India is a dependency because she is politically a minor. Need we point out the corollary ? The King's conscience has always been tender to the minor : the keepers of it have evolved a body of law to safeguard the interests of those who cannot protect their own interests. Is not such the position of India ? This question cannot be too frequently raised : it has been asked in the case of military expenditure ; the Secretary of State for India has acknowledged its justice in the case of the Indian emigrants to South Africa ; our only Indian Member of Parliament has urged it in the interests of the Lascars ; seven years ago it was debated in connection with the imposition of cotton duties—a discussion which

has been renewed in India and may be renewed in England on behalf of India. Mr. J. N. Tata has forwarded to Members of Parliament and to the leading journals of England a statistical study of the profits of the leading industry of India—the Textile Manufacturing Industry. It shows that during a whole decade the mills, as a whole, have worked at profits, when there were profits, which, for India, are small, and which a Manchester expert is said to have declared as “not such as to encourage mill-building.” It is further shown that profits have fallen since the imposition of excise duties on cotton cloths in India. With a feeling that ought to tell, if not also in words that are calculated to humour, Mr. Tata complains that the interferences of Parliament in Indian affairs have too often been in a direction the very opposite of equity, and he implores that something may be done to arouse the slumbering conscience of Parliament. Mr. J. M. Johnson, of Cawnpore, has addressed a circular letter to the weaving mills, in which he says that when he was in Lancashire last year and the subject of excise duties on Indian cotton cloths came from time to time under discussion, he was much impressed with the spontaneousness with which the duties were condemned, especially when it was alleged that Lancashire was in no way benefited by their imposition, while they tended to cripple an Indian industry and were not required by the Indian Government for the purposes of revenue. It is, therefore, suggested that a strong and representative deputation should be sent to England this summer, and its mission should be, first, to deliver addresses on the subject at the principal towns in Lancashire, secondly, to interview the Secretary of State for India, and thirdly, to present a petition to Parliament praying for the repeal of the duties. On the merits of the question of repealing the duties, it may not be fair to precipitate any conclusion before at any rate the probable effect of that policy on the prospects of the hand-loom industry is considered. Lancashire can make itself heard, and more—obeyed. But the declining hand-loom industry of India has no influential spokesmen. At the Art Exhibition at Delhi, Lord Curzon said :

We are witnessing in India only one aspect of a process that is going on throughout the world, that has long ago extinguished the old manual industries of England, and that is rapidly extinguishing those of China and Japan. Nothing can stop it. The power-loom will drive out the hand-loom, and the factory will get the better of the workshop, just as surely as the steam car is advancing and as the hand pulled punkah is being replaced by the electric fan. All that is inevitable, and in an age which wants things cheap and does not mind their being ugly, which cares a good deal for comfort and not much for beauty, and which is never happy unless it is deserting its own models and running about in quest of something foreign and strange, we may be certain that a great many of the old arts and handicrafts are doomed.

But shall we, therefore, shake the sand of the dying industry? That, however, is a question which the Indian Government should consider. It suggests a modification of the *modus operandi* recommended by Mr. Johnson, in that the millowners may have to approach Lord Curzon first, and to extend the agitation to England to strengthen the hands of the Indian Government; though, no doubt, the Secretary of State for India represents that Government more authoritatively than the Viceroy and his Councillors. Lord George Hamilton is almost lost in his admiration of our present Viceroy, and he has spoken as if he would be prepared to demolish the House of Commons if it prevented Lord Curzon being given a free hand. Lord Curzon, on the other hand, has scoffed at the mutterings of the worshippers of Free Trade, and has declared that every Englishman would be glad if Native capital could be induced to apply itself to the development of the industrial resources of India. If, therefore, it be proved to his satisfaction that the repeal of the excise duties is desirable in the interests of the textile manufacturing industry, in which so much of Native capital is sunk, it may be assumed that Lord Curzon will do whatever lies in his power; and it may be necessary only to strengthen his hands by inducing Lancashire to stand out of the way. The most striking feature of the situation, however, is the necessity to please Lancashire, except when the Government is driven to financial straits which leave no choice between pleasing and displeasing her. As for Free Trade, the recent imposition of an import duty on corn, in England, without any countervailing excise duty on home-grown corn, has been noticed in India as a proof of England's readiness to play hide-and-seek with Free Trade principles, according to the emergencies of the hour. It is argued that if England thought an excise duty on Indian cotton goods to be necessary to deprive the import duty on Manchester goods of its protective character, she ought *a fortiori* to have levied an excise duty on her corn, to countervail the import duty on Indian corn. For, in the first place, Indian fabrics are not similar to imported English cloth, and there is no direct competition between the two, whereas Indian wheat and English wheat are not equally dissimilar: secondly, the demand for cloth, unlike that for corn, which is a necessary of life, being curtailable, the manufacturer does not easily succeed in transferring the burden to the consumer: and thirdly, the corn-grower does not invest the same amount of capital and does not run the same risks as the manufacturer. No doubt, circumstances will be cited which may weaken the force of this charge of inconsistency, and our millowners will perhaps be especially reminded that the excise duty on Indian cloth was imposed to prevent a diversion of the course of consumption, while the import duty on corn may only enable English landlords to raise the value of their rents. But the charge of inconsistency apart, there was very little of inquiry, when

the excise duty was imposed in 1896, as to the *extent* to which the course of consumption, as was alleged, would have been diverted by the import duty on English goods. Sir James Westland was satisfied that it was possible for Indian manufacturers to compete with their Manchester rivals, but no inquiry, the correctness of which could be tested and challenged by the public, was instituted regarding the extent to which that possibility was likely to be converted into actuality. Although this happened only seven years ago, the recognition of the principle of "proving all things," which has become a salient feature of Lord Curzon's administration, had not apparently then advanced to a stage which ought to have prevented the Government from yielding so weakly as it did. It was like imposing a punitive police on a city, because there was a murder or two committed in it, and in the midst of a panic that fact was considered to be sufficient proof of an impending rebellion. Lord Curzon confessed the other day how unsatisfactorily the Government was obliged to handle technical questions, because of the absence of expert advice. Looking at two similar pieces of cloth, and hearing the opinions of a few mercantile friends on the possibilities of special effort to reproduce the similarity on a large scale, Sir James Westland was moved by the alarm which terror-stricken Lancashire had raised, to remove what was represented as a piece of injustice favouring India. We can well believe that that alarm has now passed away, and that an agitation for the repeal of the excise duties is likely to be successful. Owing to the growth of Imperial responsibilities, and the element of uncertainty—which compels more attention than confidence—in foreign politics, the Englishman at home is probably beginning to be less exclusively wedded to parochial interests than he once was. India has recently attracted considerable attention in England in consequence partly of the services rendered in the South African and Chinese wars, and now being rendered in Somaliland, partly of the presence of Indian guests at the King's coronation in England, and partly of the celebration at Delhi to which Lord Curzon managed to attract so many eyes—and pens. Though the very first indication of the attitude of the Colonies towards India that we have received after the Delhi Durbar—the exclusion of Indian coolies from Cape Colony—is not a proof of cordiality, yet a different kind of temper may be prevailing in England. Especially may Lancashire be inclined to be generous, if it can be shown that the generosity will cost her next to nothing. The principle involved in the countervailing duties on cotton fabrics is of far-reaching application. It means the denial of economic freedom to India. England justly prides herself on her policy of religious neutrality in her great dependency. Our religious freedom, however, costs her nothing: it is in allowing us economic freedom that she will prove to the world what sacrifices—if common fairness may be called a sacrifice—she is prepared to make for the

Empire. The policy of the Indian Government is guided by English statesmen : the Executive is under the direction of a Service, whose members cannot be dead to the interests of the country from which they hail. And yet, these have often felt that Indian interests are not safeguarded from an independent standpoint and in the light of an intelligent acquaintance with the peculiar needs of a country so differently circumstanced, but are subordinated to the whims of British voters. It is said of one Anglo-Indian administrator that he declined a seat on the Viceregal Council, because he was a "Protectionist of the American type, that is to say, an advocate of Protection not for a single insolated country, but for a great continent like America or India, made up of a number of States, possessing within them the resources for almost every kind of production, indeed for almost every form of human industry, and capable of a self-sufficing economic development." There must be many other Anglo-Indians who think likewise, and Native opinion is decidedly in favour of the grant of liberty to India to decide from her own standpoint how far she must adopt Protection and how far the principles of Free Trade. One distinguished Indian writer on economics has said: "The nation's economic education is of far more importance than the present gain of its individual members, as represented by the quantity of wealth, measured by its value in exchange. Commerce and manufactures are, if possible, more vital in their bearing on the education of the intelligence and skill and enterprise of the nation than Agriculture. In a purely agricultural country there is a tendency to stagnation and absence of enterprise and the retention of antiquated prejudices. The function of the State is to help those influences which tend to secure national progress through the several stages of growth, and adopt Free Trade or Protection as circumstances may require." The surrender of this liberty to choose what we want for the material progress of the country ought not to be among those sacrifices which India is called upon to make for other parts of the Empire.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ONCE in every five years it is usual with us to speculate who our next Viceroy will be. But this quinquennial rule ought to have its exceptions. When a Viceroy merely sits at the helm and directs the course of the ship according to the chart which is laid before him, his replacement by another, when his term expires, may cause some regret, but not much inconvenience. One Viceroy during his period of five years may be enabled to do to the Empire or to India services which another may not find himself in a position to do in seven years. But if his task is complete, or fairly well advanced, so that his personal initiative and direction are no longer necessary, there may be no occasion to extend the tenure of his office merely as a reward for his services. But where a Viceroy launches, or is about to launch, measures which require his piloting until the open sea is reached, the quinquennial limit may prove to be too short. Lord Curzon's Vicerealty has been of this nature. Unless we are sure that his successor will deepen the footprints which Lord Curzon has had time enough lightly to trace on the sands, the work of several of his Commissions may turn out to be so much labour wasted. It is well known that in the lower ranks of the administration, the transfer of officers in their own interests or in the interests of the service to which they belong, is deprecated if their continuance in a particular place is demanded by considerations of the public good; and the same principle may well be applied to Viceroys and the heads of local administrations more frequently than has been the practice. Every Viceroy must be held responsible for the successful installation of measures which he attempts to initiate. Without, therefore, comparing Lord Curzon with any of his predecessors, and apart altogether from any estimate which one may make of the percentage of truth contained in the superlatives in which his services have been appreciated, we doubt if the close of the current year, when in the ordinary course His Excellency will have to lay down his office, will be a suitable time for a change of Viceroys. A report that Mr. Brodrick was offered the Vicerealty of India has been contradicted. Perhaps other appointments will be made and cancelled during the next few months. We should prefer the Secretary of State for India saving the public all this trouble by ascertaining what may be in Lord Curzon's mind, and announcing what is in his own.

Lord Curzon has not evinced any interest in the tinkering of constitutions : perhaps he thinks that that way of keeping the public mind occupied may be left to arm-chair politicians. His bent of mind is towards perfecting the executive machinery of Government, so that it may take upon itself new duties and cope with the work which such undertakings must necessarily throw upon the administration. Such reconstruction is apt to be unpopular, as the reformer's faith always is in the midst of conservative scepticism. Every innovator who has to rely upon the co-operation of others has to talk, and he is set down as a talker. Lord Curzon has not escaped this fate : every effort to identify himself with the people he has been sent out to govern seems to deepen the prejudice of the suspicious : every explanation adds to the prejudice. The speeches delivered by His Excellency since the Durbar have more clearly than ever given expression to his ungrudging appreciation of all that is admirable in the past history of this country, his unmistakable sympathy with the efforts that are made in the present to develop its resources, and his unswerving faith in its industrial future. But how far he has carried conviction of his being a true well-wisher of the Indians and a sympathiser with their aspirations, especially in that most exacting of all lands where these speeches were delivered, is more than problematical. It cannot be supposed that he has ever consciously tried to please the people or felt disappointed when he found he could not. But a more sensitive public man who had gone through such experiences would certainly have felt, when delivering a speech such as Lord Curzon made the other day at the Bengal Chamber of Commerce banquet, very much as the old minstrel felt when first

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy.

But that speech—one of the happiest ever delivered by His Excellency in India—has only disturbed more hornets, especially the opponents of the currency policy of the Government and of the policy of encouraging the importation of British capital into India. Lord Curzon has a robust intellect and displays an imperturbable temper. But we should have pitied any other man of such consuming zeal for his work that was so persistently misunderstood as Lord Curzon is in certain quarters. In the present case, however, we should not be surprised if he evoked all the more sympathy for the criticism and was asked to continue in India beyond the usual period of the Viceregal tenure of office.

English and American charity has in the past come to the relief of the Indian people in famine times. Englishmen connected with India have also founded institutions and established funds for charitable purposes in this country. But the munificent gift of £40,000 by Mr. Henry Phipps, an American gentleman who is not known to have had any connection with India, for purposes of scientific investigation and for the benefit of the women of India, is probably the first gift of its kind. It may not be unconnected with Lord Curzon's personal relations with the American nationality, but it may also mark the recognition, on the part of the business men of America, of the value of India to the civilised world, as a country with vast natural resources and with a great industrial future before it. A sum of £10,000 will be utilised by Lady Curzon for the purposes of the Victoria Memorial Scholarships Fund, and the remaining £30,000 will be devoted partly to an Agricultural Laboratory and partly to a new Pasteur Institute to be located in Southern India. In an agricultural country like India the scientific investigation of agricultural problems has too long remained neglected. Sir William Wedderburn has recently called attention to what India has to learn from America in respect of such investigations. The work of conquest and consolidation being completed, and the administration having been reduced to a fairly scientific and effective system, Lord Curzon evidently thinks that the Government should now launch upon a new career—that of helping the development of the country, and preventing that loss and distress from which India has periodically to suffer in consequence of drought and plant-disease. If this duty is recognised openly and consistently, Lord Curzon's administration will mark a well-defined stage in the history of the British Government in India.



A competent critic of our educational system has recently opined that the reforms needed in our Universities are three: the placing of them under European control, the disuse of the Entrance Examination as a test for Government service, and strict supervision of the colleges by the Universities. The Local Governments having forwarded the Universities Commission's Report to the several Universities for opinion, the most animated discussion has centred round the proposal to reconstruct the Senates and the Syndicates so as to make them less unwieldy, and practically expert bodies. Such questions are generally settled by a compromise, leaving the position of the existing Fellows intact, but making provision for the gradual transformation of the bodies on the lines proposed. But the most important question that the Vice-Chancellors of the Bombay and Calcutta Universities have placed before the public, in their Convocation addresses this year, is that of making the Universities teaching bodies. Lord Curzon's Government is understood to have set its heart upon the scheme, and the Vice-Chancellors made an appeal to

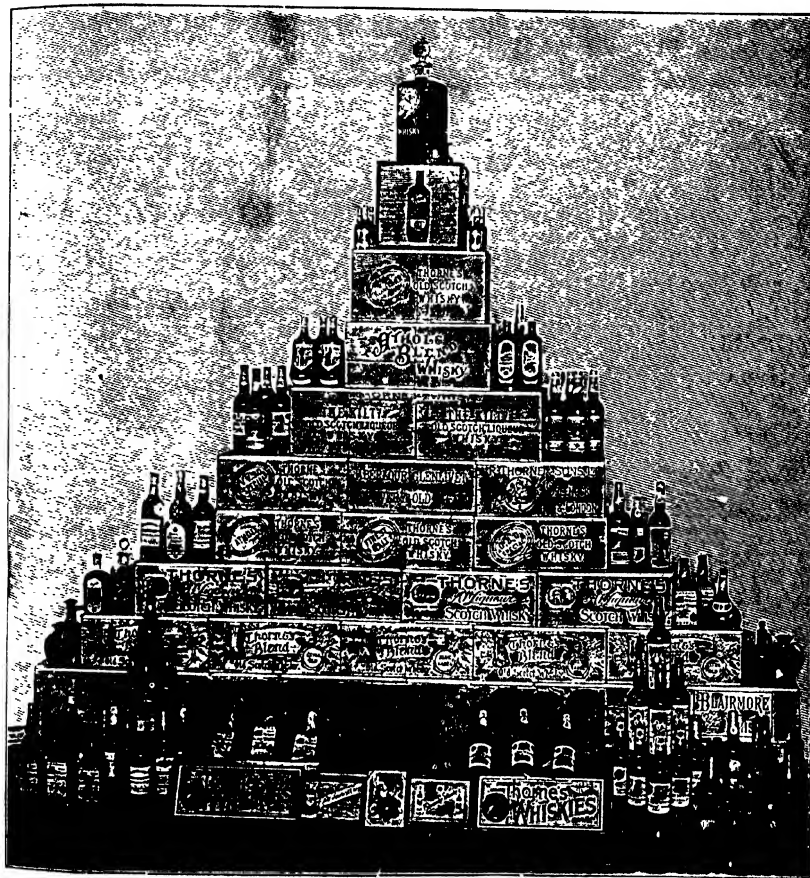
private charity. Probably a Central School of Science will be attached to each University.

How is the military expenditure of India to be fixed ? Replying to Mr. Caine's motion for the expression of regret that there was no reduction in the military expenditure in India, Lord George Hamilton is reported to have declared that the military expenditure of nearly every great country in the world had increased except in the case of India, where the military establishments were the smallest in the world in proportion to the population. But why have the great countries increased their armies ? Is India a great country in the sense that Germany, Russia, France or America is ? Those great countries seek to become greater, in power and in wealth. Not so India. Lord Curzon reminded the Delhi Assemblage that he was speaking to the representatives of one-fifth of the human race. Is India to maintain an army and a navy equal to one-fifth of the military and naval strength of the world ? On this line of reasoning, India will have to be more than a match for France and Germany put together.

The Tea Cess Bill, introduced in the Viceregal Council, has occasioned the discussion of a number of important issues. In the first place, if a body of enterprising men like European tea-planters cannot be got together voluntarily to subscribe among themselves the cost of pushing the sale of their tea, should the Government place its services at their disposal for that purpose ? There are Europeans who argue that the invocation of Government aid in such circumstances does not speak well of the enterprise and the spirit of self-help and united action of the planting community. Indians, however, ask so repeatedly for Government initiation and state co-operation that they may feel estopped from objecting to the extension of a similar favour to others. From the Indian standpoint, the questions raised are, whether the Government should be a party to the encouragement of the habit of tea-drinking among the Indians, and secondly, whether the Government should feel called upon to encourage the importation of British capital for purposes which do not benefit the people of this land. Will tea be popular among those that do not now need it, and who will succumb to its temptations ? Our apprehensions in this respect are at present weaker than tea itself. It is said that the one-pice tea-cup has been found to be very acceptable to the poorer classes. We doubt if this popularity will be enduring and if Indian enterprise will not be able to make butter-milk or some other drink a formidable rival to the tempter of Assam. Cannot the Board of Scientific Advice discover an Indian product which will furnish a beverage that can compete with tea ? It will be more difficult to tackle the British capitalist. Lord Curzon has characterised it as a copy-book fallacy to argue that the use of foreign capital tends to impoverish the land.

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EAST & WEST.

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THE BERAR SETTLEMENT.

THERE can be but one feeling regarding the settlement of this long vexed question, viz., satisfaction. For about fifty years it has been an open sore and the cause of ceaseless controversy, a controversy the more unsatisfactory, because the principals have stood aloof, whilst it has been carried on by third parties who occasionally have been imperfectly informed and have frequently been actuated by personal and interested motives. From time to time attempts have been made to go behind the treaties and to show that the causes which led to the assignment of the Province in 1853 were fictitious, that the Contingent, for the punctual payment of which the Districts had been assigned, was not only unnecessary but had been forced upon the Nizam against his wish, and that the debt which had gradually grown up, until in 1853 it became the main cause of the cession, did not actually exist—in other words that our possession of the Province was a case of

“Honour in dishonour rooted stood.”

But all such controversies are mere idle talk; they can do no possible good and are only calculated to cause ill-feeling and friction. The hands of the political clock cannot be put back, and there comes a time when the claims and interests of a large and annually increasing population must prevail over minor and personal considerations, even though they may be founded on grounds of truth and justice; and this was the case with the Berar Province. It is unnecessary to make invidious comparisons, but the undoubted fact existed that under a system of Government which had continued for fifty years the country had advanced from a comparative desert to a garden of luxuriance; that the population had trebled and the revenue had very nearly quadrupled. There exists no historical precedent, under

such circumstances, for a restoration of a country and a people to another rule, however good or excellent, except under the influence of a *vis major*, which in this case did not exist. No matter how strong a case can be made out for the restoration of a province, even if fully established, the claims of technical right and justice must be made to yield to those of moral and political expediency, and however the arguments for restoration may be met, whether by plausible subterfuge or ingenious equivocation, the real, though perhaps unmentioned, reason of *non possumus* continues to exist, and exists to the knowledge of the parties themselves.

This was the condition of affairs when in 1899 the Government of India and the Secretary of State found themselves compelled to again take up the question, and if possible to arrive at a solution. The reasons which led to this resolve may be briefly summarised. Since 1896 public attention had been attracted to the constant and annual increase in the Berar expenditure, as shown by the published Administration Reports. The movement was first of all initiated by the *Pioneer*; it was taken up by other Indian newspapers, and was further supported by various journals and magazines in England. The situation was briefly this: when in 1860 the previous treaty of 1853 had been modified and a portion of the ceded districts were restored, the administration of the remaining Districts—the Berar Province—had been handed over to the Government of India “in trust” for the payment of the Contingent and administrative charges, it being stipulated that the surplus should be handed over to the Nizam, whose sovereignty was admitted. At the same time a clause was inserted in the treaty, under which the British Government was relieved from the necessity—which had existed under the previous treaty—of furnishing annual accounts, and it was further provided that the British Government should be allowed an “entire discretion” in the matter of administrative charges (Cl. 4). But in the correspondence leading up to the treaty—which, when a question arises as to the exact meaning of the treaty, has to be considered*—the Government of India had first of all said that the Nizam’s contribution towards administrative charges should be calculated at 12½ per cent.; the Nizam, on the other hand, had been willing to concede

* Vide decision of the Lord Chief Justice in Privy Council appeal, *Yusufuddin v. Secretary of State for India*, 1898.

25 per cent., provided we undertook not to exceed this amount (letter from Resident dated 12th October, 1860); whilst the Minister, Sir Salar Jung, stated on the same date that the Nizam would raise no objections to whatever the actual expenses of administration might be. Finally, when sending a copy of the Treaty to the Secretary of State, Lord Canning wrote (February 1861): "It was explained to the Nizam that it (the Government of India) desired to *hold only so much of the* assigned districts as would meet the actual charges provided for in the Treaty and yield $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross revenue towards the expenses of the administration." It follows from the above that if at any time the assigned districts should be found to yield more than the above amount—(viz., cost of the Treaty charges plus $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for administration), it had been Lord Canning's intention to restore to the Nizam such excess portion as had not been required for those purposes, as at the time he was actually doing in the case of the Raichur Doab and Naldrug districts, which had been ceded with Berar seven years previously. It is also clear that the Secretary of State accepted the Treaty in this spirit, for in his despatch dated 18th June, 1861, he says, *inter alia*: "What occurs to me as most open to objection on the subject is the limit placed on the power of your Government to conduct the administration according to its own views," etc. If words mean anything, it would seem that although the Government of India had under the Treaty an "entire discretion" as to the *manner* in which the administrative charges should be spent, there was most certainly a limit as to the *amount* to be spent. In the first place, the Government of India did not "desire to retain" more of the assigned territory than would suffice to meet the Treaty charges plus $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and secondly, though the Nizam was willing to concede as much as 25 per cent., if we would engage not to exceed that amount, the Governor-General would not accept that offer, and "told him" that only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would be required *towards* administrative charges, and that the surplus above these charges would be handed over to him. But although the Nizam and the Governor-General, as contracting parties, and the Secretary of State as the sanctioning authority, may have meant one thing, and their words show what they did mean, it does not follow that this intention would always be adhered to, if in the course of time political expediency made it desirable to find a

means of escape from a state of affairs, not contemplated, as it was not deemed probable, at the time when the treaty was entered into. And so it was with the Berar Province. For the present reference will be made to what happened after the second Treaty of 1860, since, for reasons which will be given hereafter, this year marks a fresh point of departure. At first the revenue left only a small balance over the expenditure, but, there was a balance, and there continued to be one for the next 36 years. At the same time, the expenditure on the Civil administration was kept within reasonable bounds. It was never so low as $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but for the first three or four years it did not much exceed 25 per cent. But after this period, as the result, no doubt, of a new and careful administration, the revenue began to increase rapidly. In 1866-67 it had risen from $39\frac{1}{4}$ lakhs to 58 lakhs. In 1870-1 it amounted to nearly 76 lakhs. It had nearly doubled in the first decade. But during this period the increase in civil expenditure had more than kept pace with that of revenue, and in that year amounted to very nearly 33 lakhs (Civil expenditure and D. P. W.), or more than three times what it had been ten years previously. The percentage had already grown to about 38 per cent. There are, no doubt, excuses for this great increase. For a long time the Province had been greatly neglected, and the administration starved. A greater amount of expenditure was required in order properly to develop its resources and communications, but this point having once been reached, it would have been natural to expect that the increase in expenditure would cease, and become, as it were, normal, merely with a tendency to increase in proportion to the revenue. This, however, was not what happened. It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to follow the figures from year to year, and the utmost we can do is to take decade by decade. The result, however, is precisely the same. In 1881-2 the total revenue amounted to over 89 lakhs but the expenditure (Civil and D. P. W.) had risen to very nearly 44 lakhs or almost 50 per cent.; in 1891 the revenue was over one hundred lakhs but the expenditure (against Civil and D. P. W.) amounted to more than 52 lakhs, or more than 50 per cent., and finally, in 1900-1, the year when the accounts were made up, the gross revenue amounted to over one hundred and ten lakhs, but the expenditure had increased to over one hundred and thirty-one lakhs! It is true that this was the last year of the first famine that

ever happened in Berar and the expenditure was therefore abnormal, but taking the year 1898-99 as a fair test, we find that the normal expenditure under the same two heads amounted to over 50 lakhs, or more than 50 per cent. of the gross revenue. The foregoing period comprises 40 years, during 37 of which there had been an annual surplus of income over expenditure. It was not, however, until the sixth year that any surplus was paid to the Nizam at all, and then only comparatively small sums in every alternate year, and it was not until the fourteenth year that the Government of India commenced paying the surplus annually. In this way a large reserve fund gradually accumulated, until it reached a total of nearly 50 lakhs, which was termed a working balance, and during the next 25 years fluctuated between that sum and forty lakhs. Of course, a working balance is required, but the sum thus retained is out of all proportion larger than that retained by the Government of India for the administration of its own districts, and it was the less required in this case because it was not the custom to hand over a surplus at all until several months had elapsed of the year following the one in which the surplus had occurred. By this time the revenue of the new year had commenced to come in, so that practically this formed a working balance irrespective of the accumulations.

Of course, this continued increase in expenditure, greater in proportion than the increase in revenue, meant a decrease in the surplus available for the Nizam. At first, when a surplus was paid annually (1874-5) it amounted to a very respectable sum, and for 18 years averaged over 14½ lakhs. Then, however, owing to the sudden increase of expenditure it suddenly fell (1892-3) to 8½ lakhs and continued to fall (one partial recovery to 11 lakhs, 1894-5, excepted), until for the first time in 1897-8 there was an actual deficit of more than one lakh. It is true that this was a bad season, but it was one of scarcity only and not of famine (see Mr. Crawford's Famine Report of 1901). The real reason of the decrease was that during these seven years the expenditure under the former two heads had risen from 50 lakhs to very nearly 56 lakhs.

It was at this time (1896-7) that public attention was first drawn to this extraordinary expenditure, an expenditure more than double that incurred in British Districts in proportion to the size and population of the Berar Province. The agitation continued and was

renewed with the appearance of each administration report. At the end of 1898 Lord Curzon came out, and in that same year the decreases in the surpluses paid to the Nizam attracted the attention of Lord George Hamilton, as appears from the papers published in the *Gazette of India* on the 20th December, 1902. Accordingly, it was directed that an enquiry should be made into the cause of this decrease. A Commission was appointed, consisting of a Military Member (Colonel Fordyce) and a Civilian (Mr. Brunyate), who conducted their enquiries during the cold season 1900-1, and submitted a report. That report has never been published, though the purport of its contents is more or less an open secret. Very drastic changes and reductions were recommended in the Military Department. The Contingent, which under the Treaties of 1853 and 1860, had been fixed at 7,000 men and a due proportion of artillery, had become obsolete. For eighty years it had been maintained in a country where there prevailed the most profound peace. Although efficient enough in drill, discipline and equipment, it was practically useless as a military unit. It was scattered among seven different cantonments separated from each other by hundreds of miles. The cost also had greatly risen during the last forty years. From 24½ lakhs in 1860-1 it had risen to over 39 lakhs in 1900-1, and during several years had been considerably over 40 lakhs (in one year, 1896-7, it amounted to as much as a fraction under 44 lakhs). And all the time there was in Hyderabad, and has been for the last 100 years, another British army, nominally of 8,000 men, which in 1800 had been permanently paid for by the Nizam in advance, and which for more than eighty years had only once (1857) been called upon to draw a sword or fire a shot in anger. Clearly the Hyderabad Contingent was no longer required, and drastic changes were necessary. Mr. Brunyate also found that there had been great and unnecessary expenditure in the Civil Administration. Berar, equal in size to two British districts in Bombay or Madras, was divided into six districts, averaging only 2,900 square miles, each with its costly district establishment of Revenue, Judicial, Police and D. P. W. officials. The supervising staff was sufficient to administer a regular province : a Revenue Commissioner, a Judicial Commissioner, Inspectors-General of this, that and the other, and added to these a costly account and supervising staff with the Resident at Bolarum,

half of whose sumptuary allowance was also derived from the revenue of the province. But anything like a radical reform was impossible as long as the present system continued. Temporary reductions amounting at the utmost to about 3 lakhs of rupees might be effected by amalgamating some of the districts and cutting down a few overgrown establishments, but the system would still continue, and under some future Resident the expenditure might again increase. The only possible way to effect a radical improvement was to amalgamate the small province with either Bombay Presidency or the Central Provinces, and by so doing bring the expenditure to a normal rate and cut down the unnecessary supervising establishment. But then came in the horns of the dilemma. If the Contingent was abolished, what possible reason existed for retaining the province at all, since it had only been assigned for the purpose of providing a "material" guarantee for the pay of the Contingent ! But political expediency, as shown above, made it impossible to restore a province after fifty years to another and differently conducted administration. What then was to be done ? An ingenious compromise was arrived at, for the F. O. and the Government of India in their dealings with Native States are nothing if not ingenious. The negotiations preliminary to this arrangement were conducted with the utmost secrecy. They were first of all carried on between the Resident and the Nizam, without even the knowledge of the Minister. No accounts were shown to the Nizam, and he was not even furnished with the joint report recently submitted by Colonel Fordyce and Mr. Brunyate. He was simply told : "Hitherto we have paid you an average surplus of nearly 9 lakhs of rupees. For the future we propose to abolish the Contingent as a separate body, reduce the numbers to 4,000 or 4,500 men, and will give you a permanent subsidy of 25 lakhs, good year or bad, on condition that you hand over the Berar districts to us on a permanent lease to be administered as we like. You will thus enjoy the unique position of being the landlord, and we shall be the tenants who every year will recognise your sovereignty by hoisting your flag on your birthday and by firing off a salute." Surely, this would seem a most extraordinarily good and liberal offer. The reduction in the military force and the changes in its constitution would effect a saving of about 16 lakhs of rupees, which, added on to the

previous average of nine lakhs, would give exactly 25 lakhs, the amount of the rent promised. No doubt, the new arrangement would seem to the Nizam a very advantageous one. The preliminary negotiations over, the Viceroy came to Hyderabad and spent three weeks—shooting—during the month of April 1902. Before he went to his shikar camp Lord Curzon had a private interview with the Nizam, in which he orally repeated the same proposition. The Nizam at first asked whether it was not possible for him to get the province back, or that the treaty should be annulled. On being told “No,” he expressed his consent to the proposed arrangement (orally,) and the same evening was eulogised by the Viceroy at a banquet as ‘a Prince who never went back from his word. Lord Curzon then went to his shooting camp, and a fortnight later wrote the letter of the 25th April, which is published with the other papers in the *Gazette of India* of 20th December last. Lord Curzon’s shikar bag was most certainly not an empty one!

In the official correspondence which follows, the conditions are agreed to without question, the only modification of any importance being that the Government of India undertook to restore to the Nizam the accumulated reserve of “working balance” of 41 lakhs. For this they appear to take credit to themselves as a piece of generosity, although it clearly belonged to the Nizam, and no one yet heard of a landlord who, when he leased a farm to a tenant, was at the same time obliged to provide him with the capital necessary to work it. Provision is also made for the repayment of a loan of 2 crores of rupees advanced to the Nizam for his own famine, which of course has nothing to do with the Berar question, and also for the repayment of the deficiency caused by the Berar famine, amounting to one crore and forty lakhs of rupees, which has to do with the Berar question. The instalments in repayment are spread over a series of years, so that the Nizam will not actually get his full 25 lakhs until after 29 years, but for the present he will get 7 lakhs clear and after about ten years more 15 lakhs. The only important point about this is that the Nizam has been held responsible for the deficiencies that accrued during the forty years possession, which seems to be going somewhat further than was the intention of the contracting parties to the Treaty of 1860. But, assuming this to be correct, it also establishes the Nizam’s position

in regard to another point, namely, with reference to *the surplus which accrued* during the same period. Whatever he has to pay in the one respect, he is entitled to receive credit for in the other. All this correspondence, of course, is in elucidation of the agreement, and will have to be considered in order to prove the intentions and the representations of the contracting parties. Then follows the agreement itself, a very short document in which the Nizam agrees to give the Berar province on a permanent lease in return for a fixed annual rent of 25 lakhs, and the recognition of his sovereign rights by hoisting a flag and firing a salute on his birthday. And so the matter ends. One cannot help remarking that about the whole correspondence, there is on the part of the Government of India an air of generous liberality, as of a political Jack Horner, who, after producing a series of 9 lakh currants from his Christmas pie (the date of the publication—20th December—cannot fail to bring the nursery rhyme to our minds), “puts in his thumb, pulls out a (25 lakhs) plum, and says : What a good boy am I !” In fact, so unaccountable has this unwonted generosity appeared to outsiders, unacquainted with the real facts, that some of the papers have actually asked the question, “Why, if the actual surplus given to the Nizam has hitherto been only 9 lakhs, should we pay him 25 hereafter ? Why should the Indian tax-payer be made to bear the burden of the Government of India’s generosity ! Surely, this is robbing Peter to pay Paul !” But the Indian tax-payer need not be frightened. He should remember that we live in the land of *Maya* or Illusion. Here also things are not what they seem !

The first thing that strikes any one interested in Hyderabad affairs is that whereas all similar assignments have hitherto been concluded by means of a treaty, this is merely an agreement. There may be two reasons for this : (1) that the relations between the two States are changed in respect to this transaction. They no longer meet on terms of equality. The Nizam becomes the landlord and the British Government the tenant, and between such, all that is required is an ordinary lease or agreement. Or (2) the reason may be that of late years the Government of India seem to have discouraged the system of treaties. They were all very well a hundred years ago, but since we have become the Paramount Power it is beneath our dignity to treat with a subordinate State on terms of

equality. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that the transaction has been concluded by means of an *Agreement*. A treaty is an act of state, and it is not liable to cognisance of the law-courts, nor can it be altered, modified or annulled except by mutual consent of the contracting parties. An agreement, however, is a very different thing. It is an ordinary mercantile contract, and as such not only is it cognisable by the ordinary courts, but if *not so cognisable, is void*. It is liable to alteration or modification in case of mistake, misrepresentation or fraud (see definition of an Agreement in the Contract Act IX. of 1872). It can even be set aside and annulled. Let us for one moment contemplate what would be the condition of affairs if such a contingency occurred in the present instance. The treaty of 1860 has clearly been annulled and set aside by mutual consent of the contracting parties. For a time it does not matter whether it was a day, an hour or a minute, the Government of India restored the Berar Province to the Nizam, and the Treaty of 1860 came to an end. Having entered into possession, the Nizam granted the province to the Indian Government on a permanent lease at a certain price, fixed in consequence of the representations of the Viceroy regarding its actual value. The valuation was made, not by the Nizam, but by the British authorities, and the Nizam was not even allowed an opportunity of testing its correctness. Now, if it could be proved that the real value of the province was misrepresented—intentionally or unintentionally, does not matter—and that its rental value under the altered circumstances was more than double the amount as stated by the Viceroy, the Nizam would have a perfect right to move a Court of Law either that a proper rental should be fixed or that the agreement should be annulled. In the latter case he would of course enter into possession, since the Treaty of 1860 and the assignment having terminated, he alone is the *bona fide* proprietor. And here we feel bound to point out a most important omission in this agreement, which, if due to an oversight, is another example of the inexpediency of even able diplomatists like Lord Curzon and the Resident conducting a negotiation of this kind without consulting their Legal Advisers. The agreement makes no mention of the exercise of judicial powers. The former treaty of 1860 having come to an end, and the Nizam being recognised as Sovereign of the province,

he, of course, becomes invested of all his sovereign rights. In giving the province on a permanent lease, he only parts with such portion of his sovereign rights as are required for administrative purposes. These do not necessarily include judicial powers, unless they are specially mentioned, for there are in this country many large tracts which are administered by rajahs, zemindars and others who have no judicial powers. It is probable, therefore, that this omission in the agreement will have to be supplied at some future time, and the agreement cannot, therefore, be termed a final one.

We now come to our last argument, which forms an answer to the question : Was there a misrepresentation in estimating the rental value of the province ? It is maintained that there was, and that instead of 25 lakhs the rent payable should have been at least 50 lakhs or even more.

We have seen how the figure of 25 lakhs has been arrived at, by adding the average surplus hitherto paid to the savings effected by abolishing the Contingent, in reducing the numbers to 4,000 or 4,500 men, and in amalgamating these to the main army. But under the altered condition of affairs, there are a great many other circumstances which have to be taken into account. It is quite true that the average surplus paid hitherto is only a fraction below 9 lakhs. But there are several reasons which are sufficient to show that this average forms a misleading basis on which to found a correct calculation of the rental value of the province. In the first place it is an average of surpluses which *have* been, not of surpluses which *ought to have* been, paid. Secondly : the period of forty years (1860-1900) includes a time when the province was going through different stages of development. If we take the figures as published in the Administration Reports and divide them into four decades, we shall find that in each successive decade the gross annual revenue shows a considerable increase. Up to 1870-1 it averaged only Rs. 54,36,235 ; up to 1880-1 it was Rs. 92,56,500 ; up to 1890-1 it was Rs. 95,89,034, and during the last decade ending with 1900-1 it was Rs. 1,00,22,594. When it became necessary to estimate the rental value in 1902, it would clearly have been much fairer to take the average of the last decade, as showing the actual state of affairs. But even this would not be quite fair, because the last year of that decade is the first of the enhanced assessment under which the land

revenue has been increased by 25 per cent. In future the gross revenue will amount to 116 lakhs, not 100, and therefore if on an average gross revenue of 100 lakhs we have hitherto paid 9 lakhs, the available surplus, when the gross revenue amounts to 116 lakhs, would clearly be 16 lakhs more, seeing that there should be no corresponding increase in charges. The calculation does not take into account the great reduction which will be made in the administrative charges by amalgamating the province with another Presidency, by reducing the districts and by abolishing the costly supervising staff. It is admitted that hitherto the expenditure has been on an extravagant scale and out of all proportion to what is incurred in British districts. Now this enormous and excessive expenditure has of course cut down the amount of surplus available, and it seems scarcely fair that the British Government should be the sole gainers by reason of their past extravagance. As shown above, the civil administration including D. P. W. has for a large number of years exceeded 50 lakhs and has sometimes risen as high as 57 and 58. If we take 35 per cent. as an average of the future *requirements*, we shall be taking a figure much higher than prevails elsewhere in British districts, but this will at once be a reduction of more than 10 lakhs of rupees. We thus find that by taking over the province on a permanent lease and by abolishing the Contingent, the Government of India will have available :—

	Rs.
a. The normal surplus	9,00,000
b. Savings by reduction of Military ...	16,00,000
c. Increase of gross revenue	16,00,000
d. Savings under administration (at least).	10,00,000
	<hr/>
	51,00,000
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And yet it has been represented to the Nizam that all we can afford to pay for the lease is 25 lakhs !

The foregoing is one way of computing the proper amount of the rent to be paid. But there is another, familiar to the Settlement Officer in India, and accordingly applicable to a case of this kind. When calculating the amount of rent which the ryot or farmer has to pay to the Government under a new settlement, the

following factors enter into the calculation : (1) The value and class of the soil ; (2) the cost of production, agricultural instruments, &c.; (3) the probable gross value of the crop. Then, after deducting (2) from (3) the balance is divided between the Government and the ryot in certain proportions. Now, let us deal in the same manner with the Berar, remembering always that there is a difference between the ryot and the British Government in this respect—for, the former has to gain his living from his farm, whereas in this case we insisted in 1853 upon the Nizam yielding his province for an object which no longer exists ; and that according to strict justice we have no longer the right to retain the province at all, but do so on the ground of political expediency, engaging in return to pay to the Nizam the annual value (after deducting actual expenses) as rent. We have really no right under the circumstances to make a profit at all ; on the contrary, we are bound to treat the Nizam with every consideration and liberality possible, as indeed the Viceroy claims to have done in the present instance. Adopting, therefore, the settlement system, we arrive at the following calculation :—

	Rs.
(a) Value of land and produce may be taken as represented by the gross annual revenue	1,16,00,000
Deduct cost of reduced Military... ..	Rs. 25,00,000
Deduct cost of administration „	40,00,000
	<hr/>
	51,00,000
	<hr/>

As these two calculations agree with each other in so remarkable a manner, we shall not be far wrong in saying that the proper rent payable for the Province is about 50 lakhs, and that if we give the Nizam only 25, we shall not be treating him liberally, as we have professed to do, but shall make an *undisclosed profit* of about 26 lakhs of rupees—a small matter to the Government of India, but a very important one to a State impoverished by a heavy famine debt.

Furthermore, the accounts as made up in the published administration reports are, in some instances, incorrect and incomplete, and

in others open to very grave objection. Hitherto we have only discussed the figures in the period 1860-1 to 1900-1. There are, however, two periods, the first of which commenced after the Treaty of 1853 and continued until the Treaty of 1860. During the first period we were bound to furnish regular accounts, and after deducting the cost of administration, cost of Contingent and the repayment of the debt of 50 lakhs said to be due by the Nizam, to hand him over the balance. At this time the assignment consisted of certain other territories in the Raichur Doab and Naldrug districts. The 50 lakhs debt was to carry 6 per cent. interest until liquidated. The ostensible reason of the second Treaty of 1860 was to reward the Nizam for his loyal conduct during the troubles of 1857. This was done by restoring the districts in the Raichur Doab and Naldrug, by retaining only so much in Berar as would suffice to pay for the cost of the Contingent and furnish $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the gross revenue towards cost of administration (*vide* Lord Canning's despatch quoted *ante*) and by entirely remitting the debt of 50 lakhs. The Government of India were also relieved from the obligation of furnishing accounts, but were bound to hand over the surplus to the Nizam. Now, the actual surplus of revenue over expenditure during the first period up to 1860-1 amounted to Rs. 35,77,540. The debt having been remitted, not only should this surplus have been handed over to the Nizam, but under the terms of the Treaty of 1853 he should have been credited with interest for the period during which the deposits had remained in our hands. The latter item would alone have amounted to more than 8 lakhs. Not only was this not done, but 5 years afterwards, in 1865, it was represented by the Accounts Department that there were two unadjusted items belonging to the first period 1853-61 in the Civil and Military Departments respectively, which, added together (12,83,850 and 22,93,690) amounted to exactly the sum of Rs. 35,77,540, rupees, annas and pies ! Surely, in the history of accounts there has never been a coincidence so remarkable, in which two separate items, clearly standing over a number of years, when added together, served to exactly wipe out a credit balance ! A question at once suggests itself regarding this very remarkable coincidence. The discovery of the alleged unadjusted items was only made five years after the Treaty of 1860. When the accounts were made up in 1860 and this balance appeared to the

Nizam's credit, why was it not at once handed over to him ? Why was it left lying in deposit for five years until this fortunate discovery could be made ? At all events, as this amount referred to a time when we were bound to furnish accounts (i. e. with vouchers), some explanation should have been given. But the only explanation vouchsafed was a short note which appeared at the foot of the accounts column in successive administration reports until 1898-99 to the following effect : "These amounts are stated to have been debited in adjustment of certain charges communicated by the Accountant-General in letter No. 2123 dated 13th January 1865."

It was pointed out four or five years ago how strange and compromising so lame an explanation appeared, and since then, it has been omitted from subsequent reports.

Since the foregoing was written, the Berar administration report for the year 1901-2 has been published. The figures contained in this report, as far as general results are concerned, must have been before the Government officials, if not on the 25th April last when the Viceroy's proposal for a lease was written, at all events before the agreement was finally executed in October 1902. The results, as shown by these figures, are very striking, and not only confirm everything that has been said regarding the inadequacy of the rent offered, but go even beyond the assertions made in this paper. Briefly abstracted, the results are as follows : Owing to the increase of the land assessment which had not even then been completely introduced, the gross revenue (excluding local cesses &c.) rose from 110 lakhs in the previous year to 124½ lakhs in the year under report, and the actual surplus on the year's working amounted to no less than Rs. 31,77,033 ! When this surplus was earned, none of the reductions contemplated at the time of the agreement had been made, and there had been no reduction in the numbers of the Contingent and no change in the administration expenses. As shown above, the savings from these two items alone will amount to about 25 lakhs of rupees, which should be added to the actual surplus earned, making a total of 56½ lakhs. But this is not all. It is stated in the same report that when the enhanced assessment is fully introduced in 1904 "it is calculated that the land revenue will rise from 77 lakhs 93 lakhs," or a further increase of 16 lakhs, so that the actual surplus in that year will not be less than 72½ lakhs. Can there be any longer a doubt that the

Nizam, and possibly the Viceroy also, was not well informed when he was told that the Government of India could not afford to pay more than 25 lakhs as rent ?

But the great disadvantage under which the Nizam labours is that he is absolutely debarred from taking a step towards any modification in the agreement to which he has given his consent. He is, as Lord Curzon happily and conveniently remarked, a Prince who is always faithful to his word, and once having consented to the terms and conditions of the new lease, he would never of his own accord at any future time express a single word of dissatisfaction or a wish to recede from the engagement he had undertaken, even although, as was most certainly the case in this instance, he had been left in ignorance as to the actual facts. Indeed, after the very private negotiations that were preliminary to his consent to the new agreement, when the papers were referred to his official advisers, it was with the express stipulation that they were prohibited from calling into question the conditions of the lease or of the rent agreed upon. It was, therefore, out of their power to represent that the rental value placed upon the province was inadequate, and all that they could do was to point out that the accumulated balance should also be handed over. This the Government of India agreed to do, at the same time taking credit for generosity. But, fortunately, the new form of an agreement puts the whole matter on a different footing. The transaction is no longer an act of State, but merely a commercial arrangement or civil contract between the Government of India and the Nizam. As such it may fairly be discussed in Parliament, and if it can be shown, and we venture to think that it can be shown, that there has been a misunderstanding as regards the valuation of the province, this can be set right. It is only due to the Nizam, to his uniform loyalty and to the many pecuniary advantages which we have gained from our connection with him, that he should not be taken advantage of in financial matters, but should be treated in a fair and liberal spirit. Although his own punctilious feelings of princely honour may prevent him from moving in a matter where his word has passed, it is not too late, whilst adhering to the principle of the new agreement, to modify the detail as regards the amount of rent. This is clearly not a matter which should be

settled in a verbal conversation between two such personages as the Viceroy and the Nizam. It can only be fairly settled by a joint Commission of experts before whom should be laid all the available information as regards past and future expenditure and the actual resources of the Provinces.

J. D. B. GRIBBLE.

THE EASTERN MOTHER.

THESE eighteen centuries has Europe been dreaming of the idyll of the Oriental woman. For Asia is one, and the wondrous Maiden of all Christian art, from the Byzantines down to yesterday—who is she, of what is she aware, save that she is a simple Eastern Mother? Of what fasts and vigils are we told in her case, that she should have known herself, or been known, as Queen of Saints? A rapt humility, as of one whose robe was always, indeed, her veil, a touch of deep silence, and that gracious richness of maternity which we can infer from the full and rounded sweetness of the Child who grew within her shadow—what more do we know of the Blessed Virgin than these things?

What more we may desire to know, we can learn in the East itself—in India as well as anywhere. For in the period before Islam had defined itself, overflowing Chaldea with its tradition of the pastoral life become aggressive, to re-make the desert—in the days when Palestine and Lebanon were cultivated lands, inhabited by peasants of the early type, not as yet made a burnt-offering on the altar of crusading fury, in the closing centuries of the pre-Christian era—the common life of Syria had a still wider identity with that of Hindus than it has to-day. The ceremonial washings of Pharisees and Sadducees, the constant purifying of the cup and platter, the habitual repetition of a single name or prayer, which some later phase of the Christianising consciousness has stigmatised as “vain”—these things were not *like*, they *were*, what we know to-day as Hinduism, being merely those threads of the one great web of Asiatic life that happened to touch the Mediterranean coast.

And in matters so fundamental as the relation of mother and child, religious teachers come only to enforce the message of the

family. Is it not said by the Prophet himself that the man who kisses the feet of his mother finds himself in Paradise ?

Yet how frail and slight and young is often the mother so tenderly adored ! No Madonna of the Sistine Chapel gives half that lofty purity of brow, or delicate untouched virginity of look, of any one of these Hindu mother-maidens, whose veil half covers, half reveals, as he rests on her left arm, her son !

The picture is too central to Indian life to have demanded literary idealising. Poetic and mythological presentments of the perfect wife there are in plenty : of motherhood, none. Only, God is worshipped as such by men and children, and by mothers themselves as the Holy Child ! Here the half-pathos of Western maternity, with its perpetual suggestion of the brood-hen, whose fledglings are about to escape her, is gone, and an overwhelming sense of tenderness and union takes its place. To one's mother one always remains a baby. It would be unmanly to disguise the fact, and yet for her sake most of all it is needful to play the man, that she may have a support on which to lean in the hour of darkness and need. Even a wife has no power to bring division between a mother and her son, for the wife belongs almost more to her husband's mother than to himself. There can, therefore, be no jealousy at the entry of another woman into his life. Instead of this, it is she who urges the marriage; every offering is sent out in her name ; and the procession that wends from the bridegroom's house to the bride's some few days before the wedding, bearing unguents and fragrant oils for the ceremonial bath, carries her loving invitation and good-will to the new and longed-for daughter.

Even in Indian home-life, then, full as this is of intensity of sweetness, there is no other tie to be compared in depth to that which binds together the mother and her child. With the coming of her first-born, be it boy or girl, the young wife has been advanced, as it were, out of the novitiate. She has become a member of the authoritative circle. It is as if the whole world recognises that henceforth there will be one soul at least to whom her every act is holy, before whom she is entirely without fault, and enters into the conspiracy of maintaining her child's reverence.

For there are no circumstances sufficient in Eastern eyes to justify criticism of a mother by her child. Their horror of the fault

of Gertrude is almost exaggerated, yet Hamlet's spell is invariably broken when he speaks of the fact. To him, her sin should be sacred, beyond reproach; he ought not to be able to think of it, as other than his own.

The freedom and pleasantries of filial sentiment in the West are thus largely wanting in that of the East. A determined stampede of babies of from three to six may, indeed, take place day after day through the room where their mother is at prayer. There may even be an attempt at such an hour to take the city by assault, the children leaping vociferously on the back of that good mother, whose quiet of conscience depends, as they well know, on her perfect silence, so that she can punish them only by turning towards them the sweetest of smiles. "Why, mother," said her family priest to one who appealed to him regarding devotions interrupted thus, "the Lord knows that you are a mother, and He makes allowance for these things!" But though, in the Oriental home, the wickedness of five years old may find such vent as this, the off-hand *camaraderie* that learns later to dub its parents "mater" and "governor" suggests a state little short of savagery, and the daughter who permits herself to precede her father is held guilty of sacrilege. The tenderness of parents corresponds to this veneration of children, and we only learn the secret of feelings so deep-rooted when we find that every child is a nursling for its first two years of life. Consciousness and even thought are thus awakened long before the closest intimacy is broken, and a dependence that to us of the West is but a vague imagination, to the eastern man or woman is a living memory.

How completely this may become an ingrained motive, we see in the case of that Mogul Emperor who is remembered simply as "the Great." For Akbar had a foster-brother in the Rajput household whither his father Humayun had fled before his birth, and where his first six years of life were passed. Akbar's mother dying, the Rajput Queen took the babe to nurse with her own son, and brought up the boys in this respect as brothers, though the guest was a Mussalman of Tamarlane's descent, and her own the proudest Hindu blood on earth. Events swept the children apart in boyhood, and, destiny fulfilling itself, he who came of a race of conquerors ascended the throne of Delhi, after many years, as Emperor of India. Then he found his Rajput subjects difficult indeed to subjugate. In

them, the national idea renewed itself again and again, and insurrection followed insurrection. There was one name, moreover, in every list of rebels, and men wondered at the indulgence with which the august ruler passed it by so often. At last some one ventured to point it out, protesting that justice must surely be done now. "Justice, my friend!", said the lofty Akbar, turning on his councillor, "there is an ocean of milk between him and me, and that justice cannot cross!"

This long babyhood creates a tie that nothing can break. The thoughts and feelings of womanhood never become ridiculous in the eyes of the Indian man. It is no shame to him that his mother could not bear a separation; it is right and natural that he should be guided by this wish of hers. None but the hopelessly degraded ever re-acts against woman's weakness in active cruelty. If one asks some hard worker in his old age to what he owes his habit of industry or his determined perseverance over detail, it is more than likely that his reply will take us back to his infancy, and the wishes that a young mother, long dead, may have expressed for him.

Or the man, in perplexity as to the course he should pursue, will go as naturally as a child, to test his question in the light of her feminine intuition. In all probability, she is utterly unlearned, but he knows well the directness of her mind, and judges rightly that wisdom lies in love and experience, having but little to do with letters.

Surely, one of the sweetest happenings was that of a little boy of six who became in later life extremely distinguished. His mother, too shy to express the wish for instruction to her learned husband, confided in her son, and day after day he would toddle home from the village school, slate and pencil in hand, to go once more through his morning's lesson with her, and so, with mutual secrecy, she was taught to read by her own child! With almost all great men in India the love of their mothers has been a passion. It is told of a famous Bengali Judge who died some twenty-five years ago—one whose judicial decisions were recorded and quoted, even by the Englishmen who heard them, as precedents in English law,—it is told of this man, when on his deathbed, that his mother stumbled and hurt her foot on the threshold of his room one morning, as she came after bathing to visit him. Another moment, and, weak as he

was, he had crept across the floor, and lay before her, bathing the wounded foot in hot passionate tears of self-reproach for the pain it suffered. Such stories are remembered and repeated in Indian society, not because they occasion surprise, but because they make the man's own name holy. The death scene with Aase would redeem Peer Gynt himself. None who is sound in this basic relationship of life can be altogether corrupt in the rest, nor can his decisions, however adverse, be completely repugnant to us. How curious are the disputes that agitate Christendom as to the sentiment one may fittingly indulge towards the mother of a beloved son! Is her supreme position in his life not self-evident? What, then, could be more convincing of union with him than sweetness of feeling and words of endearment addressed to her? And so, with its wonderful simplicity, the great heart of the East sweeps aside our flimsy arguments and holds up to us the fact itself.

But it is not the great alone in India, who worship motherhood. Never can I forget the long hours of one hot March day, when I sat by the bedside of a boy who was dying of plague. His home was of the humblest, a mud hut with a thatched roof. His family were Sudras, or working-folk. Even his father, it appeared, could not read or write. The boy was eleven or twelve years of age, an only child, and he was doomed. The sole real usefulness lay in taking precautions against the spread of the disease.

Amongst the veiled and silent women who came and went at the other side of the little court where the boy lay, was one who slipped noiselessly to his bedside whenever she could, and exposed herself to the infection with a recklessness born of ignorance. At last I attempted to reason with her, urging her, as gently as I could, to remain at some distance from the lad, and thus avoid the danger for herself and others.

She turned to obey without a word, but as she went, the tears poured down her poor thin cheeks, and lifting the corner of her sari to wipe them away, she tried to stifle the sobs she could not altogether repress. At that moment the words reached me from the doorway, "She is his mother." What I did can be imagined. Suddenly I discovered that the boy must be fanned and that there was a place behind his pillow, out of the line of the air current. Here, with his head almost resting on her feet, his mother sat

henceforth, crouched up, attending to her child through happy hours.

Often he would grow delirious, and forget her presence. Then he would toss his head from side to side, and his fever-lighted eyes stared blankly at me, while he uttered his one cry "Ma ! ma ! mataji !—Mother ! mother ! *honoured* mother !" To my Western ears it seemed a strange cry for a child of the slums ! Sometimes, as memory returned, he would smile at her, mistaking me for her, and once he snatched at my hand and then carried his own to his lips. Sweet, unknown mother, forgive me these thefts of love that rent the veil from a graciousness so perfect, an adoration so deep !

That day, alas, was their last together. All through the hours, the child had struggled to repeat the name of God. Late in the afternoon, he stumbled on a hymn that was much sung at the time about the streets ; but he could not say it, and it was my part to take up the words, and stand repeating them beside him. A smile of relief passed over his face : he lay quiet for a moment. Then his breath came shorter and shorter, and as the sun set, with his mother's eyes upon his face, he died.

Of such stuff as this are the teeming millions of the Hindu people made. In moments of mortal agony, when Western lips would frame a prayer, perhaps half an oath, the groan that they utter is ever the cry of the child in its deepest need, "Oh, *Mother !* "

But it is easy to multiply instances. What we want is that epic of motherhood, of which each separate mother and her child are but as a single line or stanza, that all-compelling imagination of the race, which must be for ever working itself out through the individual. A yearning love that can never refuse us ; a benediction that for ever abides with us ; a presence from which we cannot grow away ; a heart in which we are always safe: sweetness unfathomed, bond unbreakable, holiness without a shadow—all these, and more, is motherhood. Small wonder that the innermost longing of every Hindu is to find himself at home in the Universe, with all that comes thereby of joy or sorrow, even as a baby lying against its mother's heart ! This is the dream that is called Nirvana, Freedom. It is the ceasing from those preferences that withhold us that is called Renunciation.

The very word "mother" is held to be sacred, and good men offer it to good women for their protection. There is no timely service that may not be rendered to one, however young or beautiful, by the passing stranger, if only he first address her thus. Even a father, looking at some small daughter, and struggling to express the mystery of futurity that he beholds in her, may address her as "little mother." And the mother of the nation, Uma Haimavati, is portrayed always as a child, thought of always as a daughter of the house. In motherhood alone does marriage become holy ; without it, the mere indulgence of affection has no right to be. This is the true secret of the longing for children. And to reach that height of worship in which the husband feels his wife to be his mother, is at once to crown and end all lower ties.

Who that has ever watched it can forget a Hindu woman's worship of the Holy Child ? A small brass image of the Baby Krishna lies, or kneels at play, in a tiny cot, and through the hours of morning, after her bath and before her cooking, the woman, who may or may not herself be wife and mother, sits offering to this image flowers and the water of the bath, fruits, sweets and other things—her oblations interspersed with constant acts of meditation and silent prayer. She is striving to worship God as the Child Saviour, struggling to think of herself as the Mother of God. She is ready enough to give her reason, if we ask her. "Does my feeling for my children change according to what they do for me ?" she questions in return : "Even so should one love God. Mother's love most those who need most. Even so should one love God." The simple answer is worth a world of theology. Nor is it forgotten presently that the other children, made of flesh and blood, and answering to her call, are likewise His images. In every moment, of feeding, or training, or play, of serving or using or enjoying, she may make her dealing with these an act of devotion. It was her object, during the hours of worship, to come face to face with the Universal Self. Has she done this, or has she brooded over the ideal sentiment till she has made of herself the perfect mother ?

By her child, again, her intention can never be doubted. She may turn on him now a smile, and then a face of sorrow, now a word of praise, and again an indignant reproach. But always, equally, she remains the mother. The heart of hearts of her deed is unflinching

love. She knows well, too, that nothing her babies do can mean anything else. The sunny and the petulant, the obedient and the wilful, are only seeking so many different ways to express a self-same dependence. To each she accords the welcome of his own nature. In such a reconciliation of opposites, in such a discovering of unity in variety, lies the whole effect and trend of Eastern religion.

For what thought is it that speaks supremely to India, in the great word "Mother"? Is it not the vision of a love that never seeks to possess, that is content simply to *be*—a giving that could not wish return : a radiance that we do not even dream of grasping, but in which we are content to rest and bask, letting the eternal sunshine play around and through us ?

And yet, and yet, was there ever an ideal of such strength as this, that was not firm-based on some form of discipline ? What, then, is the price that is paid by Hindu women for a worship so precious ? The price is the absolute inviolability of marriage. The worship is, at bottom, the worship of steadfastness and purity. If it were conceivable to the Hindu son that his mother could cease for one moment to be faithful to his father—whatever the provocation, the coldness, or even cruelty, to which she might be subjected—at that moment his idealism of her would become a living pain. A widow remarried is no better in Hindu eyes than a woman of no character, and this is the case even where the marriage was only betrothal, and the young fiancée has become what we know as a child widow.

This inviolability of the marriage-tie has nothing whatever to do with attraction and mutual love. Once a wife, always a wife, even though the bond be shared with others, or remain always only a name. That other men should be only as shadows to her, that her feet should be ready at all times to go forth on any path, even that of death, as the companion of her husband, these things constitute the purity of the wife in India. It is told of some wives with bated breath, how, on hearing of the approaching death of the beloved, they have turned, smiling, and gone to sleep, saying, "I must precede, not follow !" and from that sleep they never woke again.

But if we probe deep enough, what, after all, is purity ? Where and when can we say it is, and how are we to determine that. here and now it is not ? What is there sacred in a man's monopoly ; or if

it be of the mind alone, how can any physical test be rightly imposed?

Purity, in every one of its forms, is the central pursuit of Indian life. But even the passion of this search grows pale beside the remorseless truthfulness of Hindu logic. There is ultimately, admits India, no single thing called purity: there is the great life of the impersonal, surging through the individual, and each virtue in its turn is but another name for this.

And so the idea of the sanctity of motherhood, based on the inviolability of marriage, finds due and logical completion in the still greater doctrine of the sacredness of religious celibacy. It is the towering ideal of the supersocial life—"As Mount Meru to a fire-fly"—compared to that of the householder—which gives sanction and relation to all social bonds. In proportion as the fact of manhood becomes priesthood, does it attain its full glory, and the mother, entering into the prison of a sweet dedication, that she may bestow upon her own child the mystery of breath, makes possible in his eyes, by the perfect stainlessness of her devotion, the thought of that other life whose head touches the stars.

NIVEDITA

OF RAMAKRISHNA VIVEKANANDA.

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CAUSES OF NATIONAL DECADENCE.

HISTORY records the achievements of individual heroes and heroic nations, and relates the pathetic career of others that have entered on a downward path. The glories of Athens and Sparta, the triumph of Macedonia, the growth of that all-embracing power designated by the title of Pax Romana ; the rise of the Sassanides, and their fall before the enthusiastic propagation of Islamic faith ; the heroic deeds of the Frank and the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman ; the birth of the modern European nations and their fluctuating fortunes—all these are faithfully preserved in the imperishable pages of History.

To a superficial observer, these records of the rise, decline and fall of dynasties, nations, and races, would appear to be little more than a mass of facts, between which little connection, save that of chronology, was apparent. Perhaps this it was which made Heine call History "a dusty herbarium of events and a nomenclature of things done." Such a conclusion is likely to produce in mankind a tendency towards a lauguid fatalism. If changes like these occur so frequently, without giving any warning of their approach, what then are we but mere puppets in the hands of those hidden forces which the ancients called the Fates ?

This, however, History does not warrant us to assume. Its great educational value lies in teaching lessons and giving warnings of which the wise take heed and prosper. As the Musalman scripture says, "*Fee zalika ibratun l-dhil absar.*" In that is a warning for one that hath eyes. History is not a mass of unconnected facts, but proceeds on principles ; and the greatest principle that it teaches is Evolution—that we are not fixed but moving, and on the whole moving *forward*. There is a goal towards which we advance. Often indistinct to us, it is nevertheless in

itself definite. It is perfection. Nations, like individuals, enter the lists and struggle with other competitors, for progress and existence. The weakest perishes, the strongest survives ; and by this process is eliminated all that is an obstacle to human growth. Like other things in nature, some dynasties, nations, races, and empires make room for others that can better advance towards the goal. On a clear understanding of this we can find connections between cause and effect, which to the superficial eye do not seem to exist. We can then analyse the causes that hinder progress and are detrimental to the very existence of a nation worthy of that name. Byron sums up the great lesson which History teaches in his memorable words about the Eternal City.

There is the moral of all human tales ;
'T is but the same rehearsal of the past :
First freedom and then glory, when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page.

When glory fails, the decline of a nation begins. True; but why should it fail ? What are the causes that bring in the unwelcome guest, decadence ? It is convenient to divide them into internal and external causes, though such a classification is scientifically faulty. There are some maladies which the constitution of a nation itself breeds, and over which in most cases it has some control ; while others attack it from outside, and leave it shorn of its strength and beauty.

Among the former are those which may be called physical or natural. Mineral wealth, which may have been the mainstay of the nation in commerce, or a particular kind of climate which may have favoured the production of a particular commodity or commodities, may fail to discharge functions expected of it. To illustrate this, we may mention the alarmist forebodings of many foreigners, and even many Englishmen, concerning the failure of the Newcastle coal mines. A few years of unsatisfactory monsoon, and India, which was once rich in agriculture and fruit gardens, may be ruined past all cure. A volcano may irretrievably destroy whole towns and reduce the economic gains of a country to a minimum. Earth-

quakes, again, are a great source of danger to life and property. Besides, we know that seas and mountains are fickle agents in Nature ; and though the effects of change in these physical features of the Earth are slow, they may, in time, destroy the particular advantages that a country possesses on account of its geographical position. What can we expect countries like England or little Japan to be if the sea-power fails them ? Over most of these causes, however, a nation cannot have any appreciable control.

Different from these are causes which may be called social or economical. For the progress of a nation a kind of harmony among all its classes is indispensable. "The progress of *man*," says Mr. Bagehot, "requires the co-operation of *men* for its development." Socially or economically, nations and empires are "Co-operative Groups," and true co-operation cannot exist unless a certain equilibrium prevails. One class of men rolling in wealth or enjoying high positions, and another steeped in poverty to the very lips—poverty sordid and graceless ; great pleasures existing side by side with great misery and pain ;—these disturb that equilibrium ; and once this balance, poise or harmony is gone, decline is sure to set in.

Did not the Roman Republic, which was once synonymous with all that was good and worthy, lose its civic independence under the rule of the Cæsars, soon after each patrician's house had become a private prison for keeping the agrarian classes involved in debt ? Can Russia hope to see the future all for the Slav, when it lacks at home the services of a powerful middle class—that practical illustration of the Aristotelian *mean* ? "Brute force" it does possess, but with that internal malady of social and economic discord, its strength must necessarily be sapped. Our praises of Democracy are based upon the existence of a hearty patriotism and a mutual co-operation of all which ensure the success of democracy. The same harmony is required in politics. In this sphere we call it liberty or freedom. "Ah ! Freedom is a noble thing," said Barbour long ago ; and this famous apostrophe has occurred to later ages as the standard of their progress. When once a nation has advanced so far as to enter the "Age of Discussion," as Mr. Bagehot calls it, we see the value of freedom. The rise of democracy in our own times illustrates it. Apprehensive as all democracies are of being hindered in their progress by a dead-level of intelligence, they

recognise the advantages, which they derive from freedom, by awakening a general interest in political life, and teaching mankind the lesson of self-help. "Everything *for* the people, nothing *by* them," is the most demoralising policy that a nation can pursue. The best days of Greece and Rome were those when they enjoyed civic liberty. Monarchies, without civic liberty, have done wonderful things at times, but the lessons they teach of changes of fortune remind us of the storm in which flashes of lightning illuminate, for a moment, the whole landscape, and soon envelop it again in darkness. Great and noble characters followed by minorities and successions of puppets are common phenomena in the history of monarchies. Cruel was that irony of fate, which left a descendant of Tamerlane—the scourge of the world—reigning "Az Delhi ta Palam—from Delhi to Palam !"

Again, the morals of a nation are also a great factor in its progress. It is impossible for men to separate their private life from public life like two garments that can be put on and put off at pleasure. Our morals exercise great influence in the struggle for existence. Coarseness in private life is a very great danger. The Roman empire before Constantine the Great is an illustration in point. Moreover, slackness in performing our moral duties breeds a certain insincerity, a habit of playing a kind of hide-and-seek with our characters. Even if we are not wholly bad, we are inconsistent and impulsive—a melancholy state of affairs, indeed, for a nation.

As great an influence as morals does religion exercise on the progress of mankind. Coming from *above*, it is a revelation of a Being or Beings, almighty and supreme. If it supplies confidence in the help of such a Being, our frail hearts can be encouraged by our religious belief, when encouragement is sorely needed. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" has decided the fate of many a Dunbar and Worcester, both in peace and war. The rise of the Islamic Empire was clearly due to the religious fervour of Mohamed's followers. Want of religious sentiment is a latent danger in a scientific and commercial age, for our matter-of-fact life often makes us too vain to go further than our frail reason in search of support in our undertakings, and this sole reed is often found broken just when we need its assistance. It may be mentioned here that, in

spite of all troubles which a diversity of religions brings to a nation, it is a source of weakness to have *one* strong all-powerful religion in a country or empire.

Orthodoxy has sealed the fate of many a nation. The bad faith displayed by the house of Castille and Aragon towards the Moslems, and their expulsion from Spain, shook the economic foundation of that mighty empire. The expulsion of the Jews added to the shock, and the terrors of the Inquisition contributed towards the overthrow of a power which even then had vitality enough to last it for close upon four centuries. The Huguenot exiles from France increased the commercial advantages of the hated rival and neighbour of France ; while the persecution of "infidels" was responsible for the rise of two great powers—the Mahratta and the Sikh—to help in the destruction of the later Moghal Empire.

So far nations and empires have been dealt with together. But there are difficulties that may trouble an empire, but from which a homogeneous country or nation may escape altogether. If an empire includes colonies and dependencies, their relations with the mother country are a potent factor in the progress of the empire.

To turn to the external causes of decadence, a nation or an empire, under the present conditions, is only one amongst many, and for its progress it is necessary that, in comparison with other competing nations, its position should be good and secure. In this connection the military and naval resources of a country are of paramount importance, in spite of the humane visions of Czar Nicholas. To call them mere brute force is unfair, for something more than that was required to give to the sword of an Alexander or a Tamerlane its keen edge. The patriotism, the courage, the power of organisation, required even at the present time for safeguarding the internal growth of an Empire, must be taken into consideration. In this view of the matter, the difference between internal and external causes becomes very shadowy, for the rise of one naval or military Power depends on the comparatively slow internal growth, or decline, of another. If foreign conquest is to check the growth of a nation, its internal constitution, like the photographer's plate, must be ready to take the impression. The Franks conquered the Roman Empire, and the Macedonians secured possession of the ancient city-states of Greece, only when the effete

mechanism of the empire and the Greek states had given complete evidence of their internal decadence.

In this connection must be noticed one great external, or rather semi-external, cause of decadence—the fever of foreign annexation. Great conqueror as he was, Napoleon found the evil results that await such ambitious designs as a conquest of the world. The World-Empire theory, simple and plausible as it is, of Bluntschilli, must ever be condemned as supplying ample loopholes for hasty and illegitimate ambition, and has been responsible for so many unchristian and inhuman wars.

These are, in general, some of the causes of national decadence. To say whether any of them are working in the great Empires of to-day would require great insight and some supernatural power of prophesying. However, some would behold in them a certain laxity in morals, understood in the larger sense, a want of religious belief, and an annexation fever. It is to be hoped that when “the white man’s burden” increases, the power to sustain it may also increase.

MOHAMED ALLI.

LOYALTY.

WHAT is loyalty? It is not necessarily the virtue of a subject. There may be loyalty to a friend—to a principle—to an engagement. Therefore it is not the same thing as contented subjection. Loyalty is not a duty which is demanded of an inferior in these cases: it is freely accorded by an equal. Then what *is* it—this strange, beautiful quality which a despot so strenuously demands and so little dreams of displaying?

Derivation gives us no help. "Loyal" is "*loi-al*"—not to mince matters, simply "*legal*." In French "*loyal*" still means little more. The warm shade of human considerateness which tinges the English word does not glow in it. It is merely "*correct*." "*Un ennemi loyal*" is just a lawful combatant who is careful to observe the regulations of warfare.

Etymology having failed us, there is nothing for it but to fall back on our knowledge of the language. By a comparison of the phrases in which the word is employed, the root-idea which it conveys will become clear, or else it will be seen to be an ambiguous word, capable of conveying two or more meanings.

Can we then extract a common meaning from the various phrases in which "loyalty" is used? Surely, if there is one, it is that of *dependableness*—not dependence; it implies permanence rather than subjection, and reliability rather than reverence. It denotes a certain willing desire to afford support, based neither on self-interest, nor habit, nor affection, but on a kind of diluted affection which may be termed regard. It might almost be called a synonym for constancy; only that constancy does imply a warmer shade of feeling, and a more endearing relationship. In a word, the loyal person is not easily moved from his attachments; clings to people who have once won his esteem; adheres to principles once accepted; never dreams of

breaking a pledged word. The confidence which is given by a loyal mind remains firmly fixed, whatever the pressure to withdraw it, until the last extremity of assault. And the opposite of "loyal" is not "rebellious," but "fickle."

For the quality—hardly a thorough-going virtue or a considerable vice—of attachment to rulers, as such, the language has scarcely a name. "Doglikeness," or "doggishness" might not be far off the mark; only that "doggedness" has come to denote such a very different characteristic. "Subservience" possibly comes as near as anything; certainly, "loyalty" does not. And official people are constantly calling those "disloyal," who are simply "intractable" or "unsubmissive." A person who has never had any attachment to a ruler cannot possibly be disloyal to him. Judas must be Judas the apostle before he can be Judas the traitor. For the virtue of attachment to good rulers—which is perhaps the supreme virtue of humanity—as appropriate a name as any may be "devotion."

But loyalty—"steadiness in attachments"—is quite a different thing. Loyalty to rulers, in this sense, died in England when James II. descended the rickety stairway to the boat at Rochester. The Emperor, we all know, does not rule. The party cliques, which do rule, we none of us consider objects of attachment. There is some loyalty to party—but even the party does not rule, nor attempts to do so. The official cliques, which rule so far as the party cliques will let them, claim our attachment still less than the latter. They do not want it. There is something ridiculous in being loyal to a bureau. It reminds one a good deal of feeding a wooden sheep.

If there is one thing to which the English voter is really attached with any intense, as distinguished from sentimental, feeling, it is not the Crown, nor the Cabinet, nor the Church, nor the Caucus. It is the Country. Let me be understood. I do not mean the Empire, nor that part of it which the patriot loves to style "little" England. By "country" I mean *patria*. It is the land where he spent his childhood—the people amongst whom he grew up—the place to which his mind will turn for ever through life as his home. The clinging affection of the Scot for the far North, we have all heard of. Even in Bombay one hears that the benign spirit of Saint Andrew presides timeously over the Atholbrose, and calls up the keen shrilling of the

pipes. And we know, also, Lady Dufferin's emigrant, with his plaintive cry, as he passes to the thought of his new abode:—

“ But I'll ne'er forget ould Ireland,
Be it fifty times as fair.”

These picturesque affections of the more romantic nationalities make us apt to forget that the common Englishman's favourite song, too, is “ Home, sweet Home.” But it is not England of which he thinks, as he hums the tune. He is not romantic. It is a very definite spot of English ground he has in mind. A hearth is its centre, whose ruddy glow illuminates a room—sheds a radiance through a city—scatters a glamour over a neighbourhood—and hardly penetrates beyond.

To that bit of country, and to his friends and neighbours, he will be loyal for life ; cannot help being loyal to it and them, without losing his own individuality. But the silken chains of custom which long ago bound him to lord and lord's lord, in one harmonious system of mutual personal regard, have fallen to dust. No longer does the young citizen grow up in constant veneration of the visible leader and chief. A shadowy vision of the distant king, sitting like Lucretius' gods, remote from the concerns of men, remains to him, for a few childish years. Then it is succeeded by a polite but condescending respect for loyalty, tintured with not a little commiseration for its anomalous position. For the rest, he lives in confessed isolation. The ties of ancient intercourse have been broken up. Why should he be loyal to anybody ?

Only Nature will have her way, and we must be loyal to something, or perish. So, for the mass of Englishmen, it is their local neighbourhood that fills the vacuum, and claims and receives that attachment which it is hardly possible to lavish on the policeman. That loyal attachment grows upon them with their growth. They are not conscious of it. The Englishman never thinks of himself as a patriot, except in the light-headed moments when he forgets his patriotism in his politics. But it lies at the root of all he does, and beneath every achievement of the race. When a last stand was made by a knot of British in the Matabele war, was it *God Save the Queen* that the survivors sang till they were shot down ? Not at all. It was *Will ye no' come back again?*—a breath of Scottish home-air for the last the dying might draw.

And, indeed, such a feeling of permanent regard, whether for places or people, is one which one has to grow into. It cannot be manufactured, or imposed. Sometimes, but rarely, it springs up suddenly, as the heart recognises at first sight its destined leader. But, normally, it comes unnoticed, as it invariably comes unforced. Will anyone say that this spontaneous, deep attachment grows upon civilised man for any of our modern Governments? The clansman might well be loyal to his chief from his earliest days. The atmosphere of devotion was around him. The feudal vassal might well be loyal to his lord—the relation between them was never away from his mind. But this thing called “Government”—this misty, unintelligible abstraction, which one’s impressionable years know little or nothing of, which is never mentioned in the fireside circle except as an elder’s whim, like chess, tobacco and swearing, and which is chiefly known to us in later days by its demands on our purse and our patience—how is it possible to be “loyal” to this? Bagehot used to insist on the value of a king as a figurehead, to which the vulgar masses could feel a real loyalty. But the masses are not so vulgar as he thought them: and, if they were, they would be so much the less capable of conceiving such an exalted sentiment with regard to a dim and distant crowned head. A highly imaginative and impressionable person might be fired with an artificial emotion of that kind—a housemaid will be loyal to her mistress.

But if Governments cannot hope to claim loyalty, worth the name, from anybody but their own myrmidons, yet the country can effectively claim it, as I have tried to show. And the fatal mistake is too often made, of identifying a country with its Government. Let the Government of a district be changed, and it is assumed that the loyalty of its children will be transferred, like an endorsed bill of exchange, to the new rulers. When the Cape of Good Hope was in Dutch hands, does anyone dream that the colonists had any genuine loyalty to the Netherlands Government? to the House of Orange? to the Statholder? Yet undoubtedly they had a profound loyalty to their African home—to each other, if the reader likes to put it so. They were ceded to Britain. How could she ask for their loyalty? Holland had not it to give. Their submission she could require, and did, for the most part, obtain. But she need not have given it a fancy name.

Which were the most loyal?—the Highlanders who lost everything for the exiled Stuarts, their kings of ancient days, or the crowds who easily transferred their allegiance to the king imported for them from Germany by the Whig lords? Which were the most loyal?—the Polks and the Lees, who hated the abuses of slavery, yet declared “We must go with Virginia,” or the Washington politicians who bought and sold at the Capitol, as the Jews bought and sold in the Temple? Which were the most loyal?—the barbarians who paid tribute in fear and trembling to the King of Persia, or the Athenians who threw his messengers into the gulf in fierce assertion of the rights not of Athens only, but of Greece? Who the most loyal?—Ney, who fell with Napoleon, or Fouché, who served his successors? Who, at the present day, is the loyalist?—the Philippine who carries his rifle in the fastnesses of Ysabel, or the one who bows before the republican despots at Manilla?

Indeed, loyalty is a moral attribute, and it is simply inaccurate and misleading to use its name as a party badge—even though the badge be that of a party ascendant and triumphant. “Disloyal” conveys a distinctly immoral sense. The mere fact of adhering to one Government, new or old, rather than another, can never, in practice, and in our modern days, involve such a slur on the moral character of a person. Exceptions may occur in the quite rare cases in which the individual has had close personal relations with the leaders of one régime or the other, or ought, for some peculiar reason, to have conceived for either authority a special attachment. But it is almost to lay too much stress on such exceptions to mention them. Parenthetically, one may doubt whether that real loyalty which exists towards a country can ever embrace a very wide extent of area and population. Aristotle used to doubt whether as many as a hundred thousand citizens could be comprised in a State. And it was on the home-loyalty of its members that the ancient Greek state hung together. In India, therefore, it must be difficult for anyone to say, and impossible for any stranger to guess, where the real attachment of the people lies. Only unfaithfulness to that attachment can be called “disloyalty.” Not for worlds would one hint that orderly, peaceable acceptance of the British dominion is not, as things now are, an eminent virtue. But its right name is not loyalty. It is common-sense.

To put it shortly, it is a misuse of language to use "loyalty" as a synonym for submissiveness. The certain result of such convenient tricks with the English tongue will be to degrade the meaning of the word altogether. Fortunate will we be, if we do not at the same time lose the conception of the thing it signifies ! Only the other day, in a cultivated trooper's letter home, occurred the remarkable phrase, "servilely loyal." Servilely loyal !—the very adverb shows that the man did not mean "loyal" at all. A slave cannot be loyal. It is only the free who can persist in their attachments. A slave who is loyal has emancipated himself.

It is the very permanence of the relation which it constitutes that is the essence of loyalty. It cannot be handed about as a perquisite of governments. It cannot be expected to grow up in a generation; nor in ten. And to adhere to old affections, in defiance of the demands of new rulers, is not disloyalty, but loyalty *in excelsis*.

THOMAS BATY.

THE NEW AGE AND THE SPIRITUAL POWER.

TO speak of a new age in the general life of Humanity may perhaps be regarded from a certain standpoint as an affectation. Yet the present century *does* present marked features which differentiate our age from all preceding ones, and yields the promise of a corresponding new departure in the ordering of the world. We are the inheritors of the great transition that characterised the nineteenth century. This included an extraordinary development in experiential science; in knowledge of the past physical history of our globe; of the mental, social, and ethnological history of mankind. Further, an extensive application of science to industry and practical life, resulting in vastly accelerated means of intercommunication between all quarters of the earth, annihilating the formidable barriers of mountain, desert and ocean, which so long divided the various branches of the human family since first the primal swarms of men went their distant way and segregated into distinct peoples. The separate races and nations are thus being brought into ever closer communion. The isolation which formerly divided farther East from extreme West no longer exists. The comparative study of human beliefs, customs, institutions, is providing us with an authoritative standard of judgment and appreciation concerning the issues involved therein, derived from the sure basis of reason and knowledge, surpassing in its validness any previous criterion. These are surely pregnant facts, lending a distinctive character to the epoch opening before us, and having a vital bearing on the future shaping of our thought and conduct.

Our present concern is with the relation of these gains to civilisation to the reconstitution of what we broadly imply by the *spiritual power*, regarded in its universal aspect—the element in life which embodies man's sense of his relation to the universe around, of his own nature and destiny, the regulation of his actions, in short, his religion and morality. So long as men remained for the most part in comparatively isolated communities, it was only natural that they should come to imagine that their particular cult and usages were the only right ways of thinking

and acting; that their race, or caste, or sacred book, or local deity was God's chosen people, or the supremely noble order, or special divine revelation, or the only true God; that such extraneous humans or societies with whom they occasionally were brought into contact were consequently *barbarians* or *foreigners*, *gentiles*, and *giaours*. The new comparative science of man, however, brings into apposition so many pretentious claims of a similar kind, advanced from quite distinctive quarters, that the unbiassed enquirer is fain to discount them all in turn. Which of all these special claims possesses any final validity? The question in itself raises a further issue of decisive importance in the whole philosophy of mind, namely, whether man, as such, possesses any intuitive and reliable consciousness of the unseen world and the Divine Existence; whether there is any basis for those "necessary truths of reason," which, certain thinkers have maintained, demonstrate the reality of that existence, and emanate from its source.

For our own part, the evidence now available respecting the mental evolution of our race points unmistakably to the conclusion that all the thoughts of men that have come down to us on these supreme problems are simply so many guesses at the truth—that and nothing more.*

Therefore, once we admit this premiss, we are committed to a notion at once as hopeful in its outlook as it is catholic and tolerant in its essence—that in the collation and examination of all the leading ideas of the world's faiths in the light of free reason, we may perchance discover where the central truth lies. While the mere recognition of the fallibility of some of our hitherto most fondly cherished beliefs, and the open-mindedness to further guidance from whatever source it may be found, must prove factors of incalculable value in advancing kindly feeling and goodwill among men, in place of the disrupting forces of fanaticism and dogmatism.

* The demonstration of this position lies beyond the scope of the present article. But as indicating the nature of its foundation, we may point to the patient research of Oriental scholars in Europe during the last century into the origins of civilisation, and the elucidation of the languages, religions, traditions and literary remains which have been discovered from the monuments of the ancient civilisations of the East; also to the careful investigations that have been made into the usages and ideas of existing primitive peoples, and into man's origin and place in nature. As representative studies in these great subjects we might cite Dr. C. P. Tiele's "History of Religion"; Dr. J. G. Frazer's elaborate analysis of magic in "The Golden Bough"; Grant Allen's "Evolution of the Idea of God"; Dr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture"; Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology"; Darwin's "Descent of Man."

Three main interests seem to have influenced men's beliefs about life in the past. There has been the natural instinct of self-preservation, giving rise to a whole series of practices and inductions having for their aim the direction of natural forces to the service of man's imperative daily needs, and which can be broadly included under magic and spiritism. Then there is the interest attaching to a supposititious continuous life beyond the tomb, creating a further connected series of actions and notions, some in certain instances pressing with great hardship on surviving relatives, as instanced in the case of *Sati* among Hindu widows. And there is the slow attainment to a more extended concept of a supreme world-power, from which have sprung, under their respective forms, the universal types of religion such as Buddhism, Christianity, Islam. This category, if in a measure incomplete, is broadly inclusive of the mental series entering into the entire field of religion. Now, as regards the first, our present knowledge of the phenomenal universe exhibits the external world as moving under an unbroken sequence of uniformities of relations of cause and effect which we now interpret as "natural law;" consequently, all practices founded on ignorance of these impersonal forces must be dismissed as baseless *superstitions*. Truly for us to-day intelligent labour is prayer. The belief in an immortal conscious spirit in man pertains to the same order of ideas. Mortal knowledge has never yet penetrated the mystery of death.

"Stars silent rest o'er us,

Graves under us silent."

All that widespread series of actions involved in propitiating the *manes* of the departed, or in so many ways subordinating the real interest of the living to the supposed requirements of the departed, must, in the light of our present standpoint, be regarded as equally useless, and in many cases highly harmful and mischievous. A reverent recognition of the deep pathos and transience of the human lot seems the one fitting and worthy rational feeling towards the inevitable contingency of life; while the inherent weakness of the more universal interpretations of the problem of existence that have hitherto held sway lies in their dogmatic self-sufficiency or one-sidedness, in the face of obvious flaws and shortcomings in their constitution.

Although largely discredited among the better instructed, particularly in the West, these older beliefs still continue to affect the lives of multitudes in many indirect ways. And their necessary reconstruction, on lines that will essentially harmonise with the growing knowledge and philosophic insight of our time, is a pressing task that must command

the best powers of the best minds alike in East and West. Consider the situation in our own country. The Church of England is supposed to represent the beliefs of Englishmen among all the peoples amidst whom the British rule has been established. It possesses the prestige and authority derived from its semi-official connection with the State. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that its articles of belief and the sources of their inspiration are no longer consistent with the highest native culture and thought of England. A popular fictionist*, whose work is particularly English in its main characteristics, has thus spoken, in his recently published autobiography, of the system of the Church: "The whole of the ecclesiastical system, with the pretensions of the clergy, the mock-mystery of their ritual, the supernatural nonsense of their claims, their schemes for the domination of the human intellect, their ecclesiastical trappings, mouthings, murmurings, confessings, incense, consecration rites, and all the rest of it, are foolish, baseless, and to the highest degree mischievous." Meanwhile, the divorce of practical life from any authoritative moral guidance, while it points to emancipation from ecclesiastical ascendancy, leaves that life to the influence of material interests only, and the sole predominance of material interests is carrying with it certain tendencies in Western civilisation which are as inimical to the growth of the higher life of Humanity, as are, in other ways, superstition and irrational custom.

This need for new standards of guidance, adequate to the living world of to-day, has called into being, among the more thoughtful of our countrymen, associations for the study of ethical principles in harmony with advancing knowledge. We have pleasure in citing here an expression of opinion, on the very issue indicated above, delivered under the auspices of the leading Society of this kind in London.† Dealing with the proposition: "Why British Anthology should displace the Hebrew Bible in the Church of England," the writer points out (after stating that *aristology*, literally "best doctrine," would most exactly define his meaning) how the Hebrew Bible contains the following defects: First, it is the ancient history of a people whose manners and customs differ entirely from those of the Britons of the present day; and, therefore, the moral influence its lessons should have is much weakened, as the Briton does not compare himself with, or emulate such types as therein described;

* Sir Walter Besant.

† From a published *resumé* of a paper read before a Discussion Meeting of the South Place Ethical Society, London. We have omitted all the explanatory references to the Biblical text.

so that the greater portion of the Old Testament may be disregarded for this reason alone. The second defect is, that the Hebrew Bible contains, like most ancient history, much mythology and priestcraft, mere will-o'-the-wisps, which lead their followers into the swamps of doubt, darkness, and despair. Having been taught to regard the Hebrew Bible as a guide to happiness, and consequently thinking it safe to follow any light emitted from its pages, the Christian follows these will-o'-the-wisps, and the disappointing disillusion makes him shun the real guiding light contained in other pages of the Bible. The consequences are often loss of faith, and abandonment to evil. The third defect is akin to the inclusion of mythology in our book of guidance to right conduct, viz., the introduction of unnecessary supernaturalism by the authors or priests. All the terrible martyrdoms of the past, much of the ill-feeling and distrust of the present day, were, and are, caused by stress being placed upon the acceptance of such doubtful and impossible incidents as necessary articles of belief and for salvation, because they are included in a book which is called the Word of God. Minor defects include doubtful genealogies, obscure phraseology, contradictory statements of fact and doctrine, awkward interpolations, and acts of the most immoral and debasing description needlessly portrayed. And the argument concludes by urging the compilation of a better book to displace the Bible. "I suggest that our British Aristology should consist of two portions. The first portion to contain exhortations, and the best moral precepts from the works of the principal inspired teachers of religion and morality of all times, no doubtful matter to be included; and the second portion to contain the best examples of noble, sweet, and lovable conduct occurring in the beautiful lives of true men, women and children. In the order for morning service in the Church of England, a chapter from the second portion of the Aristology would be read instead of from the Old Testament for the first lesson. I think the change here would be of very great value, as the influence, the stimulus, the encouragement, given to higher effort would, I feel, be far superior to that now derived from the Bible. For the second lesson the priest would read from the exhortations and purer precepts contained in the first portion of our sacred Aristology."

These views are an earnest of what candid instructed Englishmen are thinking in reference to the issue before us, with relation to the established opinions in their own society. The line of criticism taken above has a still wider application, and, indeed, bears with peculiar appropriateness on all sacerdotal implications professedly derived from

a divine canon or revelation. Much of it would apply in detail to great part of the various "sacred books" of the East. Whatever the service rendered in the past to social order in barbaric communities by the divine sanctions supposed to attach to the regulative system, these systems in much of their latter-day survivals are become obstructive to wiser, saner, happier modes of being—modes connected with present needs and conditions. We know too, that the power derived therefrom by the priesthood and those privileged orders with whom it was usually consociated, has oftentimes been used to oppress the ignorant masses, to keep them in darkness and debased subjection.

Now although upon the great enigma of existence itself and those metaphysical speculations to which it has given rise, a diversity of opinion is likely to continue among the upholders of free thought, yet on the more concrete question of the *objective* of human existence there seems reasonable ground for a provisional agreement even if still diversely interpreted in its social applications. And that agreement we may express as the direction of our human energies under the inspiration of the *Spirit of the Highest Good*—which means, in effect, the cultivation of all our finer powers in harmony with a rational concept of the dignity and worth of our life here and now. Beginning with the growth in corporal strength and beauty of our physical organisation—the *mens sana in corpore sano*—this direction must ultimately include all individual and social interests. The protection of health, of the legitimate fruits of labour and industry, adequate education, equitable and responsible government, independent thought, pure social relations, peaceful ordered adjustments of differences between individuals, classes, or nations—these are instances of the forms under which this spirit would work. Such is what all imply by *good*: in contrast to which are the tendencies that for the purpose of our elucidation we may characterise as *evil*, to be ceaselessly opposed by the spirit of good. These embrace the ignorant, unenlightened, animal nature, manifested in selfish greed, oppression, cruelty, superstition, unbridled sensuality, fraud, corruption, and the instinct of brutal strife and war. Thus we obtain a rational view of the old dualistic theory of the conflict of the good and evil principles for possession of the world and man's soul. And however favourable to the growth of all lofty ideality, art, and inspiration is the spirit of which we speak, yet we conceive it in reality as a living, acting force in the mundane life and daily conduct of men, as in very truth a vitalising *spiritual power*.

By what means, then, is this desideratum to be sensibly furthered

towards realisation? For before us lies the *vis inertia* of selfish apathy, interest, fanaticism, barbaric survivals. Our path, we would suggest, is by way of the two great principles of Association and Selection. The first implies the international union of all seekers after truth and wisdom, the world over. The second means the exercise of a rational discriminating analysis of all that the past experience of the race has bequeathed to the present of useful reliable guidance towards our future course, the rejection of all that is calculated to prove harmful and restrictive to the things of the better life, the purposive pursuit of new truth and new thought. These principles are positive, relative, fruitful in their essence, and apply with equal validity to the conditions already obtaining in the life of the East or that of the West.* Imagine the influence that would emanate from a series of associations arising in the various centres of civilisation among broad-minded representatives of all the creeds and schools of thought, for the mutual study in the light of reasoned knowledge of religion, philosophy, politics and ethics! How powerful a factor in ameliorating the evils about us! The peculiar position occupied by the World-State of Britain and the tolerant polity it exemplifies are specially favourable to the inauguration of this undertaking. Indeed, a beginning can already be said to have been effected, in the ethical societies and associations for the advancement of rationalist principles that have been recently established in the metropolis of the Empire. We have indicated above the character of the thought they are helping to evoke. They constitute a factor in moral and intellectual evolution, 'deserving of close study, and one to which we hope to return.†

What will be the effect produced on existing forms of religious organisation by such an association as we have outlined will be determined for us in due sequence. Meanwhile, as expressing a provisional sense of the goal we have in view, the words of one of the foremost Western prophets of spiritual progress, Joseph Mazzini, fitly occur: "As we believe in the association of peoples, so we believe in association between the individuals who compose each nation, and in it as the sole means of their progress, the principle destined to govern all their insti-

* An excellent instance in point is the comparative reconsideration of the Vedanta philosophy by Mr. Mānassukharama, lately reviewed in these pages.

† We may note in passing that in view of the present predominance of material interests among Western nations, the services of several of the most eminent authorities on economic subjects in England have been enlisted in the cause upheld by these societies. A continuous discussion is thereby maintained with regard to the bearing of current industrial developments on the moral progress and welfare of Western Society.

tutions, and the pledge of concord in their labours. And as we believe in Humanity, the sole interpreter of God's Law, so we believe for every state, in the People, the sole master, the sole sovereign, the sole interpreter of the Law of Humanity which rules the mission of each nation : in the People, one and indivisible, that knows neither caste nor privilege, save that of Genius and of Virtue, neither proletariat nor aristocracy of land or money, but only faculties and active forces, consecrated, for the good of all, to the administration of the surface of the globe, our common heritage : in the People free and independent, with an organisation that shall harmonise individual faculties and social thought : the People living by its own labour and the fruits thereof, pursuing in concord the greatest possible good of all, yet respecting the rights of the individual : in the People made one family, with one faith, one tradition, one thought of love, and advancing to the ever fuller accomplishment of its mission : in the People progressive, consecrated to an apostolate of *duties*, never forgetful of a truth once won, never slacking its efforts because of that victory, reverent to the message of the generations, but resolved to use the present as a bridge betwixt past and future, worshipping revelation, not the revealers, able little by little to approach the solution of its destiny here on earth." *

HENRY CROSSFIELD.

* *Faith and the Future.*

THE IMPOVERISHMENT OF THE MADRAS RYOT.

THE Fasli year 1309, or the Revenue year ending 30th June, 1900, was considered by Government as "on the whole unfavourable for agricultural operations." The average rainfall during the year for the Presidency was 35·74 inches against 50·74 of the previous year. Famine test works had to be opened in parts of Kristna, Nellore, Kurnool, Cudappa, Bellary and Ananthapoor. Relinquishments of land, mainly in the Deccan Districts and Nellore, came up to 80,000 acres. Over half a million acres of wet land amounting to 11·6 per cent. of the wet holdings, and 4·35 million acres of dry land amounting to 24 per cent. of the dry holdings, were left waste. These figures are acknowledged to be the highest on record since the great famine of 1876-78. Eighty per cent. of the total area under crops, viz., 20·69 million acres, is covered by food-grains. The ryotwari and inam area cropped during the year was less by two million acres than in the previous year. The decrease was almost wholly under the food-grains. As to the deficiency in the food-grain land of the Zemindari or permanently settled estates, whose total area is estimated at 19 million acres, or nearly one-fifth of the whole Presidency, we have no official information. The area cropped in these tracts must undoubtedly be far less than in the previous year.

Notwithstanding the general unfavourableness of the year, Settlement operations were not in any way abated. The total assessment chargeable on ryotwari holdings during the year rose by 6·80 lakhs—most of which was contributed by the re-settlement of the two districts of Godavery and Kristna. The total demand of the year consisting of land-revenue and cesses was Rs. 623·6 lakhs, to collect which 634,242 demand notices had to be issued to the ryots. When Government was interpellated why such a large amount of coercion had to be employed, we were consoled with the reply that such notices were mere intimations to the ryots of the assessment due to Government, and they would not count as coercive processes. Be this as it may, the fact cannot be gain-

said that 406,246 attachment notices were actually issued in Fasli 1309 against 236,151 in Fasli 1304, *i.e.*, so many persons were defaulters whose property had to be attached for arrears of assessment due to Government, which amounted to Rs. 36,82,743. The extent of land sold was 52,852 acres, of which 23,006 acres were bought in by Government for a nominal price. It will thus be seen that, although the year was acknowledged to be a famine year, and famine test works were opened in six Districts, there was no slackening whatever in the revenue collection operations, except perhaps where it was absolutely impossible to obtain anything more.

The succeeding year was said to be a better year. The rainfall was about 4 per cent. in excess of the normal. But the months of August and November, when rain was wanted for both dry and wet crops, were almost rainless. The total extent of cultivated land, however, increased during the year, and the area under food crops was 1.62 million acres greater than in the previous year. The assessment on ryotwari holdings amounted to Rs. 4,48,07,999 against Rs. 4,45,46,964. The increase occurred in all districts except Nellore, Chingleput, North Arcot, Tinnevely and the Nilgiris. The increase in Malabar alone amounted to Rs. 80,000, owing to the introduction of new rates of assessment. Malabar has an area of 5,765 square miles. Its population is about 2½ millions. During the reign of the Hindu dynasties it was one of the most prosperous provinces of India. It was known throughout Arabia and the Far East as "the land whence pepper comes." It is only the re-settlement of two taluqs that largely swelled the State demand. What effect the re-settlement of the entire District on such lines will produce on the future of Malabar peasantry may easily be foreseen. There was an increase of more than half a lakh in Kristna, which is said to be due to the favourableness of the season. There was also increase in Cudappa, Kurnool, and Bellary, where irrigation facilities are notoriously inadequate, as also in South Arcot and Madura.

Though Fasli 1310 was a year following a famine year, as much as Rs. 6,34,15,812 were collected out of Rs. 6,52,99,814, the total current demand under Land Revenue and Cesses. The entire demand of the year including arrear balance amounted to Rs. 6,95,52,513. The demand notices issued in Fasli 1310 exceeded those in Fasli 1309 by 381,573; and 488,380 attachments were actually made. The personal property of 405,120 defaulters, as well as the real property of 83,260 defaulters, was attached during the year. Personal property of the estimated value of Rs. 1,77,839 was sold for Rs. 1,51,367, towards the

recovery of arrears amounting to Rs. 1,91,368. Further, land of the estimated value of Rs. 4,41,846, was sold for Rs. 2,70,652. Land of the extent of 26,275 acres, with arrears of assessment due thereon amounting to Rs. 28,820, was purchased by Government for want of bidders.

The Districts which mostly contributed to the increase of sales were the famine-affected Districts of Cudappa, North Arcot and Kristna. 52,006 acres of dry land and 9,567 acres of wet land were sold away in auction against 44,760 and 8,092 respectively of the previous Fasli of 1309. The increase in land sales of Kristna covers an extent of 6,190 acres, of Ananthapoor 3,322 acres, of North Arcot 2,558, Cudappa 1,998 acres. Several other districts went in for their share.

The reason assigned is, as to the dry parts of Kristna, Cudappa and North Arcot, as also of Ananthapoor, that there were heavy arrears owing to succession of unfavourable years. In Madura alone the increase in land sales covered an extent of 2,297 acres, and "in Madura no further explanation is to be found than the increased promptitude in the collection of the arrear and current demand." The Board of Revenue say, as to some districts: "The increase in the extent of land sold is attributed to the postponement of the extreme stages of coercive proceedings in regard to portions of the revenue due for Fasli 1309, which consequently were realised with difficulty during the year under review" (1310).

It will thus be clearly seen that in the notorious famine year (Fasli 1309) coercive proceedings were not relaxed, and the revenue demand was realised as far as possible, and in the succeeding year greater coercion was admittedly employed, and the explanation offered for the marked increase in attachments and sales is that the heavy arrears of the previous year had to be collected. In favourable years the State demand draws away the product of the ryot's labour, leaving little or nothing in his pocket for the unfavourable year. In the unfavourable year the demand was collected as far as possible, and coercion was not at all slackened, except perhaps where it was absolutely useless; and in the succeeding comparatively favourable year attachments and sales increased, because the arrears of the past year had to be realised. Has the ryot, then, any breathing time? How long can he manage to live on such a balance sheet? The attachment of the Indian ryot to his land is proverbial. He would part with it with his last gasp. If so many had to suffer their land to be sold, with what a struggle most of the rest must have contrived to save their land from sale!

As to the large number of purchases of land by Government, the

explanation offered by one District Collector is that there was "great fall in the value of the upland taluqs owing to the disastrous effect of the unfavourable season in Fasli 1309, and the extreme poverty of the land brought to sale in the deltaic portions of the district." Why should there be imposed an assessment which, after one unfavourable year, makes the land not worth having? And why should lands of "extreme poverty" be so assessed that the property of the ryot is not sufficient to realise the State demand, and when the land is sold, nobody will buy it and Government has to buy it in for a nominal price?

What Abraham Lincoln said is fit to be written in letters of gold: "To secure to each labourer the whole product of his labour, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good Government." To secure to the ryot the whole product of his labour is perhaps now, out of the question. He will, however, be perfectly satisfied if he is left only such portion of the product of his labour as would enable him and his working family to live not only during the time when rainfall is normal or plentiful, but also during the years when rainfall is scarce or fitful, and if his land tenure be made so secure as to admit of no doubt as to his always enjoying the fruit of his labour. Then alone will labour be applied to land to its fullest extent.

Some say that it is want of capital that arrests the development of the agricultural wealth of the country. To quote Abraham Lincoln again, "Labour is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labour and could never have existed if labour had not first existed. Labour is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration." If the land revenue policy of Government is such as to take away the incentive to free employment of labour, it must be held responsible for the consequences, and neither in the eye of history nor in that of the civilised Governments of the day, can precedents of former Governments ensure acquittal for the present Government. Sufficient labour is not employed because the ryot has not enough of food to live upon. Sufficient labour is not employed because the ryot is not given the guarantee, in the way in which everybody can understand and accept it, that he and his family will always enjoy the fruit of the labour.

The Indian peasantry are known for their sobriety, thrift and industrious habits, and it is lamentable that a nation of such useful men should deteriorate physically, morally and intellectually owing to chronic poverty, which cannot but be attributed, at least partially, to the land revenue policy and the rigid enforcement of the State demand. I would

that Englishmen, responsible for right government, could boast that they had an important share in building up their character and making the industrious peasantry the flower of the land, rather than exhibit symptoms of nervousness at every possible curtailment of the State demand. We have the authority of Mr. Thackeray, a member of the Board of Revenue, who wrote an excellent minute in the beginning of last century, for the statement that "the husbandman in India is the most industrious, parsimonious creature in the world ; a stranger to vice ; thinking of nothing but cultivating his field, maintaining his family and paying the circar rent." Is the preservation of such a noble and useful race less sacred, less politic, than the preservation of the zamindars ? Mr. Thackeray says :—"What an effect the sense of property in the soil would have upon him (ryot) ! As it is, under oppression, he still sticks to his field as long as he can."

There is any amount of scope for the application of labour and the convenient distribution of the labouring classes, so that all the available food-grain land may be brought under the plough and the country's produce augmented. Out of the $36\frac{1}{2}$ million acres of land comprising the present net area cropped and the culturable waste, the area now irrigated by Government and private canals, tanks, wells, and other sources amounts to 5,783,766 acres, according to the latest statistical information. Even if it be at any time possible, which I think it is not, to double the present irrigated area, there will still be immense tracts of land whose yield can be made pretty certain only by hard labour. We have the authority of Sir William Hunter for the statement that the Madras Presidency can scarcely be regarded as a naturally fertile country. Over the greater part of its area artificial irrigation is impossible and the surface is mostly covered with "soils which were originally formed by the disintegration of metamorphic and igneous formations." No doubt in the valleys of hilly regions, away from the haunts of men, and in upland portions there are fertile tracts, but they require irrigation and hard labour to realise bumper harvests. In the present uncertainty of land tenure no organised labour or free employment of capital is possible.

It is to be regretted that Government is oblivious of the imperative necessity at present of increasing the bulk of the country's produce. American genius and industry have brought vast prairies under cultivation. The diffusion of scientific knowledge has brought into existence the auto-harvester and thresher propelled by horse-power engine, cutting and threshing hundreds of acres a day. American pro-

duce is flooding the markets of the world. Last year as many as 20,000 persons left the United States, settled themselves on Canadian land, and brought millions of acres under crop. It is said that one-eighth of the produce blocked the railways for months. We have recently heard of the formation of a new rice belt on the banks of the Mississippi in South-Eastern Tennessee, United States. Its length is 400 miles, and its breadth varies from 20 to 50 miles. The surface is all waste land, but a subterranean sea of fresh water was discovered. Pumps are used with a pumping capacity of from 60,000 to 75,000 gallons per minute. The surface of the soil is submerged with water to the extent of three or four inches, and here rice is grown with a profit of from £5 to £6 per acre. Can our ryot ever hope to obtain $\frac{1}{5}$ of such profit for any rice land in the Presidency? When one American, aided by labour-saving machinery, can cultivate one hundred acres a year, how much of one acre can our ryot work for the year with his wooden plough and underfed cattle? How long can the Indian peasant with his antique implements of husbandry hold on? What quantity of produce can he bring into the world markets?

I believe it was the *Madras Mail*—the leading Anglo-Indian daily of Southern India—that predicted some time ago that prices of produce will in future considerably fall. If it be so, as it seems likely, all the produce which the ryotwari peasant can gather on his field will hardly enable him to pay up Government demand. There seems no doubt that other nations will command the grain markets of the world in future. If Japan joins in the competition, as she seems preparing herself to do, any surplus produce of this country which the present land system may render possible will have to rot here. Most of the time of our Government officials is taken up in the settlement of land assessment and Land Revenue remissions. They have hardly time to think of or facilitate the development of the country's resources, and ensure the staying power of the peasantry.

In March, 1902, the Collector of Bellary recommended to the Board of Revenue, remissions of assessment and postponement of arrear collections in respect of 36 villages in the Alur taluq and 65 villages in the Bellary taluq. He divided the villages into 3 classes:—

The yield of class I. was As. 6 to 4

“ II. “ “ 4 to 2

“ III. “ “ 2 to 0

The extent of the affected area was 199,035 acres, and its assessment amounted to Rs. 214,871. The recommendation for remission was

confined to villages in which the crops of the last three seasons had not exceeded 6 annas. Full remission was recommended as to class III, *i.e.*, only when the yield of the year was 2 annas or less; 75 per cent. remission was recommended in the case of class II. villages whose yield was between 2 and 4 annas; and 50 per cent. for villages whose year's yield was between 4 and 6 annas. In other villages postponement of collection was recommended. The recommendations were not in any way liberal.

The Collector admits in his report that in the affected tracts irrigation sources are practically non-existent. The amount of remissions came to Rs. 1,18,760, but the collection of Rs. 96,111 was merely postponed. The report of the Subordinate Revenue Officer accepted by the Collector says:—"The poverty of these people is chiefly due to the periodical famines that occur and their consequent indebtedness. Even in normal years much of the resources of the poorer ryots is taken away by sowcars in liquidation of their debts, thus forcing them to borrow from them again at high rates of interest. In a precarious year like the present, the grant of money or grain loans is withheld on account of the uncertainty of recovering them in the near future. Many of them could not afford to furnish sufficient security to obtain State loans inasmuch as they have already hypothecated their lands to Government for the loans already taken by them." And yet the remission sanctioned was not even proportionate to the loss sustained!

In the District of Ananthapoor, 58 villages of the Taluq of Gooty and 48 villages of the Taluq of Tadpatri were recommended by the Tahsildars for concession. But the Collector eliminated from the list 13 villages of the Gooty Taluq and 29 villages of the Tadpatri Taluq. Not satisfied with this, he recommended percentages of remission far below the scale prescribed in the Board's Standing Order. According to him "mere shortage of crops is not *per se* sufficient reason for the grant of remission on dry lands." Although it was admitted that the people suffered badly and were never able to recover from the severe effects of the famine of 1896-97, their resources having become poor and exhausted, the scale of remissions proposed was most niggardly. As to one village, which was not given the benefit of remissions since Fasli 1306, the Collector in his report did not hesitate to say that it "was not recommended for lenient treatment on account of large wet ayacut, though it suffered badly in respect of dry crops, and though the ryots of the village were not benefited by the wet cultivation." The area affected covered an

extent of 73,195 acres. The Board of Revenue, admitting that "the season was bad throughout the District," sanctioned a remission of Rs. 36,542 and a postponement of Rs. 13,402.

In the District of Cudappa the area affected covered 73 villages. The entire District was the victim of a succession of bad years since 1896-97. Remission was recommended only in "extreme cases," while in those of a less serious nature no concession was proposed, "in the hope that the next monsoon will turn favourable and relieve the ryots."

In vast tracts of land "extreme cases" are sure to arise whenever there is any unfavourable year. All that can be collected will, of course, be collected, and nothing left even to enable the ryots to start the agricultural operations of the next year. Cases short of "extreme cases" will be altogether unheeded, in the hope that the next monsoon will turn favourable. The above Districts, known as the "Ceded Districts," were given by the Nizam to the British Government in 1800, and the whole of the Arcot Carnatic passed into British possession in 1801. Says Mr. Campbell, of the Madras Civil Service :—" In these new territories, as in every other part of India, all the fields were held by an industrious and numerous yeomanry or body of small proprietary cultivators." What was it that reduced the descendants of these proprietary cultivators into cooly labourers, compelled to leave their farms and villages in search of labour for their daily bread? Was the god of rain more miserly and fitful in the near past than in the remote past? Need there be any doubt that under our Land Revenue administration the impoverishment of the ryots—the yeomanry of the land—has steadily grown to enormous proportions and become chronic?

We have it in the Administration Report of the Madras Presidency for the year 1900-1901 that "the exports of rice and paddy in the past year fell to half the quantity of the preceding year and the exports of other grains and pulse to less than one-sixth"; while 293,749 hides and skins were exported in 1899-1900, those exported in 1900-1901 rose to 430,066. To quote Mr. Thackeray again—"We talk a great deal about the happiness of the people; how can we increase the happiness of the bulk of people so much as by making their possessive right proprietary, and giving them all the advantages of property and permanency?" Only the brain of a Lord Cornwallis can convert the vast arid tracts of the country into an industrial fairyland.

THE COMPARATIVE EFFECTIVENESS OF METRE, AND 5FT. 6INS. GAUGE RAILWAYS.

THE progress of our railway development seems to have reached the point when the merits of a policy of "doubling" or "conversion" will have to be practically considered. The steps by which such knotty questions get settled, are tedious and lengthy, and rather than face the delay consequent thereon in each case, it is more than probable that individual projects are made to suffer from a too hasty generalisation. It is not too soon, therefore, to look into the matter from the standpoints of efficiency and economy.

The importance of the subject arises from the conflicting pressure of "Broad" and "Narrow" partisans. For if "doubling" is more efficient and economical than "conversion," we may anticipate uniformity of gauge to be ultimately effected by the gradual disappearance of the broad gauge.

At the outset of an inquiry of such a nature we may expect the experts to differ, and the bewilderment of the public to commence. The more said about it, the greater likelihood of confusion, but there are a few principal facts regarding which there can be little difference of opinion. The following remarks are therefore offered in a form designed rather to meet the requirements of the public, than for the enlightenment of experts in railway practice. Technicalities and extreme preciseness being barred for the sake of brevity, the treatment of the subject is necessarily somewhat elementary, and subject to correction in detail.

Then, first, as to the cost of railways on any gauge. The great differences in the cost per mile are traceable to the nature of the location. If the country is rainless and flat, the cost is chiefly limited to that for (1) the permanent way, (2) the rolling stock and (3) the stations with their sidings, water tanks &c. Suppose that

for a given full traffic, we could proportion the works and the outlay thereon, so that equal amounts would cover the cost of each of these three classes of works ; we might then represent each by the figure 1. So the whole cost of the line would then be 3. Statistics show these to be likely proportions.

Next we should be in order for each project, if we adapted the outlay to the traffic to be carried. The smallest outlay would be that for works which would be fully occupied daily in doing it. Suppose that stations 10 miles apart were found sufficient for this purpose, with a speed of 20 miles an hour, giving one hour out of 24 to pass a train between stations both ways, 24 trains a day could theoretically be passed, each way daily over such a line. Practically this is not likely, owing to varying distances and times between stations, the longest distance to be traversed, or time taken, delaying all trains, running between the other stations. The greater speed of the passenger trains also requires the slow ones to be standing at stations for passing them safely ; this further diminishes the theoretical efficiency. Then there are the failures to keep time from a multitude of causes which probably make it necessary to deduct 50 per cent. from the theoretical efficiency for practical estimates. Let us take 12 trains a day each way, as the outside probable work to be expected daily from a single line with stations 10 miles apart.

Now, according to the location of the line, we may find that the bridging and high embankments necessary in addition to (1) permanent way—rails, sleepers and ballast, (2) rolling stock—engines, wagons &c., and (3) stations, will raise the cost of a mile of railway from 3, the unit adopted above, to 4, 5 and 6. This is exemplified by railways on the great trunk systems, as compared with short lengths in local systems. The main lines cross all the watersheds, and have vast engineering works to encounter. The cheap lines, such as the Jodhpore, the Put, short lengths of branch lines &c., are mostly level, with little bridging &c. These facts are borne out by the published statistics of the Government of India which are open to anybody's perusal.

The statistics also enlighten us as to the cost of the permanent way of broad and narrow gauges, and the cost of rolling stock per mile. Theoretically the cost of rolling stock and permanent way

might be equal to each other with advantage, since the wear of either being the result of action and reaction of each on the other, there is no advantage in putting more durability, at the expense of capital, into one than in the other. Nor is excessive durability to be desired, if it would lessen the charge for up-keep, at a corresponding increase of interest on capital for the work done. Economy in capital, therefore, results when the percentage of the cost of repairs does not exceed the rate of interest at which the capital can be raised for construction purposes to secure strength and durability. Accordingly, in cases where money can be got for works, only at a high rate of interest, capital is economised by sacrificing efficiency and durability, and there are higher working expenses per unit of work done. Consequently, no comparison of the working of railways holds good, which does not take into account the *interest charge per unit of work done*, as well as the *working expense per unit*. It is the sum of these two which affects the surplus dividend-earning effectiveness and forms the guide to the average rates and fares, for comparison of results in the gross.*

In considering the relative merits of broad and narrow gauge railways it is now assumed that the working parts are proportioned in some measure to the gauge, and that the gauge is some indication of the amount of traffic. For mechanical laws of stability and strength are immutable, and apply equally to large as well as small machines. The design of an engine which gives greatest efficiency, either for speed or load, may vary. But for the same design, the power varies with the size and the efficiency in a larger ratio than the linear dimensions for larger sizes. Anybody may see this for himself, by consulting a trade circular of articles for sale of various sizes. The larger locomotive will be cheaper in the end for the work done. It is only a question whether there is sufficient work for it to do.

The work for the railway to do, reviewed from the purely mechanical standpoint, is to take loads over distances, in doing

* It is evident, therefore, that in order to let every executive working officer test the economy and efficiency of his work, he should not only have the current accounts relating thereto handy for continual reference, but also the figures of capital cost in detail. It is to be regretted that the centralised system of accounts prevailing in India, mostly precludes any possibility of this being done, and men are often working entirely in the dark, in respect of the financial effect of their current operations.

which the loads of the locomotives and wagons are of course unavoidably included. The measure of this work adopted in India is the ton-mile.

The metre gauge is 39½ inches wide, the broad 66 inches, the proportion being as 1 to 1·66. Then, for the same degree of stability and durability, the rolling stock of the latter is capable of being used 66 per cent. faster, and taking 66 per cent. more load. (The power of the locomotives varies as the square of the linear dimensions.) *Speed* multiplied by *load* gives a proportion of 2·75 for the ratio of effective work while running, done by the 5 ft. 6 inches gauge train against 1 for the metre. Then, if the speed was fully utilised, since the 5ft. 6ins. gauge trains run at 1·66 to 1 of the narrow gauge, the number of trains over a given length of track could be increased in inverse ratio of the time taken by each. Thus 1·66 more trains could be run daily, and the whole work done would be as 2·75 by 1·66 or 4·58 to 1 for the two gauges respectively.

This ratio is, however, not realised in practice in India : First, because the superior power of the broad gauge engines is mostly used to increase the *loads* of trains and not the *speed* also ; and secondly, because the delays in working a mixed traffic to many stations with trains running at different speeds, reduces the number that can be run, in the same degree, for both gauges. The speed factor is thus to a large extent eliminated from the question of total capacity. It will, however, be safe to take the capacity of the broad gauge at double that of the narrow.

Originally A class engines and 36lb. rails were furnished for the narrow gauge. Now 50lb. rails are used. The weight of engines has been increased in proportion some 40 per cent.

Nor has this tendency to increase been confined to the metre gauge. At the expense of stability and durability it has taken place also on the broad. If it has been necessary to increase the capacity of broad and narrow gauge trains alike, then the inference is that there has been much more traffic than either could carry. In that case better effect would have been got by using light broad gauge for new lines, and heavy on the old. And if this would have been good policy in the beginning, it should be aimed at now by transfer of old light stock and rails &c. to new branches. This would obviate the necessity for still smaller gauges.

The statistics show us briefly that the present permanent way rolling stock and stations for the narrow gauge cost about half as much as for the broad. If the expense for these is, as before, represented by the figure 3 for the metre gauge, the same items for the broad would cost 6. Where a choice between the two gauges has to be made for a short line in a flat country, we may save half the outlay by using the narrow.

But take a hilly country, with bridges, high embankments and deep cuttings, &c., which may be represented by the figure 3.* These items of expense are almost identical for both gauges, the breadth of the wagons being about the same on either. The ratio of cost for narrow and broad gauge will now be as $(3 + 3)$ to $(6 + 3)$ or as 6 to 9, or 2 to 3. Here we shall only save 33 per cent. of the capital by adopting a narrow gauge.

It is not usual to undertake new lines without a prospect of profit at least sufficient to pay the average rate of interest on capital. If the line is classed "heavy" and costs much, there must be much traffic to carry in order to pay, and considerable capacity of the railway to carry it. The broader gauge is, therefore, more suitable for "heavy" lines where the location demands costly outlay. But the temptation is great to save capital at the sacrifice of efficiency by using a narrow gauge. On the other hand, where the location is easy and cheap, the narrow gauge may be suitable, and temporarily economical.

But unless the laws of mechanical efficiency are suspended in regard to comparisons of broad and narrow gauge railways, they must furnish evidence that the cost of *working* as well as for *interest per unit of work done*, by the larger machinery, is less than for similar work done by small machinery, both classes of machines being in full work. If we spend additional capital in advance for the broader gauge, we may reflect that something will be saved in working expenses, for the freights carried, whatever the amount of freight may be. We may keep down the capital temporarily by using light material and light locomotives in new developments. Meanwhile the traffic grows, and we are saved from a break of gauge.

* The statistics show this proportion of cost of railway to whole cost of the line to be not uncommon.

Now to glance at the Government statistics, as regards recorded results of construction and working.

COST OF RAILWAYS PER MILE. (1899-1900.)

5 ft. 6 ins. gauge.

	<i>F. I. R.*</i>	<i>N. W. R.†</i>	<i>Indian Midland.</i>	<i>South Punjab.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
Formation	13,043	22,658	12,616	17,906	16,586
Bridges	62,299	35,377	29,619	17,328	36,156
Ballast and Permanent Way ...	35,266	46,769	42,177	24,798	37,252
Rolling Stock	54,083	21,919	17,340	†12,000	26,335
Stations and Buildings	22,031	15,188	10,650	5,534	13,351
All other... ..	47,056	23,061	12,979	7,410	28,701
Total... ..	2,33,777	1,64,972	1,25,381	84,978	152,300
Average No. of Trains run daily	13.26	6.4	5.15	4.4	

3 ft. 3½ ins. gauge (heavy).

	<i>Assam Bengal.</i>	<i>S. M. R.</i>	<i>R. M. R.</i>	<i>S. Ind.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
Formation	29,544	18,395	4,382	5,014	14,336
Bridges	18,823	17,944	12,979	13,961	15,924
Ballast and Permanent Way ...	21,742	20,828	22,749	18,119	20,859
Rolling Stock	6,967	10,817	12,903	12,247	10,733
Stations and Buildings ..	9,965	11,453	11,181	7,403	10,000
All other	30,355	13,215	13,815	13,888	17,818
Total... ..	1,17,296	92,655	77,909	70,632	89,610
Average No. of Trains run daily	3.94	4.95	9.80	7.70	

3 ft. 3½ ins. gauge (light).

	<i>Fetalsai Rajkot.</i>	<i>Udaipore Chitore.</i>	<i>Jodhpore.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
Formation	5,299	4,252	935	3,495
Bridges	4,970	3,141	630	2,913
Ballast and Permanent Way ...	14,756	13,790	15,313	14,620
Rolling Stock... ..	\$3,500	3,424	2,353	3,069
Stations and Buildings	4,990	1,986	1,163	2,713
All other	4,231	2,158	1,121	2,503
Total... ..	37,746	28,751	21,415	29,304
Average No. of Trains run daily	2.57	2.20	3.40	

In the above we have examples of the varied cost of the same article, the result chiefly of the "location," or the amount of traffic dealt with. It shows that the cost of either gauge varies enormously; also that the cost of the Assam-Bengal line of 3 ft. 3 ins.

* ½ double line.

† 5 per cent. double line.

‡ Estimated.

§ Estimated.

gauge was greater than that of the Southern Punjab, 5ft. 6ins. gauge, and almost as much as the Indian Midland. The average cost of the metre gauge group was 59 per cent. of the broad. But the average cost of the 5ft. 6ins. includes some double line; allowing for this, the cost of the broad gauge (mile of single track) would be Rs. 1,38,897; which gives a proportion of narrow gauge cost to broad, as 1 to '66, which turns out exactly in proportion to the ratio of the gauges.

Light lines, like those in the third group, can be cheaply laid; they are little more than tramways, constructed on the surface of the dry desert, worked by a small staff with few engines, and stopping, if necessary, to pick up a passenger.

Many light branches could be laid by Railway Administrations with the old material and stock of the main line, for which heavier for renewals is often being substituted. This would be more convenient, expedient and just, than admitting outside companies, under illiberal petty contracts, into connection with the great systems.

At page 112 of the Administration Report for 1899-1900, we get the following figures for all Indian Railways:—

	<i>Standard Gauge 5ft. 6ins.</i>	<i>Metre Gauge.</i>
Capital	Rs. 201,40,17,967	Rs. 65,19,36,024
Train Miles No.	50,273,825	21,442,751
Working Expenses	Rs. 9,45,40,914	Rs. 3,47,24,641
Deducted from above we obtain the cost per <i>Train Mile</i> :—		
Interest on Capital at 4 per cent.	Rs. 1'60	Rs. 1'22
Working expenses	Rs. 1'88	Rs. 1'63

Total cost per train mile	Rs. 3'48	Rs. 2'85
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The average weight of goods trains is shown at about 400 and 200 tons respectively, and for passengers at 230 and 160 tons. Two-thirds of the trains run are goods. The weights of trains for the *average* will probably be near the proportion of 1'84 to 1'0.

Dividing the ratio of *train mileage* cost by these ratios, we arrive at the ratio of cost per *ton mile* on either gauge as below:—

<i>Standard Gauge.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>
3'48	2'85
— = 1.9	— = 2'85
1'84	1'0

That is to say, that notwithstanding the greater capital cost of the standard gauges, their cost for doing the unit of work is only $\frac{1.9}{2.85} = .67$ or 67 per cent. of that on the metre gauges.

As the ratio of the width of the gauges is in this proportion inversely, we unexpectedly stumble on the result, that the efficiency of the two gauges is in the ratio of the gauges. Mechanical considerations would have led us to somewhat similar conclusions.

The question of dividends is, of course, not only dependent on the capital and working expenses, but also on the rates charged to the public, and the quantity of traffic attracted—which is altogether a separate subject and cannot be entered upon here. But since the working cost is higher on the metre gauge, it is evident that for the same quantity of traffic the *rates and fares* must be higher also, in order to pay the same rate of surplus dividend as the broad gauge. We now come to the question of doubling.

Viewing the average train service daily, as shown above ; it might be thought that the question of doubling did not press, and that it would do so first on the Rajputana Railway, if at all ; this is exactly the case. The pressure arises from the fact that there is competition with other lines in the traffic to Bombay, and also because it is not the average traffic spread evenly over a year that rules the question, but the maximum required to be accommodated when the trade demands it, and this is all crowded into certain seasons. The fundamental error has been, of course, that the narrow gauge was here placed on a trunk line which demanded a broad.

Doubling a line is not usually resorted to until the useful limit of working a single line is reached. Here we have a tacit acceptance of the fact that a single line has advantages which lead to its adoption in the first instance in preference to a double line. It may not be unconnected with the surmise that it costs less, in the first instance. Yet this may not actually be the case. For if we take the simplest case of a railway laid over a flat plain, where only permanent way, rolling stock, and stations have to be provided, since the cost of these for a narrow gauge per mile is only about half the cost of them for a broad, if no other works were necessary, a double line of narrow gauge could be laid at the same figure as for a single line of broad.

But as there are very few positions where these unique conditions exist, and we have probably also to double the cost for embankments, bridging, &c., in the case of a double line, whereas the same width of these will suffice for a widened gauge, the expense of doubling is vastly increased. Adopting the previous method of comparing costs we get the following figures :—

COMPARATIVE COST OF 1 MILE OF RAILWAY.

	<i>Narrow Gauge.</i>		<i>Broad Gauge.</i>
	Single.	Double.	Single.
Permanent Way	1	2	2
Rolling Stock... ..	1	2	2
Stations and Buildings ...	1	2	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3	6	6
Road formation, Bridges, &c.	3	6	4*
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total...	6	12	10

In this case the outlay for conversion is 66 per cent. more than the cost of the original metre gauge, against 100 per cent. more for doubling it. If we do not double a line till we are obliged, then when are we obliged ?

This is generally merely a question of dividends. When it pays better to double, we naturally do so. We know that the dividends depend on our getting all the traffic we can, at the highest rates the traffic will bear. We want capacity to carry the traffic and every expedient is resorted to, to move it with least outlay of capital, and for working expense.

The capacity of a single line with stations 10 miles apart may be increased by introducing crossing stations midway between them. If it takes 20 minutes to run the 10 miles, and 5 minutes for stopping, the same distance could not be covered in two 5 mile lengths under 20 minutes and two stoppages of 5 minutes each, making 30 minutes against 25—an increase of time of 20 per cent. As the whole of the previous train service would suffer this loss in time, it is evident this has to be put against the increased number which might be running on the line. By shortening the distance between crossing stations a limit is ultimately reached, when it results in the

* Allowing 1 for strengthening Bridges.

number of trains passing any point in the railway daily actually decreasing from the decreases of through speed of all. When this is the case the limit of use of the single line has been passed. As a matter of fact, the limit would sooner be reached than here indicated, owing to accidents and delays to working any train, and which would delay the movement of the whole. These delays are of course probable in proportion to the total increased number running and are accentuated by a mixed service at different speeds or inequality of time of running between stations. By halving the station distances we should not be able to do double the work, probably only 50 per cent. more, at slower through speed. If speed is an object, we must not resort to it. Passengers desire quick transit. For goods there is less urgency.

The cost of interpolating 5 mile crossing places in level country would be comparatively :—

	<i>With 10 mile crossings.</i>		<i>With 5 mile crossings.</i>	
Permanent Way ...	1		1'0	
Rolling Stock... ..	1		1'5	
Station Buildings, Sidings &c.	1		2'0	
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	3		4'5	

That is, the cost of level lines in flat country might be increased as from 3 to 4½ or 50 per cent.; and in "stiff" country as from 6 to 7'5 or 25 per cent. For 50 per cent. more traffic to be carried the effectiveness of the capital would not be increased in the former case; but in the latter it would by 30 per cent.

We have only a limited experience of double lines in India. Those unacquainted with double line working are apt to associate with it the idea of unlimited possibilities. Those responsible for financing double lines have, however, to dive deeply into considerations of efficiency and cost. When we have known the delays and disappointments of single line working, in times of considerable pressure of traffic, and consequently of increasing irregularity, we imagine the doubling of the line to relieve us of all our troubles. We think that trains can be allowed to follow one another on the same line of rails with few elaborate checks or vexatious hindrances, and there is less likelihood of delays and accidents. To some extent this is true. But the delays and accidents arising from trains being worked

at different speeds, such as for passengers and goods, do not disappear. Goods trains must lose time at stations to provide for passenger trains passing them. Delays originating with the traffic and failure of machinery are always present, and the trouble arising from them affects the whole increased traffic.

But it is possible to augment the train service running at any one time over special portions of the line of rails, by introducing signals at intervals between the stopping stations, thus dividing the station distances into short lengths each controlled by a signalman, who will allow no second train to pass on to his section before the first has left it. By this means considerable irregularity in the number of trains passing over some sections may take place, without affecting the whole of the train services both up and down. And the simpler mode of working by the block system, takes the place of the line-clear system. With the former the driver merely looks at the signals for permission to proceed without stopping ; with the latter he has to stop and get written permission, after communication with the next station by wire. Greater through speed, therefore, is attained on this account on the double line, and a larger number of trains can be run over any section than on a single line. But if this is so, the service is limited by the amount of rolling stock available. No more block sections will be provided than are required for the number of trains to be expected over it, and the length of each cannot be reduced below that on which trains can safely be pulled up. With the automatic brakes the distance in which they can be stopped is minimised, and signals can be very near together.

But the necessity for short block lengths is limited by the times required for clearing the freights on arrival at their destination. The time is not long for clearing away passengers only ; more is required for their luggage, and still more for clearing goods away. Ten minutes' intervals of trains for purely suburban traffic may be enough, while half-hourly may perhaps be wanted for other passenger traffic ; while goods trains may require an hour or even two, according to the facilities. In these times the trains may run considerable distances and the block lengths need not be very short. But at whatever distances they may be, they increase in number with the number of trains, and particularly if these run at varying speeds.

If a double line is intended, by reason of such arrangement, to

carry, say, four times the traffic, there must be provided on capital account, 4 times the rolling stock used for a single line; and the rails and sleepers must be doubled in durability for each line of rails. They will cost more on this account. Terminal arrangements and station accommodation have to be increased in some proportion, to dispose within the day's work of the four-fold traffic. The cost of a double line section under such circumstances compares with a single, as follows :—

Single line with 10 mile crossings. Double with 5 mile block lengths.

Permanent Way	...	1	3*
Rolling Stock	...	1	4
Stations and Buildings.	1		2
Roadway &c.	...	3	6
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	...	6	15

This gives a proportion of 1 to $2\frac{1}{2}$.

But since 4 times the traffic is carried, the expenditure of the capital per unit of work done on the double line is as 1 to $\frac{2\cdot5}{4} = \cdot625$.

That is to say, there is a capital saving of 37·5 per cent. per unit of work done from doubling, if the capacity is fully used.

The efficiency of the capital is as 1 to 1·6 or 60 per cent. greater.

To compare the efficiency of a double line of *metre* gauge with a single line of *broad*, we have :

COMPARATIVE COST :—

METRE.		BROAD GAUGE.
<i>Double line.</i>		<i>Single line.</i>
(worked in two 5 mile sections.)		(10 mile lengths.)
P. Way	1 (2 tracks each costing $\frac{1}{2}$ the 5ft. 6ins.)	1
Rg. Stock	2 (4 times the No.)	1
Stations	2 (for up and down lines and section.)	1
Rd. way &c.	6 (2 lines of rails.)	3
<hr/>		<hr/>
11		6

This gives a proportion as 1·83 to 1 for the cost.

* 50 per cent. more material.

If now the metre will carry double the broad, then the capital per unit will be as '91 to 1'00.

Then although the metre gauge *per se* gains 60 per cent. in efficiency by doubling and will carry 4 times the traffic, or twice as much as a single line of 5ft. 6ins., yet it only saves 9 per cent. per unit for capital, and is also only 10 per cent. more efficacious.

Next, if the 5ft. 6ins. gauge should be worked in two sections of 5 miles each, it has been estimated to carry 50 per cent. more.

The comparative cost will then be :—

METRE.		5FT. 6INS.	
<i>Double Line</i> , as above.		<i>Single Line</i> , (5 mile sections.)	
Permanent Way	... 1	1'0	
Rolling Stock	... 2	1'5	(5 per cent. more stock.)
Stations and Buildings.	2	2'0	(Double No. of stations.)
Roadway &c.	... 6	3'0	
Total		7'5	
Ratio :—	<i>Metre.</i>	<i>5 ft. 6ins.</i>	
Cost	... 11	7'5	or as $\frac{11}{7'5} = 1'46$ to 1
Work	... 2	1'5	or as $\frac{2}{1'5} = 1'33$ to 1
		Capital per unit	$\frac{1'46}{1'33} = 1'09$ to 1

Which shows that there would be an excess of 9 per cent. in the capital for doing the work by a double line of narrow gauge in preference to using a single broad gauge one, with the same length of block sections.

T. F. DOWDEN.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

IT is a very difficult task to try to define the sense in which the Bible is inspired, yet it is one that it would be cowardly to shirk. We may know instinctively that there is in much of the contents of the Bible a power which we name inspiration, but it is necessary to be able to give a reasoned and reasonable account of such an instinctive conviction if it is to be treated with respect. The difficulty of the problem is increased by the fact that it has been and is still a centre of keen and even passionate controversy. The scrutiny to which the documents that make up the Bible are being subjected by scholars who are restrained in their conclusions by no theological prejudices, seems to many to be threatening the very foundations of the Christian faith. Others, again, wiser, are bethinking themselves what the foundations of that faith are, what is the true seat of authority in religion. Obscurantism, it is certain,^a can never really aid religion. If the results of the Higher Criticism of the Scriptures are established, then that only proves that certain theories of the inspiration of these scriptures are mistaken and require to be revised. The fact of its inspiration, the fact that God has spoken to men by it, is unaffected. But intelligent persons cannot remain content with an inexplicable fact. It must be related somehow to the system of things. We must have a theory of it.

Let us begin by making plain what that fact is in regard to the inspiration of the Bible which we cannot surrender. It is, I suppose, that God reveals himself to the heart in and through this book, that in a unique and supreme sense we are aware in it of God's presence and power. What that God is, whom here we know, is another matter, but we believe that in this record we come to know Him with a personal and intimate acquaintance. Stated in its vaguest terms, that is what makes the Scriptures precious. Now if that be so, we can at once see that the infallibility of the book is not necessarily involved. The Bible might be an absolutely inerrant record and yet have absolutely no religious value.

It might be as infallible as the multiplication table and yet as void of spiritual power. When Luther raised the standard of Protestantism he rejected the Roman doctrine of Church infallibility for the same reason as that for which we reject the doctrine of Biblical infallibility. It is not merely that it is not true, but that it is immaterial. The Church might or might not be infallible—Luther had his own opinion—but a man is not saved by believing the teaching of the Church, but by faith in Christ. The question was, Did men reach Christ in and through the Church? So the Bible may or may not be infallible—scholars must decide that question, but a man is not saved by believing the doctrines of the Bible, but by faith in Christ. The question is, Do men reach Christ in and through the Bible? The question is really in essence the same now as at the Reformation. In escaping from false theories of mechanical inspiration we are purchasing anew our spiritual emancipation. The evil of these doctrines, as of the old Papal tyranny, is not merely their falsehood, but especially that they come between the soul and God. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this point, for we are apt to imagine that the revision of our theories of inspiration is endangering religion. On the contrary, we must welcome such revision as bringing us not loss, but gain, as recovering the spiritual energy of faith which was in danger of being extinguished. Wherever the formal or mechanical appears in the sphere of religion it is apt to stifle it as a living faith. A formal or mechanical view of inspiration tends inevitably to turn faith into assent to doctrine. Religion must be moral and spiritual throughout. "It is simply a fact," says Dr. Martineau, "that *dictated* faith and duty are no longer possible, and that by way of textual oracle you can carry to the soul no vision of God, no contrition for sin, no sigh for righteousness." We shall not desire, then, to find in the Bible infallible history, or a morality or religion of stereotyped and perfect proportions, but rather, as spiritual beings, we shall hope to come there into living contact with the Father of our spirits.

But at this point it will be objected—and justly—that in bringing men in living contact with God, the Bible does no more than is done also by many other books which we do not call inspired in the sense in which we use the word of the Bible. We must, therefore, proceed to define inspiration farther by saying that the Bible is inspired, because in it we are brought into living contact with God in Christ. The inspired message is unique, because it is a message of One who is unique. It is inspired, because in representing One so supreme, in representing, that is, God seen in Christ, its representation is adequate. It is inspired

because it gives us a portrait of God in Christ, of transcendent winningness and beauty, because through its words we hear the voice of God as a supremely compelling power. Taking our stand, then, at the centre and apex, so to speak, of Scripture, we find that its inspiration consists of two things ; first, that it is a record of God's most intimate revelation of Himself, and second, that it is an adequate, because spiritually powerful, record. Two things follow from this definition. It follows, first, that this is a doctrine for those who are within the Christian Church. It can have no meaning for those without. We cannot ask an unbeliever to come to the Scriptures as to an inspired book. "The belief in inspiration is not," it has been said, "the portal by which you enter the temple; it is the atmosphere that you breathe when you have entered." Further, it follows from my definition, that the record, since it is spiritually adequate, must be conveyed by those who are in full spiritual sympathy with the message recorded. For example, if a narrative of Christ's trial and death written by Pilate were discovered, or even, let us say, an absolutely faithful history by Gamaliel, who sought to occupy a neutral position towards Christ, such a narrative, though of the greatest interest and value, could never have a place among the inspired writings. However accurate as a chronicle, such a record must be inadequate, because it would necessarily lack that spiritual insight and sympathy which are the channel to the reader of spiritual power.

The Bible is inspired, then, the Christian believes, because it enshrines Christ and enshrines Him in a medium that reveals Him as the power of God unto salvation. This does not require that the record of His life be infallible or exhaustive, but that it be sufficient for the purpose indicated. Criticism may show that the evangelists erred in details, that they sometimes misunderstood the words of Jesus, that one Gospel goes nearer to the Apostolic source and is more accurate than another. These things may be, while the inspiration of the story remains untouched. The glass is far from flawless, yet through it shines in upon the soul the unimaginable beauty and splendour of the Son of God.

But so far our definition of inspiration seems only to involve the inspiration of the narratives of the life of Christ. Can we apply the word to other portions of scripture and, if so, in what sense? The remainder of the Bible falls into two divisions, the portion of the New Testament, mainly epistolary, that is subsequent to the life of Christ, and the Old Testament. If these are inspired, it must be, in our view, because they enshrine Christ and manifest Him as the power of God

unto salvation. And this we believe the apostolic scriptures do. Their value is that they manifest Christ, less directly, indeed, than the Gospels, but in other aspects of His life and spirit which enable us with other sides of our mind and other feelings of our heart to lay hold of His life and experience His grace. Standing near to Christ and under His creative influence, the apostolic writers interpret out of their own spiritual experience the meaning of the life of Christ. The white radiance is stained to a deeper colour where we have not mere narrative, as in the Gospels, but interpretation ; but its glory is thereby only made in some aspects more vivid and impressive to human eyes.

“ Since much that at the first in deed and word,
Lay simply and sufficiently exposed,
Had grown . . .
Of new significance and fresh result,
What first were guessed as points I now knew stars.”

That is the place that the apostolic writers fill. The devout student sees the portrait reflected in their admiration ; he catches “from their joyance the surprise of joy.”

But when we turn to the Old Testament the application of our criterion seems difficult. The Bible, I have said, is inspired because it enshrines Christ. Does that exclude the Old Testament ? Our answer is that it does not, because we believe that the Old Testament contributes in a rich measure to the completeness and adequacy of our knowledge of Christ as a revelation of God. The manifestation of God in Christ, to be comprehended fully, must be read in connection with the history of Israel. The Incarnation has its roots in the Old Testament, and to cast away the Old Testament is to maim it. The revelation of God in Christ is not a “rock in the sky,” but the apex of a long ascent by which God mounts upwards in the thoughts of His children. The Old Testament is inspired, because it, too, like the New, represents God in Christ, not in the sense that we shall find Christ there strangely delineated by anticipation, but because it records an essential part of that history of the redeeming activity of God that is fully unveiled in Christ. “The real use of the earlier record,” says Dr. Robertson Smith, “is not to add something to the things revealed in Christ, but to give us that clear and all-sided insight into the meaning and practical worth of the perfect scheme of divine grace which can only be attained by tracing its growth.” With the help of the Old Testament record we can trace the long toil of the divine redemption. As we see God condescending to man’s childishness and ignorance, as we see (to use a prophet’s metaphor) how he

taught Israel to walk, holding it, as a mother her child, by the arms, we surely find there the same God as is revealed in the fulness of His love and condescension in Christ Jesus.

The Old Testament, then, we believe, alike with the New, is inspired as being the record of an essential part of the revelation of God that culminates in Christ. But as that is a growing revelation, its contents are not equally pure or equally valuable. The imperfection of the medium of revelation which we found even among the Apostles and evangelists, will be found in a greater degree here. The persons by whom God's revelation is communicated are of the limited intelligence and moral capacity of their time. God, as we believe, does not lift them out of the natural conditions in which they live and grow. When men are at the stage when they are not yet capable of writing history or understanding science, God teaches them by means of myth and legend. When men are incapable of grasping the highest moral and spiritual truths, He will have them first master those creeds and immature ideas that will prepare them for better things. The message of God is always a call from a lower level to a higher, though that higher may be yet far from high. This is the view of God that is presented throughout the Bible—of One adjusting His high and holy ends to man's poor capacity of reason and of faith.

Thus we shall expect to find in the Old Testament not only historical inaccuracies and scientific errors, but moral crudity and imperfection. God, we believe, has elected to work for man's salvation under moral conditions. He has followed a process of self-revelation in accordance with which man is drawn, not driven, by which man, free and uncompelled, recognises and chooses the highest. And therefore it must be accommodated to man's vision. His eyes must be gradually strengthened by the twilight and the growing light ere he can look undazzled on the sun. But the twilight, too, bears witness to the coming noon, and the whole course of Jewish Scriptures bears unvarying testimony to the presence in Israel of the living God. "God," as has been said, "has taken the weak things of the world and things that are despised, and drawn near to us and spoken to our hearts through them."

The Bible is thus, in the Christian's belief, no level of monotonous revelation. God is one who, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, in many portions and in many manners, has spoken to man—in many portions and in many manners, but always revealing Himself so as to be found of them that sought Him. If this be so, we shall not look in the Bible for science or speculation or secular history. These things

may be found in it, but it is not its aim to supply them, but to supply the power and the presence of God. Its message comes to us by no external authority, but is established as authoritative only through our moral and spiritual perception. We may long to rest upon such infallible support the weakness of our flesh : the natural slothfulness of our spirit cries out for it. But God has called us, we believe, to a higher, if a harder, duty. Nothing shall usurp the authority that belongs to the only Lord of the conscience. Our faith must be a personal trust and surrender to Him, our righteousness must be the free homage of the heart to One whom the heart knows to be good. No book-belief, though it be belief in the most perfect of propositions, can take the place of that recognition and choice of good for which God has girded us with wills and kindled in us a spiritual vision.

N. MACNICOL. .

"BACK TO THE LAND."

EVERY unbiassed and prudent man would admit that the widespread teaching of English in India has done the greatest good. This is such an obviously sound opinion that it only needs to be stated first and foremost lest my object should be primarily and fatally misunderstood. Recent articles in *East & West* have commented upon and eloquently described the blessings and the lasting impressions for good which are the result of our educational policy. It is a fine thing, perhaps, that rulers should deliberately educate the ruled to self-government : here we have a policy which is, from the diplomatist's point of view, almost quixotic in its generosity, so much so that any but the most generous of rulers might well have hesitated to inaugurate it. But our Imperial spirit is nothing if not generous, nothing if not broad-minded : the idea of *divide et impera*, the selfish tenets of the old-world Imperialism—these have been justly discredited in the eyes of political foresight by historical instances.

India is a part of the Empire, and she shall, in the fulness of time, be a self-governing unit, devoted to the mother-country with a devotion born of love, not fear, with a loyalty fostered by affection, not dread of disaffections allied to her by an indissoluble allegiance, made strong and sure by the grateful bias of a common brotherhood rather than by any compelling bonds of servitude.

There may now and then be an overstraining here or a link snapped there, but the great and glorious chain is slowly being forged by a series of great men on both sides of the world, and the end we and all good citizens confidently and happily aspire to is even now in sight. There must be extraordinary patience, exquisite consideration, infinite sympathy : it may have been written that never shall East and West be able to meet ; it may be predicted that never will there be that equal spirit of common

brotherhood which is the essence of modern Imperialism as distinguished from the ancient and discredited types of Athens and Rome. But, as I understand, those who have ruled this country and those who now control its destiny have dared and do dare to look forward to such a consummation, and having put their hands to the plough, they did not and do not look back.

This is, to my mind, the clear answer to those small-minded cynics and opportunists who decry the higher education in India from the point of view of the rulers. I do not propose to examine or criticise here the principles, the theories, and the practice of those who are determining the course and the trend of this higher education. This is a difficult subject, and it is, perhaps, a subject for an expert only to handle: has there not been a Commission, moreover, of which the end is yet to transpire?

Let us admit this much, and in no grudging spirit, that the higher education is invaluable as being both necessary and complementary to our fixed policy and purpose, that the teaching of English has done an immense deal to forward India's supreme good, that it has opened her eyes (and sometimes ours too) to glorious possibilities, that it has dispelled fatal superstitions, torn the veil from unworthy mysteries, broadened narrow minds, taught noble principles, opened up new sources of knowledge, quickened tardy ambitions and soundest virtues, developed latent talents and fostered timorous aspirations, shedding a kindly glamour on the past and furnishing an unwavering beacon light for the future. Education has placed at the feet of India, through the medium of English, all the accumulated wealth of bygone ages, the thoughts of great men, their deeds, their lives. India reaps a ready-made harvest of much that germinated slowly, much that, although ill-nurtured and even trampled under, survived to be perfected by the trials of persecution through many disappointments and great tribulations.

All this being common knowledge, it is candidly admitted that our system and policy of education have done more than very much to promote the best and greatest good of India.

But this is not all: there are dangers in this development. We must be careful to see that the evolution is natural, that the remedy is not too drastic; we must realise that as our system is probably not perfect, the effects will probably not be wholly good;

for is not education, as a science, subject to the natural law of contrariety? One question, indeed, grows every day more important and more vital, and it is this—whether the teaching of English is not being overdone in rural areas. I hold that the teaching of English in rural areas is doing to-day, under the present system, more harm than good, that it should be curtailed and made more consistent with the needs of the people and the demands of the time.

Take any ordinary district—I prefer it not to be typical—and you will find that in five or six of the small rural head-quarter towns, English is taught. I am not sufficiently conversant with our somewhat elaborate educational system to go into details, and it is not necessary to do so. It will suffice to point out that in these schools English is taught in succession to a fairly complete course of elementary vernacular instruction to the better class of pupils, although they may have neither the means nor the opportunity to follow up such education to their own real profit. The result is that there is a very large and an increasingly large body of young men in the middle classes, who are deliberately invited and encouraged to learn a modicum of English. This is neither to their personal advantage, nor to the benefit of the State. The majority of these young men are filled with desires beyond their means. They are sons of well-to-do cultivators, of prosperous artisans and of landholders of position, and the inordinate ambitions in which they are led to revel impel them to desert their own spheres of life and to hope for Government service, railway clerkships, or a career at the local bar. The best wit and intelligence of the middle classes are specialised and diverted into three already much over-stocked professions. The local money-lender's son and the local landholder's son avoid the shop and the soil as degrading to their educated minds. This is a fact which fathers have come to realise. The Banya complains that his son must get "service," for he cannot, of course, mind the shop: a prominent landholder laments that his son has not secured the coveted post of a clerk on the railway on Rs. 10; "for," says he, "my son is literate and how can he cultivate the land? What can he do?" He cannot dig, and to beg he is ashamed!

This is all wrong, fatally wrong, and our educational system is mostly responsible for it. The educated native disdains the

profession of his fathers: the Banya's son should extend and develop his father's business and look after his father's clients, seeing that they till the land mortgaged to his father, efficiently and conscientiously; the artisan's son and the cultivator's son should use their education to better their trade or their holding. But they will not do so; they have learnt English, they belong to the educated class—I had almost said caste—they are gentlemen, they must wear the black coat and English shoes, symbols of educated decency. They must be clerks or pleaders, and nothing else.

This is indeed a problem which must be faced. Where is the return for the capital spent on education, even if the English-knowing son be fortunate enough to secure such a coveted position as a Rs. 10 clerkship for which many hundreds are applicants? The truth is that the supply of such persons is far in excess of the demand: at first this was, of course, the exception; now it is the rule everywhere. Pleadors are touting for clients, clerkships are not to be had: what can be done?

A knowledge of English is an undesirable and unhealthy ambition in hundreds of cases, simply because it leads the young intelligence of the country to thoughts and aspirations alien to its position. There would be great gain if the education of the cultivator's son and the artisan's son were to react favourably on the shop and the land, but it does not do so; the reaction is distinctly unfavourable, and I doubt whether under the present system it will ever be otherwise.

Let the higher education work out the country's salvation—as it assuredly will—but let us, before all things, make sure, let us make every effort to secure that only those who can afford the higher education embark upon it. Let us make it costly enough to deter from entering upon it those who cannot complete it and profit by it fully: let us not fill with a craze for expensive tastes, expensive habits and with a dislike for their natural pursuits those who cannot afford either the craze or the dislike. It may be argued that elevation of the mind is our object, and nothing else. But the sad truth remains that half those who think they can afford to learn English cannot afford to perfect their knowledge sufficiently to obtain an opening or career thereby. Thus the risk is too great. We want the higher education, but we want it for those who can use it well;

and not for those who will attain it sufficiently only to misuse it. Put it out of the reach of those who cannot afford it, make it a thing which the middle classes ought not normally to aspire to, as being beyond and above their sphere.

The whole error has arisen in a very simple way. Formerly there was no satisfactory education outside English text-books and English literature, and an education in English alone could open up to an enquiring mind the truths of science, the realities of life, the purpose and object of living, the philosophy of nature and natural laws. But this is all fortunately a thing of the past. There are vernacular text-books now of science and of knowledge in every branch. They are sufficient for the needs of the middle classes ; they will satisfy the wholesome natural desire for self-improvement, and they will do all this without at the same time encouraging inordinate and unnatural tastes. The argument that translations lose the spirit and force of the original applies only to those who study the literature of the English language, and none of those to whom I refer could venture or attempt to follow literature as a profession, for they require facts, not sentiments, information, not style, demonstration, not dissertation.

The ambition to know English is in itself laudable enough, but it should be primarily confined to those who will profit thereby, and it is our business to see that this is done. A policy of *laissez faire* in this respect is hardly characteristic of a paternal Government, hardly creditable and complimentary to those for whom the higher education is really meant and has done so much. The strengthening of the middle classes in their own sphere is the prominent and crying problem of to-day. To do this, I would place the learning of English beyond the means of the majority of the middle classes ; I would make the High School a place where only those should go who can afford the object and the results of the higher education ; and for the middle classes I would spend on technical education what is now spent on the teaching of English at least in rural areas. Let the well-to-do artisan's son and the well-to-do cultivator's son get their knowledge from vernacular text-books. Let them be taught to improve severally his trade and his land. Technical education is what is wanted ; scientific agriculture is the need of the time. Let the wit of the landholder's son go into the land, into his holding,

and not into the railway office ; let the teaching of English be confined to the central district town ; let the higher education be made an exclusive thing, and let the education of the middle classes be technical and agricultural. There will be no lack of lawyers—Heaven grant there might be a decrease in litigation !—no lack of clerks as a result of this. The present overcrowded market of legal talent and of English-knowing genius will still be more than capable of satisfying the normal requirements of the law of supply and demand. There will be less vagrancy in higher education, less pauperism of the civilised and undignified kind, less sentimental beggary, less discontent, less disappointment, less disaffection. These festering sores are but the result of unassimilated and undigested educational food : let us not encourage unnatural appetites and unwholesome cravings, but bring up each individual to believe less in patent foods and more in his mother's milk. It is the man educated out of his sphere who fails to understand the responsibilities of rulers and to appreciate the duties of the ruled. The educated Indian gentleman is a source of security to the Empire, an earnest of the true Imperialism to which India is—thank God—no longer a stranger ; but the miseducated man is a danger to himself and a peril to the community.

Above all things, let those who have profited by the higher education aid in this task ; let them correct the errors of the present while there is yet time, and help their own countrymen to see the real truth, the real benefits of education, higher, middle and lower. We have got the higher education with a vengeance ; the lower education is one of the most striking and complete justifications of British rule in India ; but let us not forget the middle education. The Mission schools are first and foremost in developing this feature ; they teach their converts to be good carpenters and joiners, good blacksmiths, good tailors, good masons and plumbers, good cultivators. The need has been widely recognised, and schemes are much talked of. Let us look forward to the time when there will be schools of technical instruction and model agricultural farms where things are done—not merely talked of—where they can be seen by all comers and taught to all who care to learn the actual details of practical work. The Congress and Social Conference would be doing untold good by harping on this subject, still more by taking a personal lead in

starting such institutions, which are of more value than many statues. They have not left it alone, true : but they should think less of their own views and aspirations and should see more of the cultivator and artisan as he is now, and look at things with his eyes : they would be well advised to identify themselves more with the practical needs of to-day and less, perhaps, with ambitions of the future.

Our educational system has a grand pinnacle and a sound foundation, but we want a more solid superstructure. Not all can be at the top, most must be at the bottom ; it is the middle that the top must look down to, it is the middle that the bottom must first aspire to. In climbing the ladder of civilisation, we cannot leave out the middle rungs ; the ascent must be slow and laborious, made step by step. It is, after all, the middle classes of great nations, who have made them mighty, strong, rich, prosperous, and powerful. They are the backbone of a nation, and upon them depend commercial prosperity and economic happiness.

Turn out the teaching of English from rural areas and spend the savings on technical education—that is the first step towards real improvement and real progress. Afterwards restore what you have turned out, if the times are ripe for such restoration. I do not want to be misunderstood. I must not be classed with those who hope to shine because they keep their environment dark and degraded, who think they can remain masters only so long as servants do not learn too much. Such an idea is apart from our policy, foreign to our ambition as rulers. But let us educate people to be self-sufficing in their own sphere, to that *autarkeia* which is the true happiness.

I would add briefly two things more, things that we can all do to help.

The difficulties in the way of technical education are great, and one of the greatest, perhaps, to those who have studied the question, is the spirit of caste. Though much is being done to eradicate moribund superstition and disparage the false pride and popularity of modern day martyrdom, caste still remains very strong. We are scotching the snake chiefly through education, and it is the duty of leaders of native thought to do something more. Fine oratory and long words may do something, but real, personal, practical, demonstrative effort is needed. Self-sacrifice and disregard

of cheap popularity are qualities which the higher education will assuredly not fail to supply, and to those who are too noble to be selfish, too proud to be merely popular, we look—and I cannot think, in vain—to take the lead in this matter. It is for them and them only to work out India's salvation in this respect. In any case, why should we not see the Brahman or the Banya an efficient landholder or an enlightened landlord? I heard it said recently by one who should know that cultivation is not a paying concern for the educated man because labourers are too lazy! What a confession! For lazy labourers and tenants require just that supervision of intellect, combined with the spirit of patient and authoritative perseverance, which any education can command.

It is significant that missionaries dealing with their own converts and having none of the difficulties of caste to face, have so far been most successful in this particular line, but I see no reason, as far as caste is concerned, why the Brahman and the Banya of our small towns and villages should not be first and foremost in reaping the benefits of technical education, more specially in the direction of scientific agriculture.

One more point, and I have done. Technical education should tend to make the middle classes more efficient in self-protection and self-reliance, and gradually, perhaps, there will be less work to be done by the rulers as the ruled learn to think and act more for themselves. This may lighten considerably the burden of the administration, and it is to be hoped that over-anglicisation will receive a wholesome check as other pursuits are invested with dignity and distinction.

The subject is a large one, beyond my time and space, but if there could be less talking and thinking in English, things would be better in hundreds of places. It is perhaps too obvious to say that every officer should know the vernacular excellently well, but the growth of the knowledge of English runs in a contrary direction. Let us remember that English was taught to help the native to see, not to help us to see; that we are to find him out for ourselves, and not he us, through others, and that his knowledge of English should not privilege him more than any other valuable asset of education. My point is this: let us not allow the growth of the knowledge of English to carry us away from the people and the middle classes.

More knowledge of the vernacular—as some men, still famous on that account at least, used to know it—is essential to correct the false value set on mere speaking of English by those who cannot speak it, to check the notion that they, if they could speak it, would be privileged. If we ourselves are dependent on this phase of the higher education (and are we not so, more day by day?) we instinctively encourage and increase one of the risks of it. The educated man must be taught to realise that a knowledge of English is not necessary to his material prosperity and salvation, that it is in itself nothing more to be proud of than a hundred other attainments and efficiencies which are as a matter of fact more worthy of his attention and efforts in his position as a citizen of the Empire.

These must not be taken as mere hard words: believe me, there is a pathetic side to the question whether a man of the middle classes, after the hardest study, the most exemplary self-denial, and an indefatigable struggle to master the most difficult of modern entities—our English language—will eventually command Rs. 10 per mensem—less than the salary of the washerman and half the pay of a native butler! Not only is the hire unworthy of the labourer, but often enough his intelligence runs amok. His views are not humble enough, his ambitions and aspirations carry him out of his sphere, excellent as they are in themselves. The educated artisan and cultivator are what we require—what they would have been but for the fatal mistakes which they were allowed to make and cannot redeem—and it is only their education which will make them more efficient, more skilful and happier men in the shop or on the land. The cultivator's son must be trained to believe that his salvation is on the soil and not off it, and we must never allow him to forget that his proper ambition is not to be better than a cultivator but to be the best cultivator of all.

There are exceptions which only justify the rule. We cannot all be called from the plough to rule the State; so let us learn first to plough well—no easy task, mind you!—and shape our education to that end. Then, if the times demand the man, we shall be available, and like the hero of old, we shall, no doubt, be glad enough to return to the plough for which the gods and destiny designed us!

Education is not a profession; it is neither the privilege of a class nor the prize of a sect ; and it is the bounden duty of every educated citizen to see that in this country it is proportioned to and consistent with the needs, the tastes, the habits and the genius of the people.

"JUNO,"

EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS.

I

THE East is always a land of enchantment—a land of perpetual wonders. Its glorious sunrise, bathing vast waving plains with golden effulgence, and suffusing snow-clad hill-tops with variegated radiance—its lofty and lordly mountains uprearing their hoary heads, as it were, in an attempt to peer into the secrets of the celestials above—its mighty, broad and expansive rivers, majestically rolling their volume of waters now through vast tracts of agriculture, smiling in their golden prime, now through banks mantled over with emerald profusion or studded with majestic trees bending their heads with a respectful bow to the holy flowing waters below, and musical with the carol of birds of brilliant plumage, and then again through the gorgeously built ghats, a waste of stairs alive with the sweet musical hum of the coy and delicate Indian girls, and the tinkling of their foot-ornaments as they descend the steps to fill their pitchers—its deep, dark forests with their canopies of leafy abundance, impervious to the ingress of the sun's rays and sanctified by the hermitages of the Indian yogis, whose solitary voice of the 'Ekoswoham' breaks the monotony of the prevailing silence—all these and many more similar objects have appealed with a peculiar fascination to the imagination of the practical, business-like and unsentimental Western. The lofty cupolas consecrated to Siva—the all-powerful God of weird mysteries; the thousand and one noble and magnificent temples—the scene of perpetual festivities, uproarious with the shouts of devotees; the Masjids of heaven-piercing turrets, from where the Mullah vociferates in sonorous tones his call to prayer to all pious Moslems; the magnificent mausoleums—at once the pride of man and the triumph of art, dedicated to the memory of the great dead—all these, with thousands of their minor details, fill up the panorama of an Indian view.

But what are the ideals of the East—especially of India: the

ideals that impart colour and shape to all our diverse activities and aspirations and render us adamant against all misfortunes? In the West, political independence is the highest ideal, to attain which no sacrifice is considered too great. Life has no charms but through it, and the history of European nations is the history, unbroken and unquestioned, of unceasing and unflagging efforts to preserve and work out this ideal. The love of liberty is inborn in every child in the West, and a man's life is only too well spent if in sacrificing himself he can advance the cause. The South African War between the English and the Boers was the latest illustration of the inextinguishable fire of patriotism enkindled in the breast of every Boer to fight for his country and his independence, irrespective of all considerations touching his life and property. But this is not the ruling ideal of the East—far less of India. Our ideal, clung to so tenaciously through all vicissitudes of fortune and through ages out of memory, is Spiritual Independence and Religious Liberty. Here one cannot tolerate any encroachment or submit calmly to any invasion. Take away from us everything that we possess, but leave us our religion intact. The rulers that were indiscreet and imprudent enough to meddle with that precious heritage of ours, undermined their own power, whilst those who abstained from such obnoxious interference rose to the zenith of glory and prosperity. The Moghal Empire, while it stood on the neutral principles of religious non-interference, was a glorious and magnificent empire, but the moment the fanaticism and bigotry of Aurangzeb began to manifest themselves, the downfall of Moslem rule came with a crash. In India everything is done through and for religion. To the Western scholar who has cared to study our ancient customs and ideals, it is manifest that our ancient civilisation in all its departments—literature, philosophy, science, music, dancing, painting, architecture, sculpture and other arts, which flourished at a time when the greater part of the West was steeped in darkness and barbarism—was permeated by a pure and simple religion.

Our highest music is the music of the Sama-Veda, chanted forth by the ancient sages in the fulness of their pious enthusiasm to the yet vague, unbounded deity of the heavens. Our dancing and music were cultivated in the temples. Our architecture is immortalised in hoary and age-stricken temples; our painting was lavished on temple walls; our sculpture would perhaps have been non-existent but for the carving and shaping of idols; our poetry, our philosophy

and our science are also strongly tinged with religion, and there is no scholar, Occidental or Oriental, who, ignoring the influence of our religion, can penetrate into the mysteries of our life or understand our literature. We discovered geometry while drawing circles and squares for the performance of our Homs; we brought to light the laws of the heavens while peopling them with our countless gods and goddesses; we developed our mathematics while making various calculations for the observance of our rituals. There is not a science or art more or less known to the ancient Hindus which did not derive its origin or development from some one or other religious rite. All our wealth, grandeur and outward glitter are a means to an end, and that end is the emancipation of the soul from its worldly trammels. Amidst all his trials and troubles, ups and downs, the Hindu thinks ever and anon of this lofty goal to be attained. Mighty rulers of ancient India spurned away sovereignty and retired into forests, inspired by this ideal. One of the four stages of life, so rigidly observed in ancient Aryavarta by rich and poor alike, was entirely devoted to retirement from the bustle and turmoil of the world, for the unceasing contemplation of metaphysical truths, in order to attain the sublime goal where the cover of manifoldness disappears, leaving the one eternal Atma severely alone. Life was and still is regarded as only a battle-field for such victories to be won as would raise the winner nearer and nearer to his God. It is not an end in itself but a means to the attainment of that something, which to the materialist sounds as mere nothing, being hidden from his gross vision, but to us as the truth of the most elevated import and significance.

Our ideal in society differs as vitally as it does in religion from that of the West. To us there is nothing more blessed than a joint family, where grandfather, father, mother, sisters and children—all live in peace and harmony under the same roof, merging their puny self-interests in the welfare of the whole family and bound up for weal or woe with each other for ever. The young arrivals in the family learn to shape their conduct and bearing on the models of their elders, and instead of aspiring to assert that independence which chafes at the yoke of sane discipline inevitable under such a system, learn to exercise self-restraint and self-effacement, which fit them better for the battle of actual life. One of the highest and noblest duties inculcated in the Hindu shastras is to serve one's old parents; and instances are not wanting even in these days of Westernised India where the

parents are daily worshipped and adored as if they were gods. The young couple after marriage is absorbed into the bosom of the family and thenceforth forms a part and parcel of it. And there are so many influences hemming in the young worldlings that they cannot possibly abandon the path of virtue and be inclined to frailty. Our scriptures make it obligatory upon us to support the helpless, disabled and needy members of the family and relations, be they ever so remote. A man who, possessing the wherewithal to observe this duty towards his kinsfolk, withholds his helping hand, is regarded as a disgrace to his family. It is not only for ourselves that we earn, but to help all those who can claim us as their relatives, and thus by the force of the social laws that cannot be defied, we learn to exercise self-restraint and to sacrifice our wants for the well-being of others—the first and prime duty of man.

Much has been said against our women, but infinitely more remains to be said for them. A foreigner is generally quite incompetent to speak on this subject for the simple reason that he is debarred by the rigour of our social customs from having a first-hand knowledge of our women. Our ideal in this respect is not to make them public speakers or advocates of political privileges, but to make them wives in the truest sense of the word—dutiful, loving, devoted, faithful, self-sacrificing wives ; and how far our attempts in this direction have succeeded will be amply evidenced by a glance at our homes or by the perusal of the biographical sketches—scanty, scrappy as they are—of some of the prominent women of the ancient and the modern time alike. What names are greater, brighter, more glorious in the history of the world than those of Sita, Uma, Damayanti, Draupadi, Sakuntala, Yasoda, Lilavati, Maitreyi, or Gargi ; in modern times Padmini, Ahalya Bai, Princess Krishna, Mira Bai, Rani Jhinda, Rani of Jhansi, and others. All that is lofty, pure, loving, chaste, self-denying, is centred in these, names. They are names that not only adorn the page of Indian history but are proud ornaments of the human race. The Eastern man, especially the Hindu, has been very much abused and reviled for his early marriage ; and though all legitimate criticism would command respect, any over-prejudiced and distorted observations deserve to be reprobated. If there is one reason for early marriage it is this—that the young girl, as soon as she enters the husband's house, needs to be passed through a training that would enable her to understand the traditions, ideals, usages of the family she has joined, and to study the habits and disposition of her husband

to whom she is indissolubly yoked : and no time is more favourable for this education than the plastic years of early youth, when all impressions are rapidly and deeply made. This training, imparted under the fostering care and loving solicitude of the mother and sisters-in-law, cannot but have the desired effect. She is taught what duties she owes to her husband, his parents and his other relatives, while he is taught to look upon her as the object of his most cherished hopes and love ; and a direction is given to their dawning love to flow in a particular channel. The institution of courtship is no new thing to the Hindu. He has had his days of it and of many other forms of marriage ; but his long experience has convinced him of the futility of all except the present form of marriage, which he has now adopted as the final improvement in this respect, and as best suited to his requirements.

I have already stated at the outset that religion is the atmosphere in which we live, move and have our being. It is therefore no wonder that our social institutions are based upon that fundamental consideration. Our ultimate goal is spiritual life, to which all other considerations, however important in themselves, are subordinate. In order to secure the blessing of a spiritual life, purity of blood becomes an important question, which inevitably involves the chastity of woman in the race. Once accept the significance of this keynote, and the institutions of caste, early marriage, purda system—always the butts of so much criticism—assume an importance which is as self-evident as it is unquestionable. Is not the system of caste a safeguard against the commingling of bloods and a means for the preservation of the purity of the race ? Behold what havoc has been wrought in this respect where these precautions, which with us have culminated in the hard and fast rules of the caste system, have not been adopted by the people ! Similarly, is it not plain what good is intended to be secured by the keeping up of the institutions of early marriage and the purda system ? They considerably check the temptations which the undisciplined young heart of a girl and the free intercourse with the male sex would give rise to. True it is that these customs did not exist, or if they existed, were not so rigidly observed, in ancient times in India, when the Hindus were at the zenith of their glory, for with the simplicity of their life and the spiritual complexion of their civilisation, the temptations they are intended to guard against were few, if any ; but with the lapse of time and the increasing tide of foreign invasions and foreign domination in the country, when the chastity of our women seemed to be threatened and the adulteration and deterioration of the Hindu race was imminent,

it was considered indispensable to provide some safeguard against the impending danger, and these customs are the result.

Many evils have sprung up amongst us, yet it would be foolish to give up the principle for the sake of the adventitious evils which inevitably gather round a system as time wears on. Our aim is to preserve the integrity of the Hindu race, and it is not impossible that the coming generations would recognise the solid virtues hidden in the present worn-out institutions and attempt to restore and revive the ancient ideals, being grateful—as they must be—to us for having preserved them. Our women, therefore, contribute their own quota towards the upkeep of the spiritual life which is our national ideal. In subordinating all her desires and inclinations to those of her husband, the Hindu wife is not only observing the laws of matrimonial duty or manifesting her deep-seated love towards her husband, but is passing through that spiritual discipline which, according to the Hindu Shastras, would lead to the spiritual bliss for which all Hindus, young or old, male or female, alike live and strive. In short, the Hindu ideal of a wife consists in her being rich in all the qualities of the heart even to the exclusion of those of the head. She must be virtuous, pure, modest, dutiful, loving, devoted, well-mannered, pious, spiritually disposed, self-denying, self-sacrificing even to the point of immolating herself on her husband's funeral pyre. Her intellectual endowments are of secondary importance, and hence such qualities as being a public speaker, an acute debater, a luminous writer, &c.—qualities which would elicit raptures of admiration in the West—would count very little indeed in the eye of the Hindu, unless the same are supported by the tender virtues of the heart. Let it never be understood that because the Eastern, especially the Hindu, does not demand a high culture from woman, he makes light of it and disparages it; far from it. The Hindu boasts of women who, in an age of high intellectual aptitude were able to hold their own against the keenest of philosophers in metaphysical discussions. The Hindu woman has not been without her intellectual triumphs in the history of this country—but this is not the ideal that is aimed at. The Hindu ideal of a wife will ever remain centred in Sita, the loving, self-sacrificing Sita, who for the sake of her husband discarded all the luxuries and comforts which wealth could command, and endured the hardships of an exile's life. Damayanti, Savitri and many others mentioned before, are also angelic guides on the same road of virtue.

The ideals of a son, brother, father, king, and a servant are amply

illustrated in the Ramayana, one of the two great epic poems of the Hindus ; what brighter type of a son than Rama, of a brother than Lakshmana, of a father than Dasaratha, of a king than Rama, of a servant than Hanuman, is there in the world ? If political ideals are needed, where could we get higher and nobler types of rulers than Raja Yudhisthira, Harischandra, Sivi and Bali ? In what high veneration truth was held by the ancient Hindus, is amply evidenced by their worshipping it as their God and by the conduct and career of some of their kings. Raja Harischandra, rather than retain his kingdom and its luxuries, discarded them without a pang when the alternative between losing his sovereignty and breaking his word was presented to him. His wife, his loving child, what misery and anguish fell to their share ! Raja Dasaratha sacrificed himself, but did not break his pledge, extorted though it was in an unguarded moment. Bali would give up his dominions, nay his very body, rather than shrink from the performance of his promise. Sivi would cut out flesh from his body and expose himself to imminent death, but would protect the needy who had taken shelter under him. There were kings who during the prevalence of famine in their dominions never took food until they had fed their subjects. Their granaries, their stores, nay, the whole of their resources, were thrown open and devoted to alleviating the sufferings of the famished subjects. True it is that diplomacy was not unknown in those days, but it was to be resorted to in the last hour of need against the wicked, who were the terror of all virtuous and pious men.

Even our military ideals have a tinge of religiousness about them. The most terrible hell yawns for the coward or the fugitive from the battle-field, whilst the highest and most coveted of honours in this world and the world to come await the hero, and there is no Kshatriya who would consider life worth living, were he deprived of the prestige belonging to his family by the most advanced chivalrous rules of our military code. Our soldiers are never to lift a weapon against a eunuch, a coward and a woman. Drona—one of the most accomplished warriors of ancient India—gave up his weapons and suffered himself to be slain when encountered with Sakuni, a eunuch. The Hindu, whose eye is always turned heavenwards, is not the turbulent, ambitious soldier, who always strives to invade and swoop down upon another's rights and property ; but when he is challenged to a battle or the alternative of fighting is forced upon him, not one of his thirty-three crores of gods can prevent him from going to the battle.

All our great wars were forced upon us ; they were not of our own seeking. On the other hand, no efforts were spared to avoid them. To fight a battle is considered a sacred duty, and any attempt to shirk it is accompanied by universal derision and odium. When Arjun—one of the five mighty Pandavas in the war of Mahabharat—came forth into the battle-field, and on looking round, saw the faces of all his friends and relatives who had come to fight and whom he was expected to slay, he was filled with emotion and he laid down his arms preparatory to the abandonment of his resolve to fight. He could not understand why for his own selfish ends he should kill so many friends dear and near to him. He would rather run away from the field and like to be branded as a coward than voluntarily aid in the slaughter of those who were so dear to him and without whom there was no happiness for him in the world. But Krishna, the greatest diplomatist and statesman of the time, explained his duty to the Pandava, saying that he could not possibly shrink from the battle-field without incurring the universal derision and odium, forfeiting at the same time all claims that he had as a warrior. But when no worldly exhortations and persuasions prevailed, Krishna had to give a spiritual complexion to the whole affair, and the highest metaphysical truths embodied in that book of worldwide renown, the Gita, were uttered, exalting the performance of one's duty above earth and heaven. Whether the loftiest philosophy was distorted to answer diplomatic purposes, or whether worldly wisdom was held forth under the imposing mask of spiritual truth, it is certain that were it not preached and acted upon, the Kshatriyas would have never received the encouragement to perform their duty undaunted by dangers and difficulties.

In our dress we are economical. The ornaments which our women delight in are not liable to that wear and tear which makes a costly gown unfit for use after a time. Our ideal deprecates the slaughter of innocent life for our food, and inculcates temperance. If the East has its faults it is not without its virtues ; and though the West may appeal to our imagination with imposing splendour, we must remember that all that glitters is not gold. We are not a powerful nation, we cannot make the world feel our existence. Our great virtues are liable to be minimised, and our little defects are magnified as the all-pervading characteristics of the people. The sun has now travelled westwards, to complete his revolution.

II

PROVIDENCE has brought the West in contact with the East, and though two centuries have elapsed since we came together, yet at best, we have only misunderstood each other. The East accuses the West of pride, haughtiness and reserve, and the West accuses the East of supersensitiveness, untruthfulness and lassitude—not to speak of ignorance and superstition. Thus, unfortunately, there is a gulf between the East and the West, which seems difficult to be bridged over. In order that the East and the West may be linked together in a common brotherhood (which must be the ultimate purpose of God), many obstacles must be removed, and a great deal of misunderstanding on both sides must ultimately vanish.

Mr. Meredith Townsend, in an article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, summed up the characteristics of the European and the Asiatic as follows :—

“ The truth is that the European is essentially secular, that is, intent on securing objects that he can see ; and the Asiatic essentially religious, that is, intent on obedience to powers that he cannot see, but can imagine. There is also in the Asiatic mind a special political and a special social idea. It is not by accident that the European desires self-government and the Asiatic to be governed by an absolute will. The European holds government to be an earthly business, which he may manage as well as any other, if he is only competent ; while the Asiatic holds that power is divine and that a good King ought to be enabled to crush the bad and nourish the good without check or hindrance. The Asiatic, believing that his social system is divine, is content with it, clings to it, and resents interference with it, with a passion that leads to bloodshed, where bloodshed is possible. He is aware, keenly aware, that white Government, sooner or later, involves revolution in his social system, and he hates it with an undying hatred, such as an Irish peasant feels for the agent who may some day evict him and who meanwhile levies rent.”

There is a great deal of truth in the above statements. Can the European and the Asiatic exchange their qualities and evolve a common character ? To answer this question, one must inquire how their respective characteristics have been evolved in the past. It is usual to look up to Science for help in this inquiry. Darwin

and Wallace started the theory that both in the vegetable and in the animal world, all living organisms adapt themselves to their environment, and modify their character in their struggle for existence. These characters are transmitted from one generation to another, and remain permanent as long as their environment remains unchanged. This theory has since been extended to the domain of moral phenomena. Among historians, Buckle, with his grand generalisations, however imperfect, has produced the greatest influence on the philosophy of national characteristics. One of his propositions was that "climate, soil, food and the aspects of Nature, are the primary causes of intellectual progress—the first three indirectly, through determining the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and the last by directly influencing the accumulation, and distribution of thought, the imagination being stimulated and the understanding subdued when the phenomena of the external world are sublime and terrible, the understanding being emboldened and the imagination curbed when they are small and feeble." The Western Aryans have lived in a country where climate and soil are suited to develop the active qualities of the people; while the Eastern Aryans have inhabited the sunny and fertile plains of Asia and thus developed exactly opposite traits of character. On this theory, if it contained the whole truth, the gulf between the nations of the East and the West can never be bridged over, any more than we can change the course of the planets, or divert the flow of the Ganges or the Brahmaputra. But character is a moral entity and responds to the influence of moral environments. These may originally be determined by physical factors, but unlike physical environments, they are transferable. And herein lies the hope of those who believe that East and West can meet. The first step is to understand and remember the reason of the differences; the next step is the adoption of the best ideals on either side. The Western Aryan eats beef, because he thought he could not do without it in his climate. But in India, where for six months in the year, it is intensely warm, easily digestible products of the vegetable creation are all that the higher classes need. Beef is not only unsuited to this climate, but is positively injurious to health, if indulged in in the same way as in the West. The farmer in the West begins his work at 8 a.m. and works all the day long, but the Indian farmer will break down under such continuous toil. The energy of the Western is like that of a Leyden jar with a high potential: it requires to be constantly supplied in order that it may act efficiently. But that of the Eastern is like a galvanic

cell, with a current at a low potential. The Eastern Aryan works for years in the plains without taking much rest, but he works at a low potential, while the Aryan of the West has to supply himself with fresh energy by running up to a hill station every year for a few weeks and by taking long furlough every seven years. This enables him to work at a high potential, and he treats with contempt the lassitude of his Eastern brother. To understand all this is the first step. The next step is to adopt an improved moral environment. Reason does not vary with climate and food : it can distinguish between what is and what ought to be. Here again, Science teaches us that all true progress must be by gradual evolution, and not by sudden revolutions. Not by pouring new wine into old bottles, but by retaining what is best and noblest in our institutions and by gradually assimilating those that are needful for further development, will progress be attained.

God is no respecter of nations, no respecter of colour. He pours forth His blessings on all, even as He causes His sun to shine in the East as well as in the West. Such virtues as love, sympathy, sacrifice, large-heartedness are not the monopoly of any one nation. There may be differences in degree according to the fullest light which each nation receives. But even in the midst of what is regarded as the darkness of heathendom, there are characters that may not be found in Christendom. "I have not found such great faith, nay not even in Israel," was the verdict of Christ. Away in Scotland, I stood once on the summit of a hill and witnessed two sights: on my right there was a grand waterfall, dashing and foaming as it cut along the stony cliffs, roaring and thundering on all sides and finally emptying itself at the foot of the hill; on the other side there was a gentle stream, which flowed calmly and majestically, widening its banks, and gradually increasing its volume till it became a large river. Some miles further away the two waters blended together, and the united stream flowed along carrying fertility and bringing joy and happiness to thousands of people. So will the East and the West unite.

Not like to like, but like in difference,
 Yet in the long years, linked must we grow,
 The West be more of the East, the East of West.

Self-reverencing each, and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities.
 But like each other ever as those who love.

J. S. MARTYN.

THE LATE JAM VIBHAJI.

THE recent installation at Jamnagar recalls memories which readers of *East & West* may, perhaps, like to share, each from his Eastern or Western bias. It brings back to mind my Kathiawar Campaign of 1878, the first of my Raja-hunting expeditions. Yes, Sir, Viceroys and Governors, Rajas and Nawabs, may go in for ordinary *shikar*, sometimes "made to order." It has been given to your humble servant to hunt the *shikaris* themselves. Among these, too, I have seldom troubled myself about small game—it was the real Rajput or Moslem quarry I kept in view when out hunting. Many a Rajmahal have I laid siege to, in my day; many a live Raja have I pursued with tongue or pen, more potent than weapons of brass or steel. It is true, alas! that none of the *shikar* fell readily to my share; the majority betook themselves to the jungle of the Zenana, from which the cleverest of beaters could not tempt them out. The pursuit of such I call a wild-goose chase. Still, the pleasure is in the pursuit, not in the possession; and in the days of yore I loved to run down my quarry, though hunting and shooting, as such, are strictly forbidden by my religion. Some few of my *shikar* made a gallant fight of it, standing at bay like born warriors, and died game when it came to that. The late Jam Vibhaji, or *Jam-sab*, as he was affectionately called, was one of the Rajput lions I had the rare good luck of bagging. My first encounter with him took place in 1878-9. I had just left school, and was taken in hand, at the instance of the first Sir Cowasji Jehangir, by Mr. Martin Wood of the *Times of India*, then about to start a weekly Review. Mr. Wood sent me as ambassador to some of the Native Durbars, armed with introductions, and equipped with no end of camp kit, including a hand-filter, which looked and worked very much like a *hooka*. Blessed hubble-bubble! I found it invaluable, not only in sucking up purified water from the dirtiest of wayside pools, but in charming or holding in check the simple village folk clustering around us in defiance of the laws of society. Mr. Wood's foresight had provided

me with an old telescope also, which I used as a gun in scaring away the crows and the pariah dogs that infested some of the watercourses of Kathiawar (drawn thither by stray carcasses), and in keeping inquisitive street-boys at a distance. The telescope creaked ominously as I pulled it to its full length, and the small boys, the pariahs and the crows often mistook it for a fire-arm. No, Mr. Wood was too serious a mentor to teach me such a trick—it was all my own invention. But at parting he had said—"Whatever you do or fail to do, pray do not die in Kathiawar!" Die! And in so glorious a cause! Not if I could help it. "Whoever has to die for it," I assured my nervous old chief, "I mean to return alive in less than six months with the sinews of war for your hebdomadal." Mr. Wood started his Review, and I started my campaign of exploitation, hunting the Rajas, hypnotising their Dewans, spoiling the appetite of the Political Agents—and despatching a weekly account of my executions for readers of the *Bombay Review*, for which the Editor allowed me Rs. 30 the column, besides travelling expenses, the *bakshis* of books and nicknacks dear to the heart of an adventurous exile.

It was from Kachh-Mandvi that I crossed over to Jamnagar in a country fiat. I was received, on landing, by the Jam Sahib's Private Secretary, Ratanji Gustadji, one of those Nature's noblemen whom you find sometimes unaccountably mixed up with thieves and cut-throats. The same afternoon Ratanji and others escorted me to the Khas Durbar, got up in my honour, attended by the principal State officials, the Court astrologer, the physician, the poet, *et hoc genus omne*, headed by the *taēfa*, that is, the band of singing and dancing girls. This was a very loud show for a wandering minstrel of 24. But I had seen Durbars before, and could fall in easily with the most sudden change of scenes or circumstances. I put off my shoes before entering the hall, and saw at a glance that the crafty old Durbaris were about to test my knowledge of Durbar etiquette. His Highness was sitting in the chair of state, with a smaller chair standing unoccupied by his side. The rest of the company were squatting placidly on the floor. The company stood up as we entered, salaaming, and the *taēfa* struck up a note of welcome. Jam Sahib sat erect in his chair, acknowledging my salaam with a slight bend of his head, and pointing casually to the empty chair beside him. Bowing to the company, to the right and to the left, I walked leisurely up to the corner monopolised by the Brahman astrologer (easily recognised on account of his dress) and sat down to his left, facing the master of ceremonies, a fierce-looking Rathod or Jareja. "*Hán, hán,*

hán," cried out His Highness as I was in the act of sitting down on the floor, as if to deprecate undue humility, and again pointing to the unoccupied chair. But I stuck fast to my portion of the carpet, showing to Jam Sahib and his courtiers that I knew my place at a formal Durbār. And what did Jam Sahib show? A blush on his cheek. The Rajput Chief of nearly fifty looked positively red in the face. Dear old Jam Sahib! As transparent in character as he was in countenance. A full-blooded, athletic-looking Rajput, born to love (and be deceived) more than to command, with large, liquid eyes, suggesting want of will but plenty of genial humour. The Jam's was a character which you could read as you ran.

The playing of the *tañfa* made conversation impossible for some time. The musicians seemed pretty well advanced in age, if not in knowledge of their art. They had little of voice or appearance to attract one, but made up by a lavish display of ornaments. Their instruments, as gaudily dressed as their persons, emitted strange, weird, plaintive sounds, scarcely appropriate to the occasion. The leader of the orchestra, "fair, fat and forty," now got up for what threatened to be a waltz; and as she struck her capacious right foot against the carpeted floor and arranged her *sari* rakishly round her neck and waist, I prepared myself for a treat. As a boy I had heard Khorshed of Surat (old Khanderao Gaikwar's favourite) sing, and seen her dance, and could tell a good performance from a bad one. But the entertainment that the Jam Sahib gave that day was beyond me. Its echoes are still deafening my ears. What lung power that mighty songstress had! The noise she made was fairly stupefying. It bore down upon the audience, listening with semi-idiotic smiles, like a runaway steam engine of x horsepower. And my heart palpitated with vague apprehensions as the amazon shrieked and gyrated, ogled and gesticulated for my benefit. "Woe unto me", I said to myself, dodging her looks of love and encroaching further and further on the old astrologer's seat, "if this daughter of the Gandharvas drifts within touching distance." Luckily, it was found too late for a regular dance that evening. Had the performer taken it into her head to give us a taste of her Terpsichorean prowess, she might have trampled half the company to death.

At a sign from the Jam Sahib the music ceased at once. Turning to me, His Highness asked for Bombay *khabar*, about the object of my visit, and so on. I spoke to him briefly, explaining the advantages of a pro-Native journal conducted by a veteran Englishman, and requesting H. H. to give the venture a princely start. All eyes were now

turned towards the Jam. In a minute H. H. brought the five fingers of his right hand together, and showed the hand thrice to his Dewan. This was greeted by a buzz of admiration from the audience. My own head turned giddy at such unexpected good luck. Three times five thousand rupees ! Why, that is enough to launch the best weekly paper on. The Durbar was soon over, with an invitation to dinner, for me, stammered by H. H. in his peculiar lisp. Mr. Kharkar, the Dewan, now carried me off to his bungalow, and over a glass of iced sherbet, he took me into his confidence. The Jam Sahib had ordered him to present the promoters of our Review with Rs. 15,000. But the balance in the Treasury was under Rs. 500 ! "What is to be done ?", I asked piteously, stunned by sudden disappointment. Here ensued a pause. The tension on both sides was too severe for words. At last the Dewan asked shamefacedly—"Will you take Rs. 1,000 ?" "Done," I replied, picking up courage ; "please send a hundi to Bombay." One thousand in hand is better than fifteen thousand in—an empty treasury. And reading my thoughts, Naib Dewan Joglekar observed, "You are a born general." "Give us introductions to make up the balance of fourteen thousand," I now said to him and the Dewan. They did this promptly, getting the Jam Sahib to write to his friends. I stayed at Jamnagar nearly a week, went to dinner with H. H., partaking of his famous venision *pulao* and his still more famous rose-wine, a medicated liqueur which I would defy the cunningest of monks or friars to surpass in pungency and flavour. On leaving, Jam Sahib gave me the usual *poshak*, with a *lek*h offering a certain grant-in-aid towards my literary works. The night before my departure the Durbar astrologer, with whom I had become rather chummy, cast my horoscope, and between his crazy calculations he told me the story of the banishment of the Jam's eldest son. What a tale !—the son's hand against the father, and the father's against the son. Both were probably fulfilling the law of Karma, the inexorable decree of what the Westerns call Nemesis. But how cruel, how unnatural ! Did the Jam, good easy man, ever feel remorse ? Who can tell ? Any way, his life since is said to have been a mere drift—without plan or purpose, without even the show of personal responsibility.

A few years later Jam Sahib's Dewan and two Parsi friends came to see me at Bombay. They were on their way to Simla on a political errand, and asked me to introduce them to friends. This I gladly did, for the Jam's sake. The mission succeeded, not because of my paltry introductions, but because the Government of India consi-

dered a first-class Chief competent to do what Jam Sahib contemplated doing, although the Bombay Government had objected to the course. I soon forgot this incident, and was myself forgotten by the Jamnagar friends. Later on it came to my knowledge that these gentlemen had been richly rewarded by Jam Sahib on their return from Simla. Why not? They had worked for him. One of the party, years afterwards, seems to have told H. H. about their having received notes of introduction from his young Parsi visitor of '78. Jam Sahib remembered the visit, wondered why the visitor had not turned up again, and asked why the fact of his having helped the mission had not been mentioned to him in time. Forthwith the grateful Rajput sent me an invitation. I asked the Political authorities for permission to visit Jamnagar, which was readily granted. H. H. had sent down an escort as far as Wadhwan, whence I was taken to Rajkot. From Rajkot they drove me in state to Jamnagar, where H. H. gave me a hearty welcome. Jam Sahib had changed very much since our first meeting, and he told me I had also become old in the interval. We met almost daily, but always in company. His men would not let us come together by ourselves. One early morning, however, Jam Sahib slipped away quietly, after the *puja*, and overtaking me in my solitary walk, drove off to Beri Bunder. During the conversation that followed I gave vent to my feelings. Why is Jamnagar like a rudderless ship, ever and anon striking against the rocks? Why is the garden of Kathiawar so poor? "Jam Sab, won't you make one supreme effort to re-arrange your affairs? Government are so friendly towards you, they will be delighted to help. Do try, Jam Sab; is this impossible to a Rajput, the father of over 3,00,000?" The old lion, now shrunk to the dimensions of a half-starved sheep, looked sheepishly about, and with his poor old eyes glistening with unshed tears, muttered, "*Sethsab, rehevado, javado* (Let it be, let it go); what life have I left now? Let Sirkar do what they like after I am gone." "Can we do nothing for your honour, for the happiness of your people?" I pleaded in dead earnest. "What can I say?" he replied helplessly; "you are our own; you have helped to save this *gadi* twice; nothing remains to be done," he stammered finally, giving the sea a long, wistful look before we turned back from it. Words, looks, manner, all testified to the once gallant Rajput having lost heart over everything, never to recover it. What use prolonging the agony? Would to God I had met him earlier, or he had listened in time to other true friends, eager to serve him.

At leave-taking Jam Sahib presented me with a *poshak* in semi-

public Durbar, a hundi for three or five thousand rupees, a number of gold trinkets "for my Bai and the children," and the inevitable *lekhs*. Jam Sahib was fond of scattering these slips of paper. They meant very little for the recipients, but it gave him pleasure to be known as a patron of virtue or learning. We shook hands in mournful silence at parting, but as I drove past the Durbargarh, Jam Sahib mounted one of the benches, and cried out after me—"Seth sab, padharjo, vehla vehla padharjo" (Come back, come back soon). I stood up in the carriage, and knowing not what else to say, wafted to him the well-worn, and in this case inappropriate, Sanskrit benediction, *Kalyan mastu*. Something seemed to have stuck in Jam Sahib's throat as he cried out to me. Something seemed to choke up my own heart as I gave him my final blessing. Both mishaps told me this was my last interview on earth with perhaps the last of the brave Jareja clan in Kathiawar, a beau ideal of chivalry and hospitality.

The ornaments were left in charge of one of the Durbaris, who brought them over to my quarters the same evening, slightly reduced in number and somewhat ill-sorted. I mentioned this to a friend in the morning, but the only consolation he could afford was—"It is lucky the gold has remained gold." With these words ringing in my ears I left the capital of Jam Shri Vibhaji, son of Ranmalji, "hero of the battle-field."

One of the first things I did on returning to Bombay was to write to H. H.'s Private Secretary, sending back the *lekhs* which I had accepted only to "please my old friend, and requesting him to tell Jam Sahib that if ever I needed help for any of my literary ventures, I would let him know. This proved to be a wise precaution; for a few weeks later I had a formal note from the Dewan (who did not know I had returned the *lekhs*) saying the paper should be considered cancelled, as the State was very poorly off. I referred the Dewan to my letter to the Private Secretary, advising him at the same time, in a friendly manner, not to issue *lekhs* to all and sundry when there was no chance of redeeming them. Soon after this I was congratulated by a high officer of Government on the alleged handsome recognition of my public services by H. H. the Jam. On being asked what he meant, the officer alluded to the "lakh," assuring me that such reward in my case would give general satisfaction. When I placed the facts before him, however, my official friend indulged in a rather prolonged whistle, at the end of which whistling I think I caught the sound of a monosyllabic utterance of which usually brings relief to an irate Anglo-Saxon. After all, it was a very small mistake—an *a* for an *e*. But "Oh! the difference to me!"

Let the Native State politician alone for floating canards. Not the highest position, not the purest reputation is free from the venom of his tongue. He talks jauntily of lakhs having been carried away by this officer or that officer's wife, of thousands having been spent on this dinner or that breakfast (from Rs. 50 to Rs. 100 per guest), of priceless precious stones having been pocketed by such and such visitors. You may even find what are called dark entries in the account books of the State. And unless you happen to know its ways—each State has its peculiar ways of keeping accounts—you may believe almost anything against almost anybody. The *Deshi* politician can also play you off neatly against his opponents, making much of you outwardly whilst in reality he is using you for his own purposes. The less you have to do with our Native States gentry, the better for your peace of mind. Their ideals and their ways of work are so different from ours; and their tenure of power, to do them justice, depends so much upon devious methods. As to myself, late though I have learnt this lesson, I should like to know the prince who could say he has done more for me than I have done for him. More than once have I risked life and honour in serving this unhappy class of my countrymen; and more than once have I been betrayed, perhaps unwittingly, perhaps through sheer helplessness. On the other hand, I have sometimes spoken and written to them in language that might have cost another man his head.

And now, on the eve of settling my little account with this big, big world wherein I have always felt at sea, it may perhaps be an act of true charity to take the *quidnuncs* into confidence. What are lakhs and crores to a pilgrim of the Mazdian faith, here to-day, gone to-morrow?—to a fakir who has adopted the world as his home and mankind as his family? What matters it to such an one whether *he* has the good things of life or his neighbour has them? He is thankful to know he has had enough and to spare, even after consecrating the larger half of his revenues to the service of his fellow-creatures. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that he has made others dedicate a great deal more of their substance to the same sacred cause. It is pitiful to have to retail personal gossip. But to one without clubs, coteries or other channels of whispered communication, this seems to be the only way open to meet slander.

Let me conclude with a few words about Jam Jaswantsinghji, installed the other day under British protection and guidance. What is to be his future? The future alone can answer. I have not seen him since he was a boy of five or six, under a kind-hearted English lady as

Superintendent of Studies. His people are said to have already given him four wives, that is, given him away to four distractors of his hopeful young life, to pull him perhaps in four different directions. "A doubtful beginning," you will say. Well, not half so doubtful by itself, remembering that his dear old dad had sixteen Ba-Sabs to bask in the sunshine of his royal bosom.

MRS. LEMESURIER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOU needn't be abnormally obstinate to feel a strong desire to stick to your own opinions all the more because your friends assure you your surmises are entirely wrong. But LeMesurier felt that whatever his private conclusions might be, he had no right to make them public unless he had more evidence than he possessed at this time. He was glad to be able to come to this decision. He did not want to hurt his wife by accusing her friends of a crime.

And yet he could not erase from his mind the remembrance that Sybil knew what had happened on that night. If Herdon's death had been an accident why could not she have told him so?

It was hard to know what to believe. When he met his beautiful young wife after their short separation, he felt again all the raptures of a lover. He would not, if he could help himself, do anything to mar the happiness of this dear woman. He hoped his next interview with Shere Ali would leave him free to follow his inclinations, that nothing would be said to force him to see his duty and his desires pointed to different paths.

"How lovely you are!" he murmured as he stroked his wife's soft hair; "from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, there is no blemish in you. How happy I am in your love!"

"You are sure I have made you happy?" she asked.

"Quite sure—perfectly and unutterably happy; and you?"

"Oh, I,—I have been in heaven from the day I married you—one year of ideal happiness! Has any one a right to ask for more in a lifetime?"

"We are going to have many more," Basil laughed confidently. "Why, I have always been told that the first year of matrimony is the one that tries love most. We have stood the test—at least you have. I cannot believe I am as faultless in your eyes as you are in mine."

"Cannot you? Don't you know, dearest, that you are to me the type of all that is best and noblest in man? I honour you, Basil, as well as love you, and know that whatever happens in the future, you will do what is right."

"At any rate let us hope I will always try to do what is right," said Basil; "and now I am afraid it is right for me to leave you and go off to my office. I don't think my chief will consider it a sufficient excuse for neglecting my work, that I have the most beautiful wife in India and cannot tear myself from her."

"Yes, I suppose you must go," returned Sybil. "Kiss me once more, beloved."

So they parted—he with heart full of love and trust, she with the shadow of a great fear on her soul. For now that the moment was near when her husband must find out that Shere Ali had been sent away from Shal, Mrs. LeMesurier felt that a crisis in her life was at hand. Could Basil fail to suspect the pressure that had been brought to bear to hasten the prisoner's departure? Would he guess her share in it?

He would be angry. Mrs. Sandeman had warned her to expect that; but how long would his wrath last? Surely he would forgive her! He loved her so passionately, and is there anything a man will not forgive to the woman he loves? Could Basil do anything to alter her feelings for him?

She looked out into the world that was bursting into fresh spring life, and took hope. How beautiful it all was! The cold dreary winter was over; already the almond trees were shedding their pale petals; the delicate green was showing itself among the white billows of plum blossom, and the peach trees were standing out in clearest rose against the soft tresses of the weeping willows.

It was all so fair and sweet. Must not life be the same? Her young pulses were thrilling with the very joy of living and loving. This could not be the end of it all. Basil would not—could not quarrel with her. She would have been more confident, had she known how much of late his thoughts had wavered, how desirous he was of finding no further proof against Nan. But never in their letters had either alluded to the subject, and she had no conception of the tendency of his later conclusions.

A horse was trotting along the road, it was coming nearer, had turned in at the gate. It must be Basil returning. Had the critical moment come? She could feel her heart beating wildly. Her hands were icy cold. She bit her lips hard to bring back the colour she knew was slowly ebbing.

LeMesurier entered the house and came slowly along the passage into the drawing room. For a moment, coming out of the glare, he could not see clearly.

"Sybil!" he said; and his wife sank back into the chair with a little gasp, for there was that in his face and voice which she had never seen or heard before.

CHAPTER XIX.

For a minute neither spoke. LeMesurier was in a white-heat of passion. He neither saw nor cared to see the agitation of his wife.

He was one of those men who rarely lose their temper. The ordinary rubs of life he took with great calm. He never fretted over trifles, nor wore away the force of his wrath by perpetual small ebullitions.

But this time he considered he did well to be angry, and he gave the rein to his indignation.

At first, when he heard at his office that Shere Ali had already been tried and transported, he was a little annoyed. But he could not

restrain a smile as he reflected that if this removal of the prisoner were in any way due to Sybil or Mrs. Sandeman, their precautions were childishly ineffectual. There was nothing to prevent Shere Ali's evidence being taken in the Andamans by the jailor in charge, or even, if necessary, for Basil to follow the prisoner and overtake him.

Without a moment's hesitation an urgent telegram was sent to the port of embarkation requesting that Shere Ali should be detained till further orders. But before LeMesurier left his office an answer came to the effect that the prisoner was dead.

And now the young man's fury blazed up. Whether Shere Ali had any information or not of value could never now be known, but the police officer was quite convinced that something had happened that it was considered advisable for him not to hear.

He was on the track of a crime, and two women had deliberately tried to divert his course. Was he going to allow justice to be baffled, to let the guilty escape, because Mrs. Sandeman feared a scandal in the regiment and his wife wanted to shield her friend? Impossible! The idea was preposterous. With every sense of right and wrong outraged he flung himself into Sybil's presence.

"What is this I hear?" he asked. "What have you been doing during my absence? You and Mrs. Sandeman have plotted against an unfortunate man. He might have regained his liberty, but you have robbed him of that chance and sent him to his death."

"Dead," said Sybil faintly, "who is dead?"

"Shere Ali. Poor devil! he who had never known confinement or heat has been sent from a cold climate across the burning plains of India and has died to gratify the caprice of two guilty women."

"Whom do you call guilty?"

"You and Mrs. Sandeman. Do you think I don't recognise your hand in this? Why, before I left Shal the difficulty I had in getting the man convicted was Mrs. Sandeman's evidence. She couldn't identify him, couldn't remember anything clearly, was loth to send a possibly innocent man to jail. Then she learns that this man has some important information, and as soon as I go away, she swears glibly to identity, and the prisoner is transported before my return."

"Well, and what then? I can't understand, Basil, why you should be so anxious to find out something that may ruin my friends."

"Pooh! what has your friendship got to do with the matter. Isn't it merely a case of justice that I am bound to investigate? I do not look at it from a personal point of view."

"But I do."

"There's your mistake, Sybil. You are my wife. In these matters you must have no opinions—you must not attempt to influence me."

"Not when I see you bent on bringing destruction on the dearest friend I have ever had? Basil, that is expecting too much."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied her husband bitterly. "I suppose you have no right to expect your wife to devote herself to you heart and soul—to think your interests nearer and dearer than her own. But at least I think I was justified in expecting you, if not working with me, not to work against me. Should my foes be in my own household?"

"Do you call me a foe?"

"You are a foe to my honour when you try and force me for personal reasons to shield the guilty. But you will not succeed. You have done the rashest thing for your own cause you ever did when you thought to turn me aside. Now I am sure that a foul deed was committed the night Robert Herdon died, and I will never rest—I will move heaven and earth!—till I have found out the truth."

"How do you expect to do that?"

"Oh, you think you will baffle me again! No, that will be beyond your power. The enquiry will not be in my hands alone from to-day. I shall take the matter up before my chief, and the whole machinery of the law will be set in motion."

Sybil sprang to her feet.

"Basil, you will never do that!"

"Why not? You cannot prevent me. It is monstrous that you should wish to do so."

"Not if you knew all."

"Well, why don't you tell me all the truth? Whose secret are you guarding so carefully. Some time ago you told me you knew Robert Herdon did not kill himself. You did not lie to me then; you will not lie to me now. Sybil, I ask, do you know who killed Robert Herdon?"

"And if I do?"

"Then I too know who killed him. It was your friend, the woman who is now Martindale's wife."

"If you believe that," said Sybil, speaking very slowly, "why do you want to tell it to all the world?"

"Can't you see," exclaimed LeMesurier, "that it is not what I want to do, but what is my duty."

"No, I cannot see it," she returned passionately. "I cannot see why you should want to disgrace Nan."

"In the eyes of the law she is a criminal."

"What for?—because you think she killed a bad man. What harm was done to any one by Robert Herdon's death? He only lived to work evil. Do you know that from the day I entered his house, he made open love to me before his wife's eyes?"

"You were a beautiful girl, you should never have allowed yourself to be put in such a position."

"What? You defend him—a mean hound, false to manhood and honour! He should have respected a helpless girl—he insulted her. If Nan had killed him she would have done right."

"You are talking madly," replied Le Mesurier. "How can you presume to justify a woman for murdering her husband? There are no circumstances in which such a crime could be excused—no circumstances under which the law would not claim the full penalty."

"And you would give Nan to the law?"

"It is my duty."

"Oh! Basil, it cannot be your duty to be so cruel. Listen to this letter, the last I got from Nan." Mrs. Le Mesurier went to the table and nervously fumbled among the papers until she found a letter.

"I do not want to hear it."

"But you must, Basil, unless you wish me to think you unjust and ungenerous. Listen—this is what she says: 'I am so happy, Sybil! I wish you could see us—we are such a perfect trio—Jim, me and the baby. You never saw such a darling as Babs. I sit and watch it lying on my lap looking so lovely and sweet, and I thank God every hour of my life for giving me my husband and child.' That is what she says. Oh! is that the language of a bad woman? Can you shatter such a dream of bliss? Can you tear her from her home and brand her as a criminal before all the world? Oh! husband, you cannot do it. Don't think whether she is my friend; only think of her as a helpless woman who has suffered much more than even to expiate a crime. You will not bring further punishment on her!"

It was an eloquent appeal. It touched Basil's heart, but his reason was unmoved.

"Sybil," he said, more gently than he had hitherto spoken, "let us end this trying scene. You cannot alter my purpose. It is right of you to plead for your friend. It would be wrong for me to yield to your pleadings."

"And supposing," she said, more calmly "you are about to bring a false accusation against an innocent woman."

"She can prove her innocence."

"And don't you know that the very shame of such an accusation must blast her life?—that even if proved innocent, there are many who will always point the finger of scorn at her?—that the taint will cling to her and her children for ever?"

"She must take her chance of that."

"And all for what? You cannot bring the dead man to life. You cannot do his memory any good. Did he not do harm enough while living? Must his power for evil last even beyond the grave?"

"Bad man or not, Sybil, you, if you loved me as you profess you do, would at any rate feel you owed him some gratitude for saving my life. It may have been an accident."

"Oh! no," she interrupted, "it was no accident. There are no such things as accidents. It was fate."

"That made me his avenger" said Le Mesurier; "then why do you fight against fate?"

"I don't know," she said dully, "I suppose it is useless. Nothing I can say can move you."

"Nothing."

"And you are determined to let this affair go to the bitter end—to put Nan's future in the hands of others?"

"Yes; I have no choice. Let this be our last argument on the subject." He turned to leave the room.

"Stop," she said. "I have something more to tell you and you must hear it."

He stood still and looked at her. To his dying day Basil will never forget her as she was at that moment. Angry as he still felt, he could not but admire her. She was so tall and stately; there was such a superb grace in her form. Her face was very pale, but the magnificent eyes glowed like stars.

"Well," he said, "what have you to tell me?"

"The truth," she said, "I killed Robert Herdon."

CHAPTER XX.

Le Mesurier gazed at his wife stupidly. Then he laughed aloud.

"It's well done, Sybil," he said, "but it's no good—you can't deceive me. I like you better when you try to take on yourself the guilt of another—it's more worthy of you than an attempt to foil me by matching your wits against mine, but it's no use."

"You give me credit for a virtue I do not possess," Mrs. Le Mesurier returned; "neither Nan nor her husband had anything to do with Robert Herdon's death. To this moment they both believe he shot himself."

"My God," gasped Le Mesurier. "You must be mad. You don't know what you are saying."

"I know perfectly. I didn't want to tell you this, but you have driven me to it. I can only save Nan's happiness by telling you the truth."

"I don't believe it. You cannot persuade me of your guilt, Sybil. Unsay what you have said. You are torturing me."

"I cannot unsay it."

"Oh! but it was an accident," exclaimed Basil impetuously. "Yes, I understand it all. Of course you did not like to tell me about it. It was too horrible—you would gladly have forgotten it. But you ought to have told me, dear. I should have understood and pitied you."

"It was no accident."

"Yes, it was; it must have been! You were playing with the revolver—and it went off and shot him." The young man spoke in short sentences. "I can see it all—you didn't like telling the truth at the time. It would have been better. It is always a mistake to conceal these things."

"It was no accident," his wife repeated. "Sit down, and I will tell you everything from the beginning."

Le Mesurier sank helplessly into a chair.

"I'm asleep," he murmured to himself. "It is a horrible dream. I shall wake from it soon."

"I've told you," Mrs. Le Mesurier said, "how the man made love to me, how he pestered me with his loathsome admiration. I hated him. Oh! I hated him living and I hate him still dead."

"We do not necessarily kill the people we hate."

"No, and I should not have killed him if he had only troubled me. I could have found other ways of freeing myself from him. But it was Nan I grieved for. Poor girl! What had she done? I knew she loved him when she married him. I understood how he had lost that love. I saw she had given it to Jim Martindale."

"Did you think that right?"

"There was no harm in it. They were both too good to let any harm come, and to prevent any such possibility they had determined to part never to meet again. Basil, do you know what Nan's life would

have been, condemned for ever to live with that fiend? There was no one else to help her; there was only one way in which she could be set free."

"She could have left him."

"How could she leave him? Only sin could set her free, and she wouldn't sin. She had no money. I had not enough to keep both of us. How was she to escape from her husband? There was no other way. I thought it all out. I made up my mind I would free her for ever."

"I am dreaming," repeated Basil, burying his face in his hands. "When shall I awake?"

"It wasn't very difficult," Sybil went on with a little scorn in her voice. "I pretended I loved him, and he, vain fool, believed me. He thought he had arranged it all so cleverly. The night of the dance we were to slip away unseen, go back to his house, and then—Oh! I feel all the hatred I felt for him then rise in me again. I wonder how I kept down my passion and indignation. I let him put his arm round me. He led me into the drawing-room. I see him now. I feel his breath hot in my face, see the foul glitter in his eyes. He thought in another moment his triumph would be complete. But I pushed him gently away. 'Take care,' I whispered. 'We may be seen. The light is burning too brightly. Turn it down first.' 'Lovers don't want any light at all for their rites,' he said, with a laugh. Then he stooped down over the lamp. The next moment I shot him dead."

"A dream, a terrible dream," breathed Basil.

"He dropped at my feet without a sound. He never moved again. I left him. Then outside in the verandah I waited to see if any one had heard the shot—if an alarm had been raised. But there was silence all round; the light was still burning and I feared that Nan on her return might go into the room. She must be spared the shock of finding him. I went back and put out the light."

She ceased speaking. Le Mesurier lifted his head and looked round. He hardly knew what he said, but afterwards he remembered every detail of the furniture, of the ornaments in the room as if they had been burnt into his brain. A vase full of narcissus blooms was on a table beside him. He will always sicken at their sweet perfume.

It was incomprehensible. He, a member of the most matter-of-fact nation, living in the most matter-of-fact century, was suddenly brought into contact with passions that seemed to belong to another world, another time. Love, hatred and murder are common to all ages, but we no longer think of them as factors in our own lives. When we are shaken out of our secure belief in the common-place virtue of ourselves and our neighbours, the awakening is rough.

"Is it possible," he said at last, "that I have heard my wife, the woman whom I loved and trusted before all the world, confess herself guilty of a horrible sin? In this very room, a few hours ago, I parted from a creature I believed innocent and pure. I come back to find myself face to face with a criminal."

Mrs. Le Mesurier made a movement as if she could approach him.

"Stand still," he commanded. "Do not come any nearer." He looked at her with a sort of frenzy of rage. If she had crouched at

his feet like the guilty thing she was he would not have been so exasperated. Had she trembled and wept for pity he might have shown her some. She had fallen from angelic heights, yet she stood before him without shame or pretence of shame.

"What are you," he asked hoarsely, "a woman or a devil?"

"Oh, a woman," she cried "a loving woman."

"Love? What do you know about love," was the fierce rejoinder. "You who have degraded a sacred feeling have feigned it in order to lure a man to his death. My very soul recoils from you."

"Basil, I love you."

"I don't want your love, I feel soiled by it. What part of my nature is so low as to have appealed to yours? Don't you understand what you have done?"

"I have killed a bad man," she replied. "I have made my friends happy. I have told you I did not do it on my own account. He deserved this fate."

"Was it your business to deal out life and death? Who made you the avenger of sin? Is it not written somewhere 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord'? Who were you to arrogate to yourself the rôle of a divinity? Could you not have left your friend's fate in higher hands?"

"Are not humble instruments chosen to work the divine will?" she asked. "Do you not see in all life that the Creator uses the created to fulfil His will?"

"Yes, but then they are driven against their desires to fulfil His purposes. You deliberately planned a cruel, wicked deed, and without remorse carried it into execution. And all these months, when I held you in my arms, and I thought you good and true, all that time you had a sin on your soul that should have weighed you to the ground. Had you no shame, no remorse?"

"No," she returned boldly. "Why should I have either? I wanted to do good and I have succeeded. If I saw a mad dog I should shoot him. You wouldn't think that wrong. And what harm can a miserable animal do compared to that which a bad man can work?"

"I used to think," Le Mesurier said, "you and I were one in thought. I find we are far as the poles asunder."

"Perhaps something is due to my Afghan blood," she replied. "Not many generations ago, my ancestors dealt justice swift and sure with their own right hands. They did not wait for the slow, uncertain help of the law."

"The law," said Basil, "you remind me of that. Do you know, wretched woman, what the law you have broken demands at your hands?"

She turned a little paler.

"Yes, I know—a life for a life. And do you call it justice that my life should be held an equivalent for his, that I—who until forced to kill him, never harmed any created thing—I, who never wittingly wronged a soul should have my life valued the same as his?"

"That is not my business to explain," returned her husband. "All civilised communities from time immemorial have decreed that whoso

sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. They have not taken into consideration the respective guilt of the slain or the slayer." Then all the anger having left him, with only a profound pity and anguish in his voice, he asked:

"Do you know, Sybil, what my duty is?"

"You must do it, Basil, whatever it is."

"How can I do it? How can I give my own wife to be dealt with by the law? And yet I know I ought. I would not allow any consideration of friendship to stand between justice and the guilty, when I believed I had fastened the crime on another. How can I excuse myself to my own conscience if I let you go free? What a cursed position I am in. How could you ever lead me into it?"

Her hitherto passive features softened into an expression of tender regret.

"There I did wrong," she said. "I ought not to have allowed you to link your fate with mine. That was my sin. But oh! Basil, it was so hard to deny myself such a happiness. I loved you, I did so want to be your wife. Had I told you the truth when you first made love to me you would never have married me."

"Would it not have been better so?"

"You think so, but I do not. No one, nothing now can take my year of wedded bliss from me. But weigh the matter well before you decide to give me justice without mercy. Don't imagine I am afraid to die. I knew the risk I ran when I made up my mind to save Nan at all costs. But for her sake I would still like the secret kept. Give me one day's grace."

"Yes," said Le Mesurier, after a pause. "This is a matter that cannot be decided in haste. I will go away to-day, and alone, where no influence can be brought to bear on me. I will think what I ought to do."

"You are my judge," she returned. Then he left her.

She heard him outside giving a few orders to his servants, saw his pony brought round, and watched him as he rode away. He never cast a look back.

Now the strong control she had kept over herself through the whole terrible scene broke down. She stretched out her arms to the retreating figure: tears dimmed her eyes.

"Oh, Basil, my love," she sobbed, "you are gone from me, and who can tell when we shall meet again."

CHAPTER XXI.

Basil took the sealed envelope and looked at it for some seconds without opening it. The doctor had turned his back on him. It was obvious he knew there was that in the wife's letter which the husband should read unwatched.

Why had Sybil written?—what had she to tell him that couldn't wait till his return?—why had she chosen the doctor for her messenger?

For a moment the wild hope surged in his breast that her confession had after all been only a trial of his faith, perhaps a ruse to gain time to make a further effort to shield the guilty.

At last he broke the seal. This is what Sybil wrote :—

"Beloved, try and forgive me. I did you a cruel wrong. I know that now, but I did not see it before. Somehow I never thought any one would suspect there was anything more to discover about Major Herdon's death. I believed his power for working evil died with him.

"I was wrong in every respect—this has dawned on me now. I saw no other way then. I do not see clearly yet that there was another way.

"But you have said the law demands a life for a life. This is your conviction. Perhaps you are right. But I do not think you will give my life to the law. So you will be false to your belief, and in all the years to come I shall know I have made you do what you believe to be wrong, that I have brought you down to my lower level.

"I cannot bear that. Dearest, you must remain in your eyes as you have always been in mine—free from all reproach. You shall not say, 'The woman I loved tempted me, and I sinned for her sake.'

"You will forgive me, beloved, will you not? You will love me again when you know that I have fulfilled the law's demands. What does it matter how the life is given, as long as it is given?

"Basil. I am dying. Was there any other way?—I cannot see it. Am I blind now as ever? I cannot publicly make atonement for Nan's sake. She would break her heart if she knew all. My secret must die with me. Tell Mrs. Sandeman all that is necessary. No one else ever suspected poor Nan.

"I have sent for the doctor. He thinks I have got cholera. He doesn't understand very much, and I can simulate certain symptoms well enough to convince him. He wants to send for you. I tell him you are far away; that in a case like mine we should only unnecessarily alarm you; that by the time the message reached you I should probably be quite well. I talk cheerfully. He says he is glad I am keeping up my spirits, that I shall be all right in no time.

"It isn't very hard to die—I have had so much happiness. Always remember that, dear. You have made my one year of married life perfectly happy. But that is over—nothing can bring it back, nothing can make the future equal the past. How can I live with you and see daily the difference? Apart from you I cannot live at all.

"So there is no way but this. The end is coming near. I see it in the doctor's face. Poor man, he looks so dreadfully frightened. I have told him to take this letter to you when all is over. He begs me not to talk like that, says I must make an effort. I cannot do it, and I would not do it if I could.

"Dearest, I have one regret. You left me yesterday for the first time in our married life without a fond word, without a kiss. How I long for that last kiss! Give it to me, my own, before they close my coffin. I think my spirit will wait on earth till then.

"I am not afraid. Death is coming very gently.

"Good-bye, beloved. Heart's beloved, good-bye!"

THE END.

Y. F. KEENE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Anatomy of Loyalty. Analysis makes science and mars poetry : it is the beginning of knowledge and the end of inspiration. The child breaks its toys : the man breaks his idols ; the one does not spare value : the other does not spare sentiment. Neither intends mischief, both are bent on knowing the truth. The rose and the daisy, the lily and the violet, the champaka and the vakula—how much fragrance have they not lent to the breath of the poet ! To the chemical analyst they are nothing more than carbon and hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. Faith and charity, love and loyalty—what sweetness have they not lent to the lives of men and women !

About their brows to me appears
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
 In dying eyes, by them made bright.

But what does the anatomist of the mind discover in all that is pure and lofty ? Love of pleasure and hatred of pain. The martyr hugs the fagot, the mother tends with sleepless eyes, the widow bathes the tomb with her tears, the soldier rushes at the cannon's mouth—why ? In quest of happiness. The iron will is moulded like wax by pleasure and pain. The snow-white garments of saintliness and love are woven by pleasure and pain. What feeling is there, which, when anatomised, will not break up into the elements of commonplace humanity ? Elsewhere the reader will find an able and clever analysis of what we generally call Loyalty. Though it is not uncommon, to hear that sonorous word repeated on solemn State occasions as if it denoted a whole-hearted and unseverable attachment to one's Sovereign, the philologist can argue that loyalty is the least possible demand that a Sovereign can make on his subject. But just as an "animal" may be a simple

and tiny structure or a mammoth, even so a sentiment like loyalty may consist in simple and passive acquiescence in a rule, as generally happens when a nation is newly conquered, or, by the accumulation of other sentiments around it, may grow into a moral compound of exquisite structure and unfading hue. These contributory sentiments must be determined by a variety of circumstances—the political constitution of a country, the benefits it confers upon the citizen, the personal character of the Sovereign, the individual temperament of the subject. Given a Sovereign, whose personal qualities do not vividly appeal to the imagination, the Englishman's profession of loyalty would perhaps be as sober as Cordelia's speech—

I love your majesty

According to my bond ; nor more nor less.

The Sovereign is only one person of the political triad. The Englishman has his Parliament, which is himself. He has a livelier sense of his rights than of his duties. It is in a popular book which gives advice to young men that we read : " In order to act well our part as citizens or members of the community, we ought clearly to understand what our rights are ; for on our enjoyment of these depend our duties, rights going before duties, as value received goes before payment. I know well that just the contrary of this is taught in our political schools, where we are told that our first duty is to obey the laws ; and it is not many years ago that Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, told us that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. The truth is, however, that the citizen's first duty is to maintain his rights, as it is the purchaser's first duty to receive the thing for which he has contracted." Trained in these ideas, it is possible that the Englishman gives half his love to his Sovereign and the other half to his country—his home and its neighbourhood,

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,

And brighter streams than famed Hyaspis glide.

What are the psychological contents of Indian loyalty to Government ? " Rich in her ancient traditions, India is also rich in the loyalty which has been kindled anew in her by the West"—said Lord Curzon in his Durbar speech. How is loyalty kindled ? " Spontaneous allegiance," " faithful attachment"—these expres-

sions were used as synonyms for loyalty. But all transcendentalism was chased away from that word when it was said that that "loyalty to the Sovereign is synonymous with confidence in the equity and benignity of his rule." Thus the analytical philosophy of the twentieth century makes loyalty a promissory note for value received. India was not so utilitarian when the philosophy evolved by her own sages swayed the minds of the pious believers. The Divine Lay enjoins: "Your concern is only with actions, never with their fruits. Let not the fruits of actions be your motive. But let not your inclination be towards inaction". The Western philosopher may perhaps smile at the Gospel of Duty for its own sake. But a gospel, so expressed, has held its ground in India for centuries. If it be objected that an act without a motive is a psychological impossibility, we may harmonise moral teaching with mental science by interpreting the motive deprecated to mean a low motive—a hankering after power or prosperity or other vanities of the world. The precept is ethical, and not psychological. The ancient teachers spoke with effect rather than with analytical accuracy. Their words were winged with aspiration, and not stamped with scientific nicety. Loyalty for its own sake may not exclude the "fruit," in the shape of the gratification which a contemplation of virtue or of duty done yields to higher natures, but it would be incompatible with expectation of material rewards for professions of loyalty, and with a graduation of that sentiment according to benefits received. Is it possible, in politics, to feed the mind on ethereal notions of Duty? It ought to be, if the Indian theory of the relation between Sovereign and subject be accepted. That theory does not merely speak of the divine right of kings, but asserts that the King *is* divine. To the mind which beholds divinity in all things the enunciation of such a doctrine offers no shock. In politics, it moulds the temper of a nation not merely into interested submissiveness, but a devotion which is neither proportioned to, nor dependent on, benefits received. Neither spiritual nor filial obligations are based on contract or barter, and the Indian theory places loyalty to a Sovereign on the same footing. There is no bargaining with divinity, and even so there can be none with royalty. Faith may grow without a constant shower of blessings, and so may loyalty: it grows with time and deepens with repetition. Such would be the nature of loyalty,

if the Indian ideal of duty for its own sake continued to shape the lives of the Indian people. But in politics, who will swear by Oriental ideals? East is the home of religions, West is the home of politics: we must now derive our notions of loyalty from beyond the Levant. Its motive is self-interest, its wisdom is commonsense—and both must point in but one direction when there is a settled and efficient Government. Loyalty is most valued when the promptings of self-interest are the least certain, as in a newly annexed territory. When people live long under a Government, especially when it is a good Government, loyalty becomes an unquestionable attribute of the subject, like the dutifulness of a son or the faithfulness of a wife: the absence of it being unexpected, an ostentatious assertion of it provokes a smile, if not suspicion. In the newly created North-West Frontier Province, where a different Government from the British, though improbable, has not become unthinkable, a Government notification, in inviting applications for the Provincial Civil Service, recently laid down the qualification that the candidates should belong to families known for their loyalty! In the older provinces of British India, such a notification would now be resented, if not ridiculed. The exceptions of one generation become the rule of another. What is common becomes commonplace, and mere elementary loyalty ceases to strike the imagination if it does not ripen into a higher and more complex sentiment. From self-interest, we have to pass on to a consciousness of identity of interests: from the dualism of the rulers and the ruled, there must evolve a monism fusing the subject and the supreme into a common entity: then will come the political Nirvana, where one has no occasion to speak of loyalty because there is no suspicion of the opposite.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE justification for the ominous sentences with which Lord Curzon closed his Budget speech has come sooner than the public had reason to expect. Replying to the criticism of the growth of military expenditure, Sir Edward Law made the general observation that the critics "cannot, for want of information which cannot be made public, be in a position to pronounce an opinion on the necessity or otherwise of greater or smaller military preparation and consequent expenditure." General as the statement was, the reference to information which could not be made public, considered along with the Viceroy's remarks on foreign affairs, was understood to be specially significant. The Finance Member's speech contained an allusion to the difficulty of safeguarding commercial interests in Persia, but about that the public had information. It may now be seen that the line of political unrest traverses the whole breadth of Asia. The trouble in the Balkans falls geographically beyond the purview of Asian politics. But Turkey has possessions in this continent, which need development. If that feeble State has to be helped out of its trouble by some of the great Powers, what consideration may not be asked for such a service? If the consideration take the shape of some concession in Asia, some apple of discord, one end of the continent will become the seat of diplomatic contests. At the other end, trouble seems to be already brewing in Manchuria. In the Far East, the intervention of the United States seems to afford a guarantee of stable equilibrium, not to speak of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. A triple alliance between England, the United States and Japan will perhaps ensure peace in that quarter even more firmly: only America is too far away to concern herself with other than commercial advantages.



There is no immediate danger on our Eastern or North-Eastern frontier. France is quietly watching the development of Anglo-Russian relations—just yet. Lord Kitchener is paying his best attention to the North-West frontier. Aden has been described as forming a portion of our frontier, though miles of sea separate us from it. Since 1839 it has been under the Bombay Government, and it is only in that sense that it is a part of India. During his

recent visit to Aden, Lord Northcote did not contradict the reference made in one of the addresses presented to him, to the probability of that port being transferred to the Foreign Office. It is, therefore, taken for granted that such transfer is impending. But is it the Foreign Office in England, or the Foreign Department of the Indian Government, which, Lord Curzon said, is rapidly becoming the Asiatic branch of the Foreign Office? We in India should prefer the former: otherwise, the financial responsibilities of this country will gradually be increased in consequence of the defence and development of the part of the so-called frontier which has really no connection with India.



Naturally, every untoward occurrence on the frontier, however trifling in itself, is invested with some importance. Colonel Yate was captured and detained at Spin Baldak in circumstances which technically would give no cause for quarrel; and he has been released, perhaps with what would pass in Afghanistan as celerity. But in India, where things move faster, the duration of the detention was annoying and looked suspicious. Matters will, no doubt, be cleared up when the correspondence in this behalf is published.



Perhaps the first thought that strikes an Anglo-Indian at the mention of the Bagdad railway is whether it will enable him to reach home a few days sooner than the P. & O. steamers carry him. Eleven days, instead of fifteen, is a considerable reduction. But the scheme had to pass over a line, with German rails on one side and English rails on the other; and it has got derailed. The completion of such an enterprise, however, must only be a question of time. The Bagdad railway business, at least as one knows about it through telegrams, suggests unpleasant reflections as to the position and the personnel of the British Ministry. To-day one hears of satisfactory arrangements, to-morrow one may hear of the arrangements being wrecked. Perhaps the somewhat too "previous" announcements are made in order to gain the confidence of an importunate and unconfiding Parliament, but disappointments make the little confidence less.



Africa is large enough for all the European Powers that may have the ambition to extend their dominions in that continent. Sokoto has fallen, and may be absorbed in the British dominions without any other Power raising its voice against it. With occasional reverses, the operations in Somaliland will be brought to a close about the end of June, as at present believed, and may have to be resumed after the rains; but there can be no complications arising from the interference of the Powers, and matters may proceed in a leisurely fashion.

Kipling's frenzy was ignited by what he thought was German perfidy. Why is he silent about Russia? Pending the awakening of his lyre, an English friend sends us the following patriotic lines, which, being conceived in a spirit of defence, ought not to give offence :—

Long, long ago, when the fields of snow
Disguised our configuration ;
And glaziers bore, from the Shetland shore
To the Land's End, desolation ;

A primitive man from the wild bear ran
Till he reached his little coracle.
Then he stoned the beast, and a reverend priest
Pronounced from a true true oracle :

" In the coming years when the snow disappears,
Or is only left in the Highlands,
A race will reign o'er the boundless main
From a throne in the British Islands.

" They will never forget that the sun cannot set
On their realm in his course diurnal,
And their praise will be sung in the vulgar tongue
By many a leading journal.

" But the Bear will wait at their postern gate,
With a mind to work them ruin,
And their course will be to stick to the sea
And baffle the paws of Bruin.

" And if ever he seeks to scale the peaks
For the Empire's outer guard meant,
They will stop his advance without aid of France,
By a maritime bombardment.

" For however on land the Bear may command
The means of havoc and slaughter,
They will have him on toast when he comes to the coast,
For he 's no good at all on the water."

*A Correction :—*In the 2nd line on page 157 of this volume, "non-Semitic" is a mistake for "Semitic." As Professor Delitzsch's views regarding the interrelation between the Semitic and Babylonian religions have attracted considerable attention, partly because of their

intrinsic importance and partly because of the German Emperor's declaration of faith, we may, in correcting the above error, explain Dr. Pinches' meaning, which is this : All the divinities of the Babylonian pantheon have Sumero-Akkadian. *i.e.*, non-Semitic names, and as these exceed in number the Semitic Babylonian names which the inscriptions yield, it is evidently the religious system of the Sumero-Akkadian that predominated in the religious beliefs of the people, although, as a large section of the population was Semitic and their tongue became the language of the whole tract, a certain proportion of the original Semitic element probably existed in the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians to the end.



